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Why Married Jolks Seek ADVENTURES IN LOVE

20 Other Big TRUE-LIFE FEATURES



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No skull and crossbones on the Zonite Bottle



Zonite actually kills germs (so does Zonite Ointment)



Care of the Baby: Zonite relieves the irritation of chafing or prickly heat. Disinfects insect bites scratched by baby hands. Doctors advise it in the enema. Use without fear—Zonite acts quickly and powerfully, but harmlessly.



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Onite

Powerful Non-poisonous Quick-acting



Teeth and Gums: Germs cause pyorrhea and gum or tooth troubles. Daily use of Zonite as a mouthwash assures protection. Recommended by dentists as an overnight disinfectant for dental plates.



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☐ Baby and the Nursery ☐ Feminine Hygiene
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Complexion, the Hair: A fresh, unmarred complexion is a delight. Pimples yield when treated with Zonite. Use on skin eruptions. Excellent in the shampoo — Zonite kills the germs causing dandruff.

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- Men Who Have Kissed Me .
- The Intimate Love Life of a Beautiful Woman . 56

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This Funny World By Aleck Smart

Assistance and courtesy in the production of certain illustrations and photographic settings in this number were extended by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, pages 17, 18, 19, 24, 25, 38, 39, 65 and 79; First National, pages 23 and 27; Underwood and Underwood, page 50.

Next Month



To Every Wife and Bride-to-be
It's Your Fault If Another
Woman Steals Your Husband
By JUDGE JOHN KOCHENDORFER

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Discovered!

The Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power



"The Songbird of the ages," Enrico Caruso. The richness, the fullness, the beauty and the astounding power of his voice was due to the exceptional development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle.



Eugene Feuchtinger, musician-scientist, who discovered the function of Hyo-Glossus in voice production, and whose famous "Perfect Voice" system has developed thousands of voices.



Diagram of the Normal Throat showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism. Your throat looks like this. So did the throat of the great Caruso. Professor Feuchtinger's system of silent, scientific exercises will develop your vocal organ to its full strength.

THIS IS AN AGE OF MARVELS. Wonderful scientific discoveries have changed our mode of living and our mode of thinking.

One discovery of tremendous benefit to all humanity is the discovery of the principle of voice control by Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

His resulting system of voice development revolutionized old methods, and changes voice development from a little understood art to an exact science.

More than that, it brings a Perfect Voice within the reach of every man and every woman who desires a stronger, richer voice for either singing or speaking.

Prof. Feuchtinger's method is founded on the discovery that the Hyo-Glossus muscle controls the voice; that a strong, beautiful voice, with great range, is due to a well developed Hyo-Glossus—while a weak or a rasping voice is due to underdevelopment of this vital vocal muscle. A post-mortem examination of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossi muscles. But it required years of training under the old method to produce this development.

You can develop your Hyo-Glossus in a much shorter time by Prof. Feuchtinger's wonderful scientific method. You can take this training under the direction of the Professor himself, wherever you may live. And the cost is so low that it is within the reach of every ambitious man or woman.

100% Improvement in Your Voice-Guaranteed

Professor Feuchtinger's method is far simpler, far more rapid, far more certain in results than the tedious, hap hazard methods of ordinary vocal instructors. His unqualified success with thousands of pupils proves the infallibility of his method.

Under his direction, your voice will be made rich, full and vibrant. Its overtones will be greatly multiplied. You will add many notes to its range and have them clear, limpid and alluring. You will have a voice that is rolling and compelling and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your associates.

Professor Feuchtinger ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEES an improvement of 100 per cent—a REDOUBLEMENT of your voice! If you are not absolutely satisfied that your voice is doubled in volume and quality, your money will be refunded. You are the only judge.

You Do Not Know Your Real Voice

Until you have tried the Feuchtinger system, you cannot know the possibilities of your vocal gifts. Physical Voice Culture PRODUCES as well as DEVELOPS the true voice. It corrects all strain and falsetto and makes clear the wonderful fact that any normal person can develop a fine voice if correctly trained. Thousands of delighted graduates

testify to this — many of them great vocal successes who, before coming to Professor Feuchtinger, sang very poorly or not at all. Among Professor Feuchtinger's pupils are grand opera stars, concert singers, speakers, preachers, actors and educators.

FREE!

The Wonderful New Book "Physical Voice Culture"

Send the coupon below and we will send you FREE this valuable work on voice culture. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book, and you assume no obligation whatever by sending for it. You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Send the coupon TODAY!

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Dear Prof. Feuchtinger; Will you please send me a copy of your new free book "Physical Voice Culture". I understand that this book is free and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in

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Not-to-be-Missed-True-Life stories in next month's SMART SET

Who Would Marry 'A Girl of My Kind"?

A fashionable boarding school on the Hudson—the most select in America. Pamela, the loveliest girl in the school—a mystery to the other girls—with no visitors except occasionally a lovely and alluring woman—her mother.... Suddenly a change of fortune. Pam, seventeen, exquisite, romantic, is thrown

"on her own" in a fashionable hotel lacking the experience to judge the character of the handsome man who sends yellow roses to her room. . . . Must this sheltered, delicately-reared girl, because of something for which she was not to blame, become one of those girls a man will support, but not marry?

Could This Be Love?

Does a girl need to have emotional experience to succeed as an artist? Is art so sacred that any departure from conventional standards can be forgiven in a singer or actress?... These are the questions which had to be answered quickly by the lovely singer who tells of her metropolitan adventures in "Could This Be Love?"

My Wonderful Christmas Gift

If two men loved you — one old and rich, one young and poor; if the cards were stacked so that you had to marry the older one; if the wedding was to be at Christmas time—could you and the boy who loved you look forward to that Yuletide with joy? Here is the kind of true love story the whole world likes—full of tenderness and drama.

I Know the Madness of Love

A noted surgeon, who has passed through a heart-racking experience with a beautiful woman, tells frankly how his love affair came to a crisis in which, rather than give her up, he was willing to sacrifice the best friend he had—of how even murder did not seem too high a price to pay if by it he might keep her love.

The Girl I Lost to Soochow Road

An American girl, traveling through brigand-infested China, is pursued by a terrible fate wearing the mask of romance. An astounding revelation of the cold, calculating passion of the Orient.

"I'm the Happiest Wife in the World"

This married woman says she is tired of reading about unhappy marriages. "My husband is no angel," she told the Editor, "there was a time when I wondered if his infatuation for another woman would separate us. But I found a way to make him love me as intensely as when we were first married—and I'm glad to share my secret with SMART SEI wives."

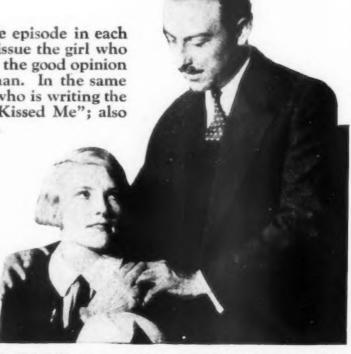
Vivid True-Life Serials

When you read a SMART SET serial you find a complete episode in each issue—each installment a story in itself. In the January issue the girl who confesses "I Lived a Lie" tells how she tried to win back the good opinion of the world after a mistake that usually condemns a woman. In the same issue, appears a new love adventure of the noted beauty who is writing the series of amazing disclosures entitled "Men Who Have Kissed Me"; also that astonishingly frank Gold Digger reappears to tell even more startling truths about the hidden life of Broadway.

To Forgive is Divine

Elsie Robinson, noted journalist, to whom men and women come in trouble, heard one day from an erring but repentant wife's lips, a story that she can never forget —a story you will never forget when she repeats it to you.

Looming up in the background of this true story is a husband who has discovered what few husbands placed in his situation would have discovered: the age-old truth that "To err is human—to forgive divine."



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Over \$10,000 a Year

C. V. Champion of Illinois counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book — "Modern Salesmanship." He says "It en-abled me to learn more, earn more, and BE MORE!" To-day he is pres-ident of his company and his earn-ings exceed \$10,000 a year!



\$1,000 in 30 Days

W. Hartle spent ten lean years in the railway mall service before "Modern Salesmanship" put him on the road to big pay. He has earned more in a week than he formerly earned in a month—made over \$1,000 for thirty days!



\$7,286 Last Year

F. G. Walsh was a clerk earning \$1,000 a year, and trying to sup-port a wife and three children. He had to do something. N. S. T. A. training built up his income last year to \$7,286—an lucrease of over



13,500 First Year

A. H. Ward was formerly a Chicago clerk, earning \$25 a week. Within one year he increased his earnings over \$1,000 a month—or to \$13,500 a year! The book—"Modern Salesmanship"—proved the first rung in his ladder to Success!

-and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now-For a Limited Time Only This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn \$10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail.

Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest ex-pectations! So powerful and far reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book-"Modern Salesmanship" contains hundreds of surprising and littleknown facts about the highest paid pro-fession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any many many thought the selection of th master scientific salesmanship without

spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning \$10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

in 365!

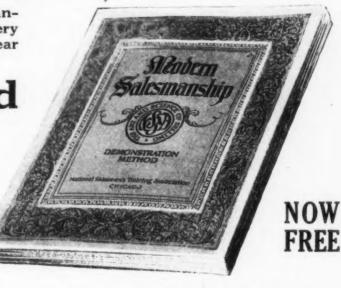
And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from \$75 to \$500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City commenced making as high as \$850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at \$6,000 a year. O. H. Malfroont of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of over \$10,000 a year!

A Few Weeks-Then Bigger Pay

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience process that salesmen are made—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Methoa—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALES—MANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.



Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. I cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession.

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"A few years ago I was working in a shop for \$15 a week. When my factory "friends" heard of my intention to become a salesman they laughed at me. Today these fellows are still working in a shop and I am making \$7,500 per year. I can only speak words of praise for N. S. T. A. for it offered me a position which I took and raised me from a \$15 a week job in the shop to \$7,500 a year as a salesman."

C. W. Birmingham, Ohio

\$100 A Week Increase!

"When I took up the National Salesmen's Training Association Course, I was selling shoes for \$35 a week. Now I am earning an average of \$135 a week. I attribute this remarkable progress to N. S. T. A. Training. James Jacobsen, Kentucky.



The Brilliant Contents Page of December Cosmopolitan includes:

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PETER B. KYNE
EDNA FERBER
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
DON MARQUIS
HOMER CROY
KATHLEEN NORRIS

BAG The ANTE

of London's Bohemia
... and of a Woman
who Fought a Devil
in Her Soul

by

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SEVENTEEN DAYS after Smart Set magazine appears on the newsstands, another delightful magazine comes out: the new, revitalized McCLURE'S — now devoted solely

to vivid, throbbing, infinitely varied ROMANCE.

For instance—in December McClure's (out November 17th) appears:

WITHOUT MARRIAGE by Elmer Davis

A well-bred man and a beautiful woman, who were neighbors in a fashionable West-chester community, drift together in Florida. Each has made a wreck of marriage. Each is lonely—each is hungry for romantic adventure, but both dread matrimony. One solution offers itself—life together on a deserted Florida Key—a primitive pairing.

In a tense, vivid, short novel, Elmer Davis pictures their flight from civilization and the astonishing outcome.

When you read Elmer Davis's amazing piece of writing, you will be glad you joined the rapidly-widening circle of lovers of vital romance who buy McClure's every month.

DECEMBER McCLURE'S—ON SALE NOW—ALL NEWSSTANDS





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Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

THIS mysterious prisoner on the ramparts of an island prison has always excited the most intense interest. the life which he exchanged for one silent as the grave? What had he done? Who was he? What was his past? The dissolute life of a courtier? Or the devious ways of an intriguing diplomat? Had some fair one in the hallowed circle of royalty loved not wisely but too well? Why during all these years has he remained the

greatest of all mysteries?

NONE DARED TELL SECRET

Some believe that he was a twin or even elder he ther of Louis XIV, a true heir to the crown hidden from the time of his birth. Others think that he was eldest illegitimate son of Charles II; r that he, and not Louis XIII, was the actual factor of Louis XIV. Some have thought that he was the son of Buckingham and the Queen of France; others, that he was the son of Louis XIV and De la Vallière. To have revealed it would have cost anyone his life. The regent admitted when drunk that the prisoner was a son of Anne of Austria and Mazarin. Louis XV refused to tell Madame de Pompadour. Madame Campan stated that Louis XVI did not know the secret. De Chamillart on his deathbed declined to reveal the

MASKED-HIS FACE HIS SECRET

In 1669 there was hurried across France a masked man whose identity was shrouded in mystery. Never has a prisoner been guarded with such vigilance and with such fear of his story becoming known. He was taken to an island prison where the governor carried his food to him; a confessor saw him once a year, but no other visitor ever laid eyes on him. He was alone would tell his secret. He was always masked-his face

He was well treated; supplied with fine clothing. books, and served from silver dishes. stood before him uncovered, and addressed him as When the prisoner wrote messages Mon prince. on his white linen he was supplied only with black.

He is not a myth, as is proven by letters between Louvois, the minister, and Saint-Mars, the governor of the prison. These are all written in veiled language; never once is he given a name. No letter mentions his crime or whether he had committed

SECRET EVEN AFTER DEATH

This horrible punishment ended when, in 1703, the most mysterious of all prisoners died and was buried in the dead of night, under a false name, and given a false age.

His cell was carefully painted so that any message he might have written would be covered up, and everything he used was destroyed lest any clew might be left. Thus vanished a man whose name and identity was unknown even to his gaoler — some think even to the prisoner himself.

WIIY WAS HIS LIFE PRESERVED?

What was the reason for all this secrecy? What crime, if any, did this man, evidently of exalted rank, commit that he should be buried alive for life? Why did the king preserve the life of this prisoner? Why did he not have him put to death? The subject becomes more mysterious

LONG BURIED RECORDS FOUND

The mystery has always terrified the imagination and excited speculation. With the nineteenth century came an opportunity to search long-buried records, Dumas did so and told the whole story in one of the volumes of the strangest and most curious set of books ever published which he called

ELEBRATED CRIMES

A collection NEVER BEFORE COMPLETELY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH of stories of the most sensational crimes; crimes prompted by illicit love, envy, ambition, religion—stories of poison plots, abductions, treachery, intrigue, and conspiracies, gleaned from hidden archives. We pass through secret passages, see lurking figures and the gleam of the assassin's blade; we hear the muffled moan, the splash, hurried footsteps. It is the first and absolutely the only complete and unabridged translation of this series. Printed from the same plates as the edition de luxe, sold at \$100.00 a set, the edition offered is illustrated by Jacques Wagrez of Paris and beautifully bound with emblematic

None of the editions of Dumas contain these stories; and no set of Dumas is complete without them

Intrigues of a Licentious Court

In one volume Dumas tells us of the vices and crimes of that extraordinary family, the Borgias, that furnished one pope and some of the blackest pages in history. We see the murderous, poisonous crew with their greedy craving for debauchery, titles, and gold. We watch the career of the beautiful but depraved Lucrezia. We see the intrigues of the mediaeval papal court—the murders, abductions, poisonings—drawn from the chronicles of eye-witnesses which frankly call a spade a spade.

Nothing in the World Like This

Let Dumas tell you about the beautiful but indiscreet Mary Stuart as Queen of France and Scotland, her amours, her barbarous imprisonment and murderous execution, one of the greatest crimes of history. You learn to know intimately the men and women whose crimes have contributed the tragedy to the history of the Old World.

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Think of a fascinating series, of which only a few have had any knowledge, by Alexandre Dumas, who gave you your first real taste for European history

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To appreciate their value you must see the books themselves and read them. We will send you the books for free examination. You may return them in five days and the examination will cost you nothing. If you wish to keep them you may pay for them by the easy monthly payments.

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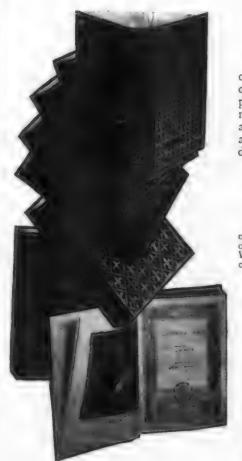
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"Quick! Unlock that Door!"

A MOMENT of hesitation—THEN THE THING HAPPENED!

A sudden spurt of smoke and flame—a groan the thud of a heavy body as the Constable lurched back against the cell bars—a strange bewilderment holding the others spellbound before the tempestuous fury of this girl—and behind the locked door Jim Kent watched in tense silence, every nerve alert, every drop of blood in his body on fire.

Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?



To know the answer follow these people through their swift, wild, thrilling adventures—such as you can find only in the wonderful stories of

JAMES OLIVER

CURWOOD



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Here You Meet Real Men and Women

Men and women who glory in danger, who laugh at death and fight their battles in the open-men and women of the Northland which Curwood knows as does no other living author

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Are Your Children Going to the Bad?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

Young people or today are no high than the youngsters of any previous OUNG people of today are no worse generation.

That is the gist of the hundreds of letters Smart Set received in reply to its question—What's Wrong With Our Young Folks?

Last month the children wrote of their Their criticism was kindly. general it amounted only to the old cry they don't understand us.

Now the parents themselves admit it is their fault if their children are not all that could be desired. They accuse them-selves of not making the homes sufficiently attractive, of violating the law, of absorb-

tion in their own pleasures.
"The trouble is with
us." writes one parent.
"We have given every thing, and have sanctioned license instead of liberty and have softened the moral fiber of our chil-

dren."
"Boys and girls of today excitement eaters," another mother. writes another mother. "But." she adds "the difference is in the present way of living. They have too much money and too much liberty.

The parents of today realize there is no difference between spooning and petting. The spooning of 25 years ago did no harm and they seem to feel that petting is not serious.

One of the surprising facts proved by the letters is that there is little dif-ference between the flap-per in New York City and the flapper in Enid, Oklahoma. Apparently girls dress and act much the same whether they live in a city or a country town. That much, probably, is due to the automobile, the movie and the radio.

The first prize was won by Marad Serriov of Palo Cal. His letter

Nothing is the matter with our children. They are just what we were at their age - headstrong. stubborn, fighting for room to expand. An infant howls to develop his lungs. Deny him an excuse to howl, he'll invent one for howling he grows.

Therefore the trouble is not with our children but with us. We have given everything they wanted not realizing that youth is a period to which discontent is natural and that surfeit

only softens moral fiber.
We have allowed the breaking of good old moral and social rules. We have sanctioned license instead of liberty, forgetting that youth needs some pricks against which to kick.

I don't know whether or not we are hardy-souled enough to fight our way to the front and grasp the reins again. It

may be this headlong, plunging generation must go on-perhaps another yet more un-bridled must come but the reaction is inevitable. Sooner or later a thoroughly sickened but cured group will take things into their own hands and youth will be put where it belongs-behind a fence of law and order, sensible food, hours that provide sleep for growth, lively but sensible amusements, good books, plenty of freedom for growth but no license that mortgages the future.

The second prize was awarded to Mrs. R. O. McAtee, of Enid. Okla. Here's what she had to say:

Boys and girls of today are excitement

ness of mind and body today than of

The difference between boys and girls of today and twenty-five years ago be measured by the present way of living. Our children travel a fast life but they are only keeping pace with modern callzation, and what can we expect constitution, and what can we expect constitution and the life some of us modern part is lead? We have only ourselves to blume for the existing condition of our boys and girls. They are just as strong of indy and mind and good at heart as we were.

They are given too much money and too much liberty in many instances. much is expected of their ability to judge

the difference between right and with the week expect too much of our schools and universities. Fathers and moth is should be more than mere parents; they should be pals and consolers. We pals and consolers. should spend more time in council with our chil-dren, and teach them the value of virtue.

Third place in this contest went to T. H. Raynof Mt. Pleasant, lowa, His comments on the situation are well worth for list

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reading:
War between the generations is as constant as heard my grandfather in his old age say that he had heard his grandfather in his old age say the same thing about "these young people."

It is obvious that the "sinning" of the present generation is different from that of any previous generation, just as our styles are different, our moral standards and our etiquette are different. The modern generation is un-doubtedly in search of thrills; the main quest is for a good time. I do not admire what they call a good time, do not approve of what they call a good time, but I am not at all sure that it is any more harmful than what I did for a good time. There for a good time. certainly was spooning a plenty even in my grand father's day, for I have heard him talk about the old fashioned buggy

One striking reason for so much noise about the present generation is that they are all in the open. They simply do not give a hang.

The seven to each of whom a one dollar prize was awarded are:

Mrs. G. Jones, Washington, D. C.; Phoebe R. Hedrick, Kenilworth, Ill.; Raymond S. Iden, Mt Vernon, Ohio; May Moyers, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Mrs. John Neville, Homestead, Pa.; Mrs. H. L. Glassburn, Walnut, Ill.; Mrs. V. E. Knight, Rockwell City, Iowa.

Does Jealousy Kill Love?

A PRIZE CONTEST

Do YOU believe in Freedom?

And do you BELIEVE in Freedom for the one you love?

Or do you want to POSSESS, completely, the one you LOVE?

Can there be love without JEALOUSY?

On Page 42 of this issue Mrs. Ellen du Pois Taylor gives you her idea of how marriage can be made HAPPY.

Do you agree with her? Have you tried FREE-DOM as a way out of wedded DIFFICULTIES?

In the story, A Broadminded Man, on page 72, the old question of FAITH and TRUST rose to torture the MAN.

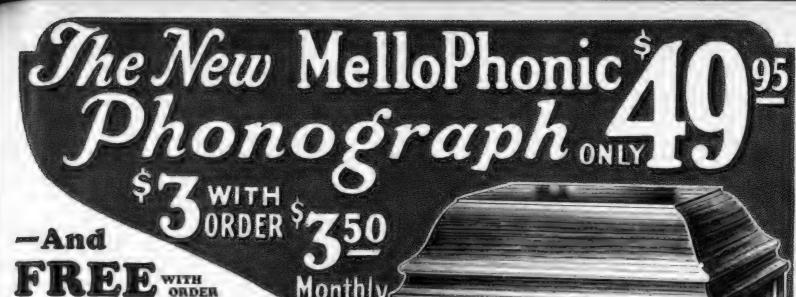
SMART SET wants to know what you THINK ---you readers old and young about JEALOUSY and FAITH and LOVE.

Write a letter of not more than 300 words on the subject Can There Be Love Without Jealousy?

For the best letter SMART SET will give a prize of \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next seven best. The editors of SMART SET will be the judges. Contest closes December 10, 1926. No letters will be

For additional Prize Contests see This Funny World, page 80.

> eaters. Petting parties seem to be the chief amusement, and they are dangerous to girls under eighteen. The intentions of petters of today and yesterday are the same. The difference if any is that a quart of our modern bootleg is often introduced for pep, resulting in more sick-



Double Face Popular Records!

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Flood your home with music! Bring joy and happiness to the whole family! Here is your chance to get the New Mello-Phonic Phonograph at a saving of \$25 to \$30—and with it FREE, five double face popular records.

Send only \$3! Think of it—for the price of a good show you bring the world's greatest artists right into your home. Then for just a few cents a day you enjoy Caruso or McCormick, listen to Sousa, hear the old time melodies, the best operas, symphony orchestras, or dance to the latest jazz. More than a year to pay-pay while you play.

The New MelloPhonic is a regular \$75 phonograph value! We offer it to you now for only \$49.95, because we bought a large quantity and induced the manufacturer to make us a big concession in price. You benefit through our big buying power. Our savings are passed on to you. A bargain that is unequalled anywhere!

Rich, Full Tone

Here is real music at its best! The rich, full tone of this superb machine will delight you. Soft or loud—each note is clear, sweet and mellow—almost as true as voice itself. The fidelity with which it reproduces each record will amaze you. You will say that the tonal quality is excellent.

The beautiful cabinet is furnished in your choice of mahogany or golden oak finishes. (Be sure to specify which you desire.) It is made of the best grade of selected hardwood, finished in a rich, lustrous mahogany color and polished, an attractive piece of furniture for any home. The oak machine is made of genuine quartered and plain oak. It has double dcors, two shelves (which with bottom of case make room for three record albums.) The machine measures 41½ inches high, 19½ inches deep, and 18 inches wide. Two needle trays and a full supply of needles are included. The high quality motor will play three ten-inch records without rewinding.

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Permit us to send you this wonderful phonograph on 30 days FREE trial at our risk. Use it day and night! Admire its rare beauty-test its fine tone for your-self. Then, if you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly installments. If it does not please you in every respect—if you do not sincerely believe that it is a remarkable value, send it back to us and we will refund every cent you have paid, including transportation charges. Could anything be safer? Order now-take prompt advantage of the low price-save

Order No. WA 10; price \$49.95. Terms \$3 with order, \$3.50

Monthly.

lar hits of the day, and other desirable selections which me are sure will please you. They are FREE with every Mello-Phonic machine—aSpear Special.

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These records are chosen by us from popular hits of the day, and

WATCH YOUR THROAT!



Don't let it become serious!

As you probably know, certain harmful bacteria are constantly present in the mouth and throat. And unless proper precautions are employed these disease germs may often get the upper hand and multiply more rapidly than nature can fight them off.

At such times your throat becomes irritated—Nature's way of telling you there is danger ahead.

Particularly at this time of year everyone should watch the throat very carefully.

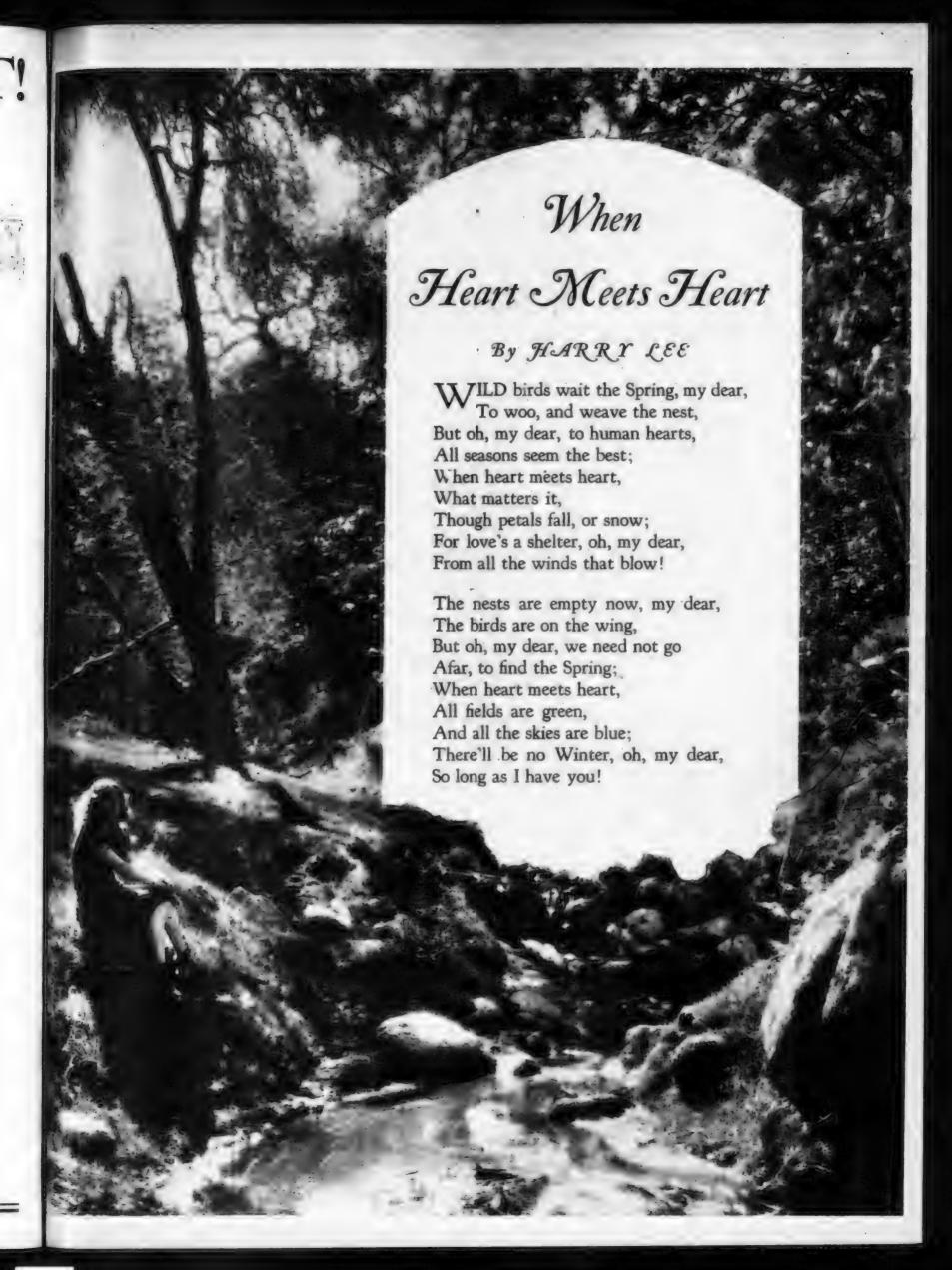
The ideal mouth and throat protection is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Its regular use by the entire family, as a mouth wash and gargle, is an easy way to be on the safe side.

Also, then you will be on the polite side in regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath). — Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic



What Has Gold



The Story of a Girl Who Tried the Easy Way to Fame

HERE are perhaps 15,000 girls or more, young and beautiful girls, along Broadway today who are playing the gold-diggers game. I once was one of them. What do we get out of it? How do we work it? How do we become gold-diggers?

I used to wonder, when I got my first job in a chorus, how some of the girls could wear pearl necklaces, diamonds, sable coats, sport automobiles or take trips to Europe in the summer on a salary of \$40 or \$50 a week.

I set out deliberately to be a gold digger and for a time I thought it paid.

When I came over to New York from a little town in New Jersey to land a job in a show I was awfully green. I believed I should take Broadway by storm and in a few years be starred in musical comedy or be put into motion pictures. I imagined the stage was a golden door to meeting rich and handsome admirers.

But I hadn't been on the stage long before I got wise, maybe somewhat hard-boiled. And since what I'm telling comes from a knowledge based on bitter experience it may serve as a warning to the countless girls who believe they can win stardom and luxury on their good looks alone.

There's nothing in the world today so much like the old slave market, where beauty was auctioned off on the block, as the show business. There's no business so mercenary and heartless. The main drawing attraction of musical comedies and revues is the physical attraction and youth of the girls. Unless he wishes to invite bankruptcy, a producer is compelled to keep his eye on the box office. And he knows the male audience, upon which he depends, wants the girls young and fresh. Of an average of five thousand girls who come to New York in a season perhaps fifty stand a chance of being chosen for the ranks of the chorus. Of that number perhaps two or three may in time be advanced to leading roles and eventually become stars in the drama or musical comedy. The average career of a girl in the chorus of the better revues is three years; her limit five. Every season you see them shading off, familiar faces disappearing for new ones. What becomes of the others?

I found out, for I became a gold-digger, and for a time was considered successful. And in the end, as I shall tell you, I learned that gold-digging doesn't pay. For a time you have a beautiful apartment and a car, all the money you want to spend, and show off dazzling jewels. But you find that men's generosity is more fickle than their affections, and when you touch their purses you

Digging Got Me?



A Startling Revelation of Beauty on the Auction Block

harden their hearts. How can a man really love any girl who is out to work him for what she can get? Mostly, it's a game to get the best of each other between the man and the girl. In the end the man always tires, and the more he is made to pay the quicker he wearies. Sooner or later we are bound to get mixed up in some scandal. That hurts us with producers; we lose our jobs or can get engagements only in shabby productions.

FOR a season or two I was considered one of the prettiest girls in a famous chorus. I didn't have the makings of a star, as I had little if any real acting talent, and only a passable voice. But I was young, only sixteen, bloomingly fresh and, as my mirror showed me, radiantly attractive. I was put in the lead of the beauties.

My mother, who had sent me to New York on her earnings as a seamstress died of the "flu" two months after I had made my first stage appearance. I had been her pet, and she had fondly dreamed of a great future for me. My sister was the "ugly duckling" of the family, but if Agnes was plain she had a heart of pure gold. I had actually pitied and looked down on Agnes when she married a man in the plumbing business. But, the \$40 I earned each week was more than eaten up by room rent, laundry, clothes and food and I don't know how I'd have gotten along that first season if it hadn't been for the five or ten dollars my sister occasionally sent to me. I cannot see how any chorus girl can get along who goes straight. A chorus girl must always look her

best, wear good clothes, employ the hairdresser and manicurist, and make a show of appearance; as soon as she looks seedy it's good-bye with the managers. Her upkeep is necessarily more costly than that of a stenographer. But I had determined to go straight. If I was to get the things I wanted, I determined it should be through marriage.

In the chorus of the revue in which I worked was a girl who called herself Claire de Vere. She

had been in the show for three successive seasons, which was proof of her exceptional blonde beauty. It was no secret that the owner of the show had been sweet on Claire the first season. As a result she was exploited as the most beautiful girl in America, the most nearly perfect approach to the Venus of Milo standard of beauty, in press stories concocted by the cleverest press agent on Broadway and in feature articles in the Sunday newspapers. She had the longest and choicest list of tele-



Sooner or later we gold diggers are bound to get mixed up in some scandal.

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phone numbers of any girl in the show. She had a lux-urious apartment on Riverside Drive, where she gave wild parties, and had an automobile; she possessed a necklace of picked pearls, diamond rings and a chinchilla coat. Her salary was \$65 a week.

One night, as we were making up for the second act, the doorman brought in to our dressing room a note for Claire. When she opened it a hundred dollar bill

dropped upon the dressing table.

"Well, of all the nerve! What does that sap think I am!" Claire took up the crisp orange-colored note and held it between thumb and forefinger with an ex-"The gink from pression of supercilious disdain. Boston sends in a hundred dollar note and wants me to meet him for supper after the theater. What kind of a girl does he think I am!"

All the girl's eyes fastened upon that tempting note

with envious rapacity. "Here gimme a pencil!"
"What are you going to do, Claire," gasped Lucille La
Motte, passing a pencil. "You ain't going to send it back?"

Scratching on the bottom of the note. Claire read aloud as she wrote, "Please understand I'm not that kind of a girl. I never meet strangers." Folding the bill in the note, she gave the envelope to the grinning doorman "That for that. And now we'll see what we'll

Claire's flinty blue eyes sparkled. "I know something about men, and I learned about men from men. If you want to get along in this game you've got to set a standard at the beginning. What's a hundred bucks to me? It would hardly pay for my perfume. The trouble with most of you girls is you're only too quick to grab what a man offers you. Just wait."

We didn't have long to wait. After Claire had actually returned that bill to her unknown admirer from Boston, there was probably nothing that would have held him back. In the end the return of the hundred

cost him actually upwards of \$250,000.

Claire had learned from bitter experience, as most of us do. Toward the close of her first season, when she was being featured as the prize beauty of the famous chorus, Claire had eloped to Connecticut with a handsome young sheik who had told her he was the son of a Detroit automobile manufacturer and a quarter-back on the Yale football team. The newspapers carried stories of the romance of the chorus girl and the heir to millions, whereupon the Detroit plutocrat denied the boy was his son. He admitted he had never even been to Yale. He was crazy about Claire and had lied to win her, but he didn't have enough money to pay the hotel bill for their honeymoon. When the denial of his paternity was published, Claire cut the honeymoon short. She paid the taxi fare back to New York, returned to the show and promptly got a divorce.

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time, and after ten at night they're liars all the time."

Claire's admirer from Boston admitted he was married. I met him at a supper party Claire invited us girls to one night. A somewhat elderly dignified man about town from Boston, whose father-in-law was head of the Boston branch of one of the biggest banking

corporations, and who developed for this butterfly of the footlights one of those curious infatuations to which elderly and dignified men are prone. A great deal has been written about women's 'dangerous age." Somebody should write about the follies of men in their dangerous age. It's among these we find our richest pickings.

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Claire always played the ingenue with the old boys. At the first rendezvous to which she consented with the Boston

admirer she wept, she told us, over the insult implied in that offer of a hundred dollars. What could he have thought of her? Contrite and abashed, he tried to mend the hurt to her honor and console her lacerated feelings. In one week he bought her, actually, \$25,000 worth of very beautiful jewels. [Continued on page 90]



There is nothing in the world today so much like the old slave market, where beauty was auctioned off on the block, as the show business.



William Johnston, who studies men and women as most of us study books.

in

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Mhy Seek Adventures in Love

ROMANCE, according to the accepted American theory, should terminate with matrimony. The pleasant love-adventurings that make youth enjoyable are banned once either a man or a woman has ascended the steps to the marriage altar.

In practice, as every observing person knows, many American husbands, and not a few American wives continue their search for romance. At the philandering husband, society for the most part merely winks, but the flirtatious wife is more likely to be scowled at, or at least have things said behind her back.

We Americans, however, really are almost hypocriti-

cally absurd in the attitude we take toward the conduct of husbands and wives. In England a married man has his woman friends as a matter of course, and his wife, no matter how far his wanderings lead him, can do nothing about it, a divorce being obtainable only if she can prove cruelty. A Frenchwoman is reared to the understanding that all husbands will find other firesides entertaining. In Italy and other parts of the continent no man would consent to marry if it involved interference with his freedom to seek romance where he chose.

While there are no available records of the conduct

WILLIAM JOHNSTON Turns the Spotlight on Philandering Husbands and Wandering Wives

of married people in America, save such as reach the divorce courts, the very commonplaces of conversation reveal that we are by no means as hide-bound in observing the conventions as we would like people to believe. Often and often you hear such remarks as these, "All men are natural polyg-amists." "Nearly every man that can afford it has two households.'

As a matter of fact, it probably is true that the only time when monogamy appeals to the masculine mind as the ideal existence, is just before and just after that moment when some slip of a girl stands beside the man at the

marriage altar.

In most marriages the romantic illusion that sets the bride apart as the only woman worth while seldom lasts longer than the conventional honeymoon Naturally every husband, when his wife reads this and asks if this statement is true in his case is going to deny it emphatically. He will tell his wife that it is all tommy-rot, that there may be some husbands who wander but that as far as he is concerned, she is the only woman in the world, and that since she came into his life he never has given another woman a thought or a glance. That's a way all husbands have. It is a necessary measure if they are to keep on being happily mar-

But I defy any husband to look me in the eye and tell me that there never has been an occasion since his marriage when he has not been interested in some other woman, at least mentally. Lots and lots of times husbands wish for romantic adventures, but are afraid to undertake them, or else the op-

portunity never comes.

And if you ever have stopped to analyze the attitude of the American wife toward her mate, you will discover that while every wife hopes her husband is interested in her alone, she only half believes it. Let any husband be an hour or two later getting home than usual and he will face a battery of distrustful questions:

"Where were you? What kept you? Whom were you with? What were you doing? Why

didn't you telephone?"



Practically all husbands, I am convinced from observation, have inclination for undertaking further romantic adventures and I suspect it is equally true of wives. In undertaking to analyze the motives that sponsor these desires, let us consider the matter first from the husband side of it.

The first reason is a revolt

against routine.

I found the idea well expressed in a bit of British verse, written evidently by a married man who dared to sign it only with his initials—W. S. J.

Jones goes each day to Mincing Lane,

Tube, office, chop at one, Office once more, and tube again, And Jones's day is done.

Comes dinner, evening paper and Eight hours beside his wife, Breakfast and tube; one day may stand For Jones's yearly life.

Every average American husband will recognize in that a good picture of his life. Home, work, home again, day after day. If he is a commuter he may try to get a thrill out of watching a garden

Once in a while, his wife sensing his growing restlessness, may begin to contrive variety. The trouble is that few wives have any conception of the kind of variety that appeals to husbands. She is just as likely to invite her mother to come for a month's visit, or to suggest having the Briggs family in for dinner and bridge.

Most of the time the restless husband, in a futile effort to escape fireside monotony, right

after the evening meal, will say, "Come on, let's go to the

But don't think that this will quench his thirst for romance. As he sits watching handsome gentlemen making conquests of beautiful strangers, it only whets his discontent. Seldom does his wife suspect as they saunter homeward and she says, "Good bill to-night, wasn't it?" that his grunt of seeming approval masks a seething caldron of discontent within him be- [Continued on page 104]



Aunt Martha suddenly appeared. She stared at me, at the Prince. His Highness didn't flicker an eyelash. The look Aunt Martha gave me was terrible.

The Prince who Stole

AM the sweetheart of a Prince. We fell in love with each other, out at my Aunt Mariha's house on Long Island, and some day I am going to be a Queen. Yet I was only a little poor relation and of course, Aunt Martha wouldn't have invited me down to her beautiful home when she did, if she had known that the Prince was coming then. But I'll tell you how it happened.

I was brought up in Cherry Vale, a pretty little village

on the Hudson, with one church. Father was the minister until they retired him; and then we went to live in the little parsonage they gave father for life.

Aunt Martha is father's rich sister. She decided that there wouldn't be any future for me in Cherry Vale. I'd just grow up a poor minister's daughter, and be an old maid, and a dependent. That's how she came to ask me down to visit her. She intended to send me to a business school, to learn to be a social secretary.



This Little Cinderella Lived the My Heart Away of Every Girl

But that was before the Prince came and changed it all. I'll never have to be a social secretary now.

Aunt Martha sent me a big boxful of Cousin Millicent's clothes. Cousin Millicent is a big splendid creature, dark and glowing. I am slight and blonde and my face is little and heart-shaped. Mother had to cut her clothes down to fit me, but such clothes; cerise chiffon, flaming orange, lovely colors for a brunette like Millicent. When I saw myself in those dresses I danced for joy.

Millicent's slippers were too big for me; but I could wear them if I stuffed out the toes.

Mother got me ready and packed my clothes in grandmother's old trunk. Grandmother bought it when she went to China to be a missionary. It is horsehair with her initials on top in brass tacks, the same as mine, E. S. F. Edna Sweet Flower! The Flowers are an old New York family and mother was a Sweet. Mother cried when I came away, but father said: "It's the

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As I waited, trembling thrilled on the tower that night the Prince, escaping from his friends, came to me.

chance of a lifetime, Wife! And so kind of Martha!" Aunt Martha was a Flower until she married Uncle Jeff (this is family history!) now she's Mrs. Jefferson Townsend. Aunt Martha had family and was pretty, and Uncle Jeff had money. So it was an ideal match.

Aunt Martha had sent me a ticket and father drove me over to the train in the buggy, behind our old horse, Miriam. And that's how I came down to Aunt Martha's.

THAT very day the Prince arrived also. Aunt Martha forgot I was coming in the commotion so I had to walk up from the station. The Prince's visit was so unexpected! Aunt Martha had placed her house at his disposal long ago. And, now, by a sudden change of royal plans, he cabled that he was coming for a visit of five days. That is the way with a Prince. The whole world is his, country houses, far mountains, wide seas and all the lovely ladies on earth. He has only to reach out his

Oh such a state of panic as Aunt Martha's house was in when I arrived. The Prince was

house was in when I arrived. The Prince was due in half an hour. A maid took me to my room. Aunt Martha ran in and gave me a peck on the cheek. She hoped I appreciated all she was doing for me. She couldn't see me

again until the Prince had gone.

I asked if I could see Cousin Millicent. Aunt Martha said that Millicent was in the hands of the maids, but I might peep in. Millicent is twenty. She came out last year; then she went abroad and was Presented. She's a great heiress and bound to make a splendid match. Hearing about Millicent is just like a fairy tale; such jewels and gowns; a flock of cars; a yacht named "The Millicent;" a racing stable. Everything in the world.

THEY let me step into her room. She stood in front of her mirror. The modiste was there, touching her gown here and there. And such a gown, a fluff of flame chiffon caught at one side with silver. Very simple for afternoon tea. The modiste had pins in her mouth; but she said something about international alliances, "the time was ripe for an American girl to sit on a Throne." At this Aunt Martha looked immensely pleased; and Millicent lifted her beautiful head and turned imperiously to Aunt Martha and me, just as if she were already upon a Throne and we her slaves and vassals. Then Aunt Martha said: "Edna, you may go back to your room."

I went through the hall. At the top of the

grand staircase hung a portrait of the Prince, done by a great artist. The Prince was dressed just like a Prince, robe, scepter, knee breeches. But it was his face! Such a strong face! Eyes the deep blue of the mountains; hair the dark brown of the woods; the mouth like a proud red flower. I stood before it with my hands clasped, pretending that he was alive and standing there. I made believe that he touched me with his scepter and said: "Arise, Princess Edna! I make thee my bride!" That is the way the Prince proposes in the fairy story and he looked just like a splendid bold fairy Prince. Would Aunt Martha ever let me see the Prince?

I went sadly to my room. Aunt Martha's house is like a great letter T, the top crosspiece of the T facing the lawns, a wide front, like an English Castle, rising three stories with a Tower on top. The bottom of the T was the extension, where my room was.

From my windows I could see the rose gardens, arbors, summer houses and the lake, but I was at the back of the house, and I wanted to see the Prince arrive. Mother says that is the trouble with young girls. You never can tell exactly what they will do next. I felt that I must see the Prince arrive, or I would die! In the middle of the house the Tower rises high. I knew how to get up in the Tower and it was my chance to see the Prince, so I opened the Tower door and dashed up the stairs. One of the Tower windows opens like a door. I flung it open and stepped out. There is a narrow balcony with a railing running around it. I leaned over the railing. I was just in time! Far down I could see the flash of the cars, the gleaming figure-head of silver

catching the light. Ahead rode the motor-cycle escort. A cordon of secret service men was drawing itself around Aunt Martha's estate for miles. Then came a beautiful car with the Prince in it. Then cars and cars, the Prince's

retinue, just like a fairy story.

The Prince sat all alone in that great shining car, a stalwart splendid Prince. He had taken off his hat and the sun caught his tawny hair. I could almost get the deep flash of his eyes, high up as I was in the It gave me a romantic thrill to be in that high Tower, far above the rest of the house, peeping over that iron railing. I imagined that I was a beautiful sad-eyed Princess imprisoned there. And here was the Prince and his knights coming to rescue me.

When the Prince's automobile was almost underneath the Tower I did an impulsive thing. I leaned way out over the Tower railing, so I nearly lost my balance. The Prince was looking up and I waved my handkerchief. It must have looked strange to the Prince, gazing up at the Tower, to see my vellow fluff of hair against the sky, and my handkerchief waving like a banner in the air. He saluted! Just a touch of his open hand, palm down,

to his forehead. And, then, he was out of sight under the porte cochere.

But I had seen the Prince!

I went quietly down stairs to my room. The house was The Prince was in the drawing-room having tea. Millicent was pouring. The maid who brought up the tea tray that was to be my dinner told me. 'She was afraid I would be homesick. But how could I be? I had seen the Prince. I had waved my hand at him, and he had saluted! I ate my jam and bread and butter, all the sweets, pretending that I was a Queen sitting in the garden eating bread and honey.

Later while they were at dinner I stole down. Aunt Martha had told me to stay in my room, but how could I with so much going on down stairs? I went down the side staircase, three flights to the side veranda. Through the long French windows I could see the Prince. He sat at Aunt Martha's right, Millicent next. A lady of



I found a little pool with water-lillies on it. I seated myself on the curbing and I dreamed of the prince. Then I took clay and molded a head of him.

the Prince's party at Uncle Jeff's right. I could see the Prince smile. Oh, such a smile! He was speaking. I couldn't hear but each word must have been wonderful.

I looked around. Great paths led from the house, each terminating in a summer house, an arbor or a statue. I followed the one at the right because it lay right under the Prince's window. It was bordered with tall box. Beyond were tall bushes and a steep bank. Below, nearly hidden by the brush, was a little pool, with water-lillies on it. I seated myself upon a stone and dragged my hand through the cool water of the pool.

The Prince had finished dining now. I could imagine

him at the dance which was to follow.

The earth alongside the pool was violet color. I put my fingers in it and dug out a handful, delighted to find that it was clay. I had made statuettes in school. loved to model. I modelled a head of the Prince in that clay, working at it in the starlight until it was finished. Then I hid it in the rocks where no one would find it. By that time it was very late. I was afraid someone would see me, so I walked behind the box in the deep shrubbery. The night was dark and the far lights in the grounds had gone out. The drawing-room lay dead, but up-stairs the windows gleamed and the Prince's window was bright. I crept close to the house and crouched low in the trees looking up at the Prince's windows. The lights flashed out. I stood motionless. And, then, the most marvelous thing happened! It was just like a fairy story, the Prince looking afar for his Princess.

FOR the Prince came to the window. He stood there, one hand against the casing, looking out. His eyes wandered over Aunt Martha's grounds as if searching

for something he had not found.

Until he left the window I dared not move. Then I slipped into the house. A sleepy butler spoke to me, but I reached my room safely and went to bed, to dream of my Prince, to pray that the cordon of secret service men would hold him in safety all through the night.

The maid who brought in my breakfast tray at nine was full of news. The Prince had wakened early. had expressed a desire to visit the Tower and Millicent was going to take him up. What a chance to meet him. I hurried through my breakfast and climbed the Tower stairs. I would see him close by if I died for it!

They came along soon. I heard them laughing, Millicent and the Prince and others. And suddenly, I was frightened. What would Millicent say if she caught me up there? I was supposed to be in my room. I must hide. I opened the narrow door leading out on the little balcony and stepped out. I had just time to flatten myself against the tower wall when they reached the top. The Prince's laugh was deep, like a silver bell. I heard The Prince's laugh was deep, like a silver bell. him ask Millicent if he might step out on the balcony. I heard the narrow door creak open. And, then, I nearly pitched forward over the railing, for the Prince was standing by my side. I was never so scared in my life. Suppose Millicent should step out. I did an impulsive thing.

I put my finger to my lips: "Hush-h!"

The Prince's eyes flashed steel. He pulled the little door shut behind him and held it. I was so thrilled! The Prince spoke very low: "Do you come up here

My mind worked like lightning. No wonder mother says that you never can tell what a young girl wiil say: "Your Highness, yes!" I made a low courtesy, I made a low courtesy, clutching the wall behind me.

"At what time?" And his voice was scarcely more

than a whisper.

I thought of that lovely walk last night; and the moon shining up at the stars. And the Prince's eyes! I knew they would be lovely at night. And I said very low: "At ten o'clock, Your Highness."

"To-night?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"To-night at ten I'll meet you here."

He flung open the Tower door and stepped in. I could hear Millicent talking to one of the gentlemen-in-wait-The Prince was ready to descend. Talking gaily they all wound down the narrow stairs. I pinched myself and moved my feet to see if I was awake. The Prince was coming up there at ten that night to meet me! Would he bring all his retinue and Millicent, or would he come alone? How could I wait to see?

WALKED on air all the rest of that day. When the I maid brought up my luncheon she told me the Prince's plans for the day. She always knew because they were written on the bulletin in the servants' hall. Polo at four. Then off to tea somewhere. Dinner at eight. Then quiet! The Prince had expressed a wish to retire to his room at ten for an hour of complete relaxation.

I clapped my hands over my mouth to keep from shouting. So that was how he would get away to meet

me up in the Tower!

I looked over my dresses that night and chose the one father likes: blue, round neck, short sleeves, one of Millicent's old ones, and I put on a pair of Millicent's old blue satin slippers, beauties, but enormous for me, so I stuffed out the toes. In the mirror I really did look something like a dream Princess—my pale fluff of hair and white skin and heart-shaped face, all big blue eyes. I suppose it was sinful to be glad that I was pretty.

At five minutes of ten I went out in the hall. The Tower staircase went up from the middle. I opened the door and slipped in. I wound my way up, to the top. High over the Tower rose a flagstaff, an electric light at the end, right up under the stars. It winked at the great black night. I stepped out on the balcony and looked over the brilliantly lighted grounds. In the darkness, I felt like a fairy princess looking down upon the world of mortals. Would the Prince come? It was ten The house chimes were ringing. I heard a

The Prince was standing behind me. I was afraid to

look around until he spoke:

"May I wish you a good evening?"

TURNED and looked at him. Oh, he was so wonderful! He was smiling. I could not speak.

"I think we should be seated. Don't you think so?"

he asked.

I was so frightened, so happy frightened! I made a

deep courtesy.

"It's pleasanter being seated. Isn't it?" And he was bringing out two chairs, and setting them in the circle of the balcony. There was just room to squeeze into them, and he pulled my chair close to his own. Of course, I didn't know what to say. say to a Prince? But he began it. What does a girl

"Pardon my poor memory. I'm sure you will, but I

don't remember your full name."

I laughed right out then, because he had never heard my name. "I am Edna Sweet Flower, but you needn't call me all that, Your Highness. My father calls me by my middle name, just Sweet."

"A very good idea! I'll call you by your middle name

-if you don't object?"

Now how could I say "No!" to a Prince! And such

a splendid Prince!

Then I did a forward thing that would have surprised my mother. I said to him, very simply, "Please, Your Highness, tell me your name." [Continued on page 116]

Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



"She's beautiful enough to be a water-bearer to the gods," is Earl Carroll's poetic description of Vivian Carmody of his new Vanities. If Vivian goes in for carrying water in that vessel we predict a rush of would-be gods to the water wagon.



All girls envy Mary Astor's chance to play with John Barrymore in Don Juan, but all the boys envy John.



Mary Brian smiles with her eyes as well as with her lips. That's what wins the Paramount picture fans.

Just now she is called "one of the dancing girls" in "Men of Dawn." But she couldn't be more alluring even if you knew her name, could she?





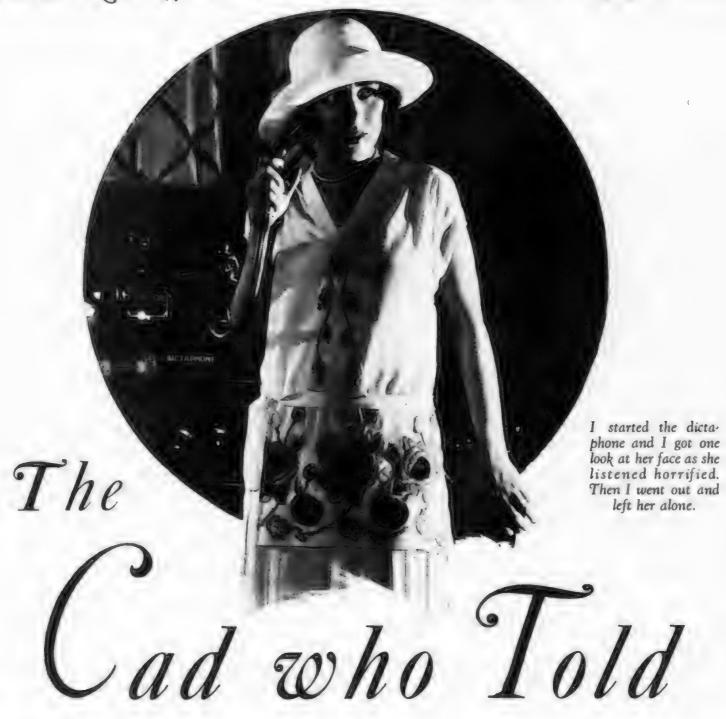
Came the Dawn

Maybe the men of the Stone-age weren't so simple after all. If you found such a lovely little savage on your back door-step wouldn't you get out your trusty war club and make a capture? But it's hard to believe that girls in those wild old days, before the movies, were as pretty as Viola Dana is pictured in First National's "Men of Daun."



Remember that sweet old song about Annie Laurie? Well, here is Annie Laurie brought to life by Lillian Gish in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new production. And here is Annie's Highland lover swearing he is ready to "lay him dune and dee" for her. We like Norman Kerry and really don't want to see him die, even for so lovely a girl as Lillian, so we hope it all ends happily.

An EXPERIENCE that Could Happen Only in HOLLYWOOD



S A matter of fact, I played but a small part in the thing that happened. I was not one of the principals. If I had been, I would not be telling about it. And the reason I do is because of the look I seen that day on her face in the dressing room. There must be lots of other women just where she was that

I don't know exactly why I done what I done, either. In Hollywood more than in any other place, you learn soon enough to keep your eves and your mouth shut. 1 don't see nothing, nor hear nothing, and I have never before told nothing, and that's why Mr. Trelayne has found me as good a man as he ever had, not only because I can keep his clothes perfect and run his errands

without making mistakes.

There's more to being valet to a popular motion picture actor than just having the studs in his shirts and his costumes all in order, let me tell you. I don't wish for to complain, for Mr. Trelayne pays me well, and what with a big family like I've got can't always be too particular where the money comes from, but I must say these here screen actors take more waiting on than most.

It's more like being a nursemaid sometimes, what with answering telephones and keeping engagements straight and mixing drinks and being right on hand every second. But it's as my wife says, "That's what you're paid for, Cox, me man, and don't you forget it.'

Of course there was always ladies about, with Mr. Trelayne. Me calling them ladies is just in a manner of speaking, for ladies some of them certainly was not. But in my position it's as well to call every female a lady, for the ones that has least claim to the name gets the maddest if you don't give it to them.

If it hadn't been for my wife, some of the things I saw would of disgusted me with the sex, and it took all my self-control not to treat them as I considered they deserved. But my wife said, "'Tis not your business, Cox, me man. Vengeance is the Lord's and you can safely leave them to Him." Which I done.

I knew Mr. Trelayne backwards. Whoever said that about no gentleman being a hero to his valet was not altogether right, for I must say young Lord Ashburton, that I was with before the war, was a hero to me long before they pinned the V. C. on [Continued on page 96]

I lived

A Startling Human Document
out of the
Book of Life

What I Told You Last Month:

A T SIXTEEN I was still utterly unconscious of the fact that I possessed unusual beauty either of face or figure. It was only when my mother forbid me to wear my new one-piece bathing suit that I realized it. Strangely enough her scolding only served to make me proud of my figure instead of ashamed to expose it. It was my appearance in the forbidden suit that made my next door neighbor, Bert, realize that I was no longer a child, but grown up enough to warrant his notice. Bert was older than I, good-looking, had plenty of spending money and was considered quite a sheik.

His attention flattered me to the extent that I even lied to get out with him. I had often heard my father boast about his political friends "getting away" with things and so I thought I was awfully clever when, without my family's knowledge, I went off to a party at the shore bungalow owned by one of Bert's friends. At least I thought that when I started but when I saw the crowd drink cocktails like water, eat dinner and even dance all evening in their bathing suits, I wasn't quite so sure of myself. By the time they scattered for a final moonlight swim and left Bert and me alone in the bungalow I had actually begun to be scared.

(Now Read What Came of My First Lie:

HOPE with all my heart that no girl who reads this will ever have to go through what I went through the rest of that night, and the days and nights that came after. The more I thought the worse it seemed. Bert had been drinking, of course. And the little that I had taken myself had given me a false gaiety, a feeling that we were all having a wonderful time and everyday, humdrum affairs didn't make much difference.

There wasn't a sound in the house. The others had gone away, and it was an hour before they returned.

I am not defending myself for what happened. People often think, when a crisis comes in their lives, and they



When I told my sister my secret, she was furious and said I might as well be dead, but my brother in-law told her I was only a child and that Bert deserved to be shot.

fail, that they should have been stronger, have done something different, at that moment. But I have learned from experience that it is not at the moment of the crisis that one should be strong, but long before, when one starts out on the path that leads to such a crisis.

Many a girl has said to herself, if I only had done this, or that, at some particular time, without stopping to think that the real mistake was made long before. People who play with fire in a powder factory shouldn't be surprised if there is an explosion.

We are all of us more or less at the mercy of our emotions. And when I say that, I don't mean that these emotions are anything to be ashamed of. In spite of all my surface knowledge of life, I was pretty innocent of realities. Most girls, at sixteen are, no matter how they



may talk. At first I tried to push Bert away from me, but he kept whispering how much he loved me, and being young, and weak, I forgot everything but how happy I

We heard a noise, after a while, and Bert left me. When he did, I went into the dressing room and locked the door. He rapped on the door, said it wasn't anything, wanted me to let him come in but I wouldn't. I was terribly afraid of him, all of a sudden, and with every minute that passed I felt more and more unhappy. My brain had begun to work again, now, and all the

away, leaving me cold and miserable. Finally, when I had taken off my bathing suit and put on my dress, I went into the living room. Bert was there drinking. He came up to kiss me, but I think he saw from my face how I felt. for he dropped his arms, and pouring some gin in a glass gave it to me and told

I didn't want the stuff but I was so wretched I didn't care what I did, so I swallowed it, and it made me feel

"For God's sake don't look so tragic." Bert said. "You don't want the others to think we've had a row, do you? Brace up.

I said I didn't care what the others thought, but I did. just the same. So we started the radio, and when they

came back Bert and I were dancing as friendly as ever. It was about half past eleven by this time and I said I buld have to go pretty soon. The two stenographers would have to go pretty soon.

had gone in to take off their wet bathing suits, and Bert said he guessed he'd get dressed, too.

I was determined to go home. I knew we wouldn't get there before one and while, as the family was away, I might have stayed out all night if I had wanted to, I found I didn't want to. The more I thought about things the more anxious I was to get away, and even Bert's kisses on the way home didn't make me feel any better.

When he left me, in front of the house, he just gave me a quick kiss and drove off. Didn't suggest coming up on the porch or anything. He seemed glad to get away.

I went up to my room and took off my clothes in a sort of daze. Then I threw myself on the bed and cried.

I don't know how long I lay there because it was broad daylight when I woke up, and the sunshine was streaming into my room. I could hear Annie, our cook, fussing about in the kitchen below, and our dog, Tramp, barking, and the sound of churchbells, which made me realize it was Sunday morning. I didn't remember anything when I first woke up. But in a moment or two it all came back to me like some terrible dream.

I T 1S queer, though, what a difference little things make. When I had taken my bath, and put on nice fresh things, and had breakfast, fruit, and wattles with kidney stew, and coffee, I felt ever so much better. At first I thought I wouldn't go to church, but there wasn't anything else to do, and I knew I'd meet some of the girls there, so I went. By some curious chance the minister preached about Christ and the woman who had

sinned, and when he said that about "Go and sin no more," I felt better.

I walked home with Frances Gaynor, who lives near us, and we talked about boys, and parties and things just as we always did. Nothing seemed any different, except that I kept thinking about Bert, and wondering if I was going to see him. I wanted to see him, somehow, and yet I didn't.

Frances came in for a while, and after she went home, I had dinner. All the time I sat there, alone, I kept wondering if Bert would call me up. He knew I would be alone. And as the day wore on I thought about him more and more, and kept wishing he would call. I was just on the point of telephoning him, about four o'clock, when he rang me up, and asked me if I wouldn't like to go for a drive.

It surprised me to find how glad I was to hear from him. I guess I shouldn't have seen him at all. but the funny thing is, I wanted to. So I told him I would go, and he said he'd be at the drug store in ten minutes.

He seemed mighty glad to see me, too-wasn't queer

and distant the way he'd been when he left me the night before. And when we got out on the road he kissed me. I was glad of that, too.

We went to the Rendezvous and had supper there, and danced. I took a couple of drinks, too. When I looked about the room and saw all the girls, many of them no older than I was, laughing and talking and having a gay time, I said to myself they probably weren't any better than I was, and yet they were happy and cheerful, having a good time, so why should I feel that my life was ruined?

Bert was nice and cordial, and on the way home he stopped the car in a quiet place and took me in his arms. But I pushed him away and told him I had to go on home.

He wouldn't believe me, at first, tried to kiss me again, but at last, when he

saw that I was in earnest, he got angry, and drove home like mad without saying another word. Sitting there beside him, looking at his scowling face, I knew that Bert didn't care for me at all, but only regarded me as another one of his many 'girls."

It was early when we got home, only half past ten, and as knew mother and Dad wouldn't be home before twelve I told him he might come up on the porch for a while. But he wouldn't-just said good night and drove off. That made me feel pretty badly. Up to then I had fooled myself into believing that Bert really did care about me a little. Now I knew he had only been amusing himself, and I hated him, and wished I were dead. I tried to read for a while, but couldn't so I went to bed, and when the family came in I pretended to be asleep. I didn't want to be



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bothered, having them ask me what I'd been doing while they were away.

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The next morning life settled down into the old rut. I was sure I wouldn't hear anything from Bert, and I didn't. By the end of the week, I heard that he and his family had gone to the seashore, the way they usually did in August. I went around with my girl friends, met the boys I knew, and after a while, I got so I didn't think about the bungalow part, except when I was alone.

I don't believe anyone ever suspected I'd gone out with Bert. We'd never been seen together, and he didn't come back home, except for a day, before he went off to college, and then I didn't see him. I guess he kept out of the way

So for a month or more I went about, trying to forget. The knowledge that presently came to me was so much more terrible than anything that had gone before, that I lay awake until dawn one night and wondered if I hadn't better get up and end things then and there.

This was when my real suffering began. I went on from day to day, half mad from fear, yet not daring to let anybody see what I was suffering. There was no one I could confide in, no one to whom I could go for help. The only person I could even mention the matter to was Bert, and something told me he would not do anything.

Something had to be done, however. Things couldn't be allowed to go on like this. He might be willing to marry me, I thought if he knew, and while I didn't want to marry Bert, having found out by this time that I no more loved him than he did me, in any real sense of the word, I still thought that marriage would be better than open disgrace. So finally I summoned up enough courage to write him a letter

He didn't answer the letter, at least not by sending me one in return. But two days later somebody called me up on the telephone—a woman's voice, at first, and then I heard Bert's voice over the wire, asking what was the matter. Of course I

couldn't tell him, especially as mother was sitting in the next room, and I had to be very careful what I said. He was in New York, he told me, and if I must see him he would come out, and meet me at a station about two miles away. I could get there by trolley in ten minutes.



Bert and I stopped in the shadow of some trees. "If you mean you want me to marry you," he growled, "there's nothing doing." Then he gave me some money and walked away.

He would be there at eight o'clock sharp.

When mother asked me who had called I said one of the girls, who wanted me to go to the movies with her. That gave me a chance to slip out of the house after dinner, and go to meet Bert. I [Continued on page 97]

He

STOPPED breathing for a moment when I first saw him. I had a queer feeling all through me.

I was going down the steps from the boardwalk with my friend Gertrude. He was coming toward us, in his bathing suit looking like a Greek God, or something.

I always had romantic dreams, and in these dreams was my ideal. He would be tall and dark and handsome, this prince

of my dreams. And strong, with a man's fine strength. And he would be brave! He could not be my hero unless he had courage. And he would be clever and successful.

Of course, I had met some nice boys, but none of them were anything like my ideal. At this very time I had a gentleman friend at home, or a sort of "steady" or what you might call him. Not exactly a sweetheart. Charley Prout was well meaning, I thought, but he was not clever, or successful. He rented a room in the house next door. He had a car, and it was six cylinders, but it was a second hand bargain, and half the time there was something wrong with it. He rented half of our garage, and so he was more or less at home with my family.



ment he snapped his glove to the champion's stomach and the referee began to count.

At this time that I speak of my friend Gertrude Mahlstedt and I were taking our two weeks summer vacation at a summer resort. I hardly missed Charley. I was almost glad to get away from him, and to see some of the other young men at the watering place, even though they didn't count for much, either. We swam with the young fellows, walked with them and danced with them, but they were hardly any better than Charley. Some of them were fresh. None were like

And now, here on the sand, coming toward me, here he was. He was dark, but he had blue eyes, that looked straight at you, looked right into you. And he was looking straight at me. I could not take my eyes away,



The Surprising Story of a GIRL Who Thought Her MAN Was Afraid FIGHT

rassed that I was awkward and clumsy. and the next thing I knew I caught my

heel on the last step, my knees got weak, and I went

down on one knee in the sand.

At the instant he jumped toward me. Before I could try to get up I felt his strong hands on my arms, and he picked me up as if I had been a two-year-old child. Such strength! Most men don't look like much in a bathing suit, but he was wonderful. And handsome, all except his nose. That was a little large, too heavy, but it seemed to go with his wonderful strength.

I felt shy and foolish, but I managed to say, "Thank

you."

"Not at all, the pleasure's all mine." he said, "but

you need a guardian. I think I ought to stick around."

"But I don't know you. I don't know anything about vou.'

"I don't know anything about you either, except what I see, but I'm satisfied."

"You're easily satisfied," I

said, trying to cover my confusion by being flippant. "No, hardest man in the world to satisfy. This is the first time. My name's Dodge, Leroy Dodge."

"My name is-" Then I checked myself. I looked at Gertrude.

"It's all right, I'll keep it a secret," he said. "Just whisper it."

Then Gertrude spoke. "Mr. Dodge, this is Miss Houghton, May Houghton."

"Miss Houghton, I'm delighted," he smiled.
"And this is Gertrude Mahlstedt," I said, to get even.



"Delighted again, and thank you, Gertrude," he said. He certainly was different from any of the boys I had ever met. When we saw him again he was dressed like a millionaire. He was not fresh; he looked into your eyes in that straight way, and he did not mind Gertrude being along. We three chummed around together, swimming and dancing, and listening to the band. The second evening he said he wished he had his car, and told us he would take the early train in the morning and would drive back. He would meet us at eight o'clock in the evening.

"What kind of a car?" I asked.

"Horrible piece of old junk," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye. "She coughs so much I call her 'Camille,' and once in a while I have to go back around the corner and pick up the rest that dropped off, but it's a rattling good car."

The next evening while we waited for him at the little park on the boulevard we both expressed our admiration of a wonderful, long-nosed roadster that stopped at the curb. We did not notice the driver until he got out and stepped over to us. It was Leroy. We might have expected that he would drive just such a car. And oh, what dandy trips we had. Gertrude always sat on the right, putting me in the middle.

But we began to wonder at his occupation. "He's

plenty of money," said Gertrude. "You don't suppose he's a bootlegger or a gambler or something?"

"Oh, no, he's not that kind," I said. "He might be an

actor.

That bootlegger idea seemed out of place, because he never touched a drop of anything to drink. I could not make him out.

"But it's unusual that you don't smoke," I said once.
"()h," he said, "it's getting to be too effeminate, these

Gertrude asked him outright what his business was.

"That's a dark secret," he laughed. "I'll give you three guesses."

"You're a bootlegger," I said, smiling.

"Would it make any difference?" he asked, searching

"I'm very particular about my friends," I said. "I draw the line at bootleggers, gamblers and prize-fighters."

"You don't like prize-fighters, either?"

Of course I thought of Jerry, our iceman, at home. Charley Prout and my brother Jimmie called him Jerry Cauliflowers, goodness knows why. He had been a pugilist in his younger days, a perfect bull in human form. He had the most terrible ears, all bunched up like lumps of putty, and he could only hear a little out of his right ear. If you spoke he pushed that hideous ear into your face. Sometimes I opened the door for him when he delivered ice early in the morning, but I

avoided meeting him whenever I could. It made me

creep when Jerry looked at me.

And so I answered Leroy, "Prize-fighters are worst of The very idea of men They're absolute brutes. standing up and striking each other in the face with their fists, until one beats the other down, helpless. Such savages! And they call it sport."

"But every human instinct leads men-" he started to

"That's right," I interrupted, "it is repugnant to every human instinct.'

"You're an actor," said Gertrude, interrupting so that I would not get worked up about it too much.

"Well, thank God," he said, "at least I'm not a bad

actor. Guess again."

We had some more fun over it, and then talked about something else. But the next time we went driving we passed an automobile wreck, and he started talking about cars and driving. He knew so much.

"I know," I said. "You're an automobile salesman."

asked. And that was all. When vacation time was over he insisted upon driving us home. He said he knew our section, Atlantic Avenue, in Brooklyn, and he said that now, having found me, he was never going to lose me. So he kept coming to the house. Mother liked him right away, and he was right at home with her. He called her "Ma," and would go and

sit in the kitchen

dishes

and wipe

and all that. But Charley Prout didn't like Leroy at all, and demanded to know what I knew about this bird. Charley was quite bitter, and made some cracks to the effect that he was not swell enough for me. Leroy told him to come along; with Gertrude it would make four to go on some little trips. But Charley came along only once, sitting behind in the extra what-do-youcall-it seat.

Then Charley began to sew seeds of suspicion in my own family. He was pretty thick with my brother Jimmie. Jimmie was only eighteen, and pretty fresh, always having trouble at school. But Charley would let Jimmie drive his car, and then when he had blow-outs and it was hard to get the tires off and on, Jimmie would pitch

with a big ex-

bugilist. My

heart was in

thought Leroy

would be killed.

my throat.

in and do most of the work and Charley would let him. The kid felt flattered and thought he knew something about automobiles. And so after Charley Prout gave Jimmie a few earfuls about my new gentleman friend. I had a very suspicious brother to deal with.

For another thing, Leroy kidded Jimmie, and told him to stop smoking eigarets. And he had an argument with both Charley and Jimmie, almost the first thing, about drinking. Leroy said it wasn't a matter of prohibition: it was a matter of health and a clear head. And besides, he said, one couldn't get good stuff any more, for ninetyfive percent of it was poison, refined wood alcohol. Charley Prout challenged that, proudly declaring that he had some of the real thing, and knew where to get more, whereupon Leroy replied that that's what they all say. Was he popular with Charley? Huh!

"I'll tell you, Ma," said Jimmie, later, "he never tells us where he works. I'll bet he's a bootlegger, and that talk about booze was just to put us off the track.'

> sense of mystery about my friend, much as I loved him. He somehow evaded my questions about the cars he sold, saying that he wanted to forget business when he was out "in society." His own car, the roadster, was a Supermotive Eight. There were times when he seemed to have nothing to do. and he said things were quiet. And there were times when I would scarcely see him for two or three weeks, except on Sunday afternoons. But then he would tele-

> > and enjoyed talking to him, but-"I'd like to know just what kind of an adventurer this fellow is," said Dad.

phone every day,

though I never

knew where the

calls came from.

Father liked him

There was one disappointing thing about Leroy, strong as he was. It wasn't exactly that he wouldn't fight. It was a question of his lack of courage. That bothered me a little. We just missed an accident at a crossing one day. The truck driver got noisy, and Leroy

quietly called out that he would report him. At once the truck driver jumped down and came over to our car. threatening to push Leroy's face in. I thought there would be a fight, but Leroy just smiled and said, "Fade out, Buddy, you'll need all your strength in your job, if you learn to drive right." Then he started the car and left the fellow standing there [Continued on page 82]



A Personal Article for All Husbands Jealous Will Never Wreck My Carriage

THE other day in Paris I met a friend on the rue de Rivoli. We breathlessly exchanged greetings, and then followed that awkward, simmering pause which so often betrays the existence of an unsavory secret, clamoring to be aired.

"It's a divorce," Madge finally announced.

I stifled a gasp of astonishment. I had seen the marriages of my friends more or less disintegrating all about me for a decade, but Madge's seemed to be one of those made-in-Heaven affairs which wear a lifetime. I stammered something inarticulate about being

"He was jealous," she elucidated unhappily. first it was nice to be loved that way, but when he began accusing me of having my hair shingled so I could feel Antoine's fingers fussing about my neck, I just packed

and came over.

"But." I reasoned, "he must love you to feel as strongly as that.'

"If he loved me he would trust me as far as the hair-

dresser's," she answered. And that was that.

Madge's tragedy set me wondering. Her love marriage had been supervised to death. I have been married ten serene years and not once has my husband objected by so much as a look to my playing up to the admiration in another man's eyes, nor has it ever occurred to me that it would be the wifely thing to do to object to his friendship with Laura, the nice girl he was more or less in love with before he met me. Was this warm, comradely certainty of ours about one another love?

Two memories rushed out from shadows at least twenty years old. It was raining and I was lying on my stomach in the attic guiltily engrossed for the twentieth time in the adventures of Jane Eyre—a forbidden volume which on sunny days reposed behind locked glass in the parlor. I lay there in the cobwebby twilight and thrilled to the ardent antics of Rochester as he tempestuously went about the business of making the shrink-

ing Jane his own.
Then there was a hard wooden pew in a brick church and a long, rusty parson with a prophet-shaped beard. I sat primly and deafly under all his verbiage and concentrated on the marriage service in the back of a tattered hymn-book. Two phrases affected me much the same as the transports of Rochester and Jane: "I, John,

take thee, Mary," and "Until death do us part." I dreamed of being wooed in the most violent Bronte manner and appropriated by those words. licious to have a dark, heavy, dominating male stand between one and the peril of being ogled by handsome

Some years later, a young man, a handsome, dancing kind of young man, came along and after a series of more or less intoxicating preludes talked quite definitely about a ring and a cottage. The mere fact that this attractive fellow wanted me near him until one of us died was irresistible. I acceded to everything with en-

"Now," he said, triumphantly holding me off and looking me severely in the eyes, "no other man will dare

look at you.'

"Why?" I asked, feeling in some unaccountable fashion marked, tagged and stamped with his name

"Because you are MINE!" he answered, kissing me until I shivered with a kind of complacent ecstacy.

Two weeks later he glowered me home from a dance. "What's the matter?" I asked uneasily.
"You danced three times with that boob, Burton

Blake, and you're engaged to me."

"He asked me," I answered stubbornly. "And he dances a darned sight better than you do," I added

"You're MINE!" he stormed, making a black night

blacker with his outraged vanity.

I loved this demanding person who wanted me exclusively, but in some occult fashion my brain had started functioning at the expense of my heart. Later, curled up in bed, I thought it out.

Marriage with him would mean that I would have to pretend that he danced better than Burton Blake and that no eyes save his would be allowed to stare at me. This would go on for the rest of our natural lives, and he would probably tag along to Heaven and be nasty if I praised another he-angel's harp-playing. Nor was that

He would tell me what I should wear. I had worn a red frock to the dance and he had told me quite paternally that nice girls did not wear such bright colors, especially after they were engaged.

and Wives By MRS. ELLEN du POIS TAYLOR,



adored myself in red and so, I thought, had that good-looking young French professor who had hung about between dances with a de Musset look in his eyes and a volume of Verlaine in his pocket. I did not want to be kissed by the waltzing Burton or by a young French-

man who regarded me on the sofa as if I were Madame Recamier but I wanted to be free to gloat a little.

Two more hotly censored dances and I handed back his diamond with a gesture wearily devoid of drama. I went to the other dances that winter with Burton Blake, who soon became inoculated with the idea that I should

gyrate perpetually with him when I longed to sit out an occasional dance with a Frenchman, who pleased my ears with warm quotations from Ronsard. A bit later my Gallic admirer objected to my accepting original poetic tributes from a young journalist who was eter-

nally visualizing me on a balcony all his own.

Flattered and a bit nauseated, I resolved to become an old maid. Since that illuminating episode with Jack I had done some peering of my own. I saw that marriage was hedged about by prickly don't's and shall not's and the victims sulked. [Continued on page 130]

Do you want happiness in Marriage? Is it pos;

sible that Mrs. Ellen du Pois Taylor has found

that secret? Does this happiness lie in a free-

dom of action that is absent from most marriages

and the lack of which throws many marriages on

the rocks? Why not try it in your home?

What Would You Do If the Man You Loved had Planned to Elope with Another MAN'S WIFE?

The Story of a Girl
who
Will FOREVER Fear
that
She was Only

Second Choice

SAT that August afternoon in my window, where I could see Culver Road without being seen. I was for the first time playing an active part in a scandal.

I was possibly playing the most active part. Hasn't somebody said that the real principal of an intrigue is the confidant? If nobody has said it, somebody will. It was to me that Phil Warren had confided his intention of eloping with Mrs. Remington.

The fact gave me a profound satisfaction. Hitherto my knowledge of intrigues had come to me second-hand, or third-hand, or from the newspapers. I had been an outsider, a mere innocent bystander. Other women had known the thrill of anticipating a social explosion. Other women had known the still deeper thrill of being able to say afterward: "Yes, I knew it all the time." But I had always been a mere listener. Until now I had never, never once had anything to tell.

My part at the moment was to wait until Phil and Mrs. Remington had eloped. Phil had promised that he would drive through Culver Road on his way north from Rochester to the Thousand Islands with Mrs. Remington. That would be the signal. I knew what to do after that.

The first thing was to mail a letter that Phil had written and entrusted to me, a letter announcing to his firm



that he had been suddenly called away. After that Phil said I might tell father, who was trustee of Phil's estate until he was twenty-five. Then I was to serve as liason officer. Elopements, like wars, require such services.

Waiting is very stimulating to the conscience. I wondered if I ought not to have done something to stop this affair of Phil's. But what? I had reminded him that Mrs. Remington was several years older than he was. I had talked common sense to him by the hour without any result. Phil was infatuated. I couldn't, out of loyalty to Phil, talk to Mrs. Remington because he hadn't told her that he had confided in me. Besides, Mrs. Remington was a woman of the world. Mrs. Remington

ington had a way with men—a way which she had exercised even on father, much to my distress. I was not sure that I wanted to preserve her from her folly, even if I could.

The plain fact is that she had taken Phil away from me. I don't mean that Phil and I had been engaged, but all the girls I knew recognized that I had put a "No Hunting—Under Penalty of the Law" sign on Phil and none of them would have dared to vamp him. But Mrs. Remington was married and married women just don't play the game according to the rules. They do their hunting where they please, law or no law, and the fact that it is forbidden just seems to make them more de-

going to stop them?

I began to think what would happen when they had eloped. The punishment would be severe. Phil was twenty-four and only two years out of college. He would be forgiven. But Mrs. Remington was at least thirty. Why, she admitted being twenty-seven. She would be ruined—absolutely ruined. I thought it would serve her right. The trouble was, that even if Mrs. Remington got what was coming to her, she would still have my Phil.

SUDDENLY I started up. I had made a decision. I had decided I must stop them. I must stop them at any cost. My eyes turned instinctively to the telephone. But I didn't dare trust a telephone.

I rushed downstairs and out on the terrace and looked

up Culver Road.

Phil's roadster wasn't in sight, so I decided the only thing to do was to watch for it, to observe its approach in time to rush out and stop it. I sat down on the ter-

race to watch and wait.

I looked at the watch on my wrist. It was five o'clock. I wondered what had delayed them. Phil had said halfpast four at the latest. I looked up the road. Nothing. wondered what father would say. Father would be home in an hour. I could talk about it then for the first Father would be incredulous and then he would be indignant, outraged. He would feel terribly about it, for Phil was like a son to him. He would blame me for not telling him in time to stop it.

I looked at my watch again. It was five minutes past five. I walked slowly down the path toward the road. But I couldn't see anything. I went back to my chair on the terrace. I looked at my watch again. It was eight minutes past five. I reflected cynically that women

were said never to be on time.

Then I saw Phil's roadster. It was coming fast and I ran down to the walk, ready to flag it, ready to run in front of it and force Phil to stop.

Phil was alone in the roadster.

He brought it to a sudden stop, the rear wheels sliding. He climbed out and came slowly toward me. He looked tired, spiritless, and dejected.

"Why Phil!" I said.

He looked into my eyes, smiling a faint, bitter smile. "She changed her mind," he said.

I felt a sudden rush of tenderness for him. I had an almost irresistible impulse to stroke his forehead, to run my fingers through his hair, to whisper comforting words, but one can't do things like that in full view of Culver Road. It looks soppy

"Oh," I cried, "how could she!" Phil shook his head.

"I only know she has," he said.

OR a moment I looked into his eyes, so full of pain. He seemed so young. He is four years older than I am actually, but he seemed like a little boy who had been unbearably hurt. It is bad enough for a man to be jilted by the girl he's engaged to, but to be jilted by a married woman must somehow be more of a shock to his belief in the world.

"Anita," Phil asked with a wan smile, "would you do

me a very great favor?"

"Of course," I cried. "Oh, if there is anything I can do to help-

"I want you to go to dinner with me. I need to talk. I can't talk to anybody but you. Will you go?"

"Of course," I said, looking down at my frock. It was a very simple white crepe de chine, but one that I liked very much.

"Don't stop to change," Phil begged. "We'll go to

termined. And when you come down to it how are you Olcott Beach for dinner and we can dance afterwards."

"That's awfully far, isn't it, Phil?" I asked. I had never been to Olcott Beach, but I knew that Phil had. It was at Olcott Beach that he had dined so often with Mrs. Remington all summer. That was why he wanted to go there now.

'We can do it in an hour and a half," Phil said.

"I'll have to leave word for father," I said, and rushing into the house, found a wrap, and stopped at my desk to write the note, which I left on the living room table.

"Dear Father, I'm going to dinner with Phil. He's in trouble and needs somebody to talk to and I want to help him out if I can. I don't know just when I'll be back, but don't worry about me.—Anita.'

I wondered, as I ran down the steps, why I had written that last sentence. Why should father worry about me? I'd known Phil all my life. What was there to worry father in my going to dinner with Phil even though he didn't approve of him any more?

Phil drove grimly, his eyes on the road. Sitting beside him without saying a word, I began to feel quite happy and contented. The August twilight was perfect. I knew that I was looking my best, that my frock was becoming. I'd heard that the dinner at Olcott Beach was marvelous, but that wasn't the real reason I began to feel happy. It was because at the last moment I had been reprieved. I had another chance to get Phil.

TE got to Olcott Beach and Phil found a table under an awning, overlooking the lake, which was utterly beautiful, still shining in the sun but beginning to be misted with mauve. The afterglow of sunset was red and gold against a pastel sky. From somewhere within came the sound of a muted violin, playing that gaily sad, sweetly bitter waltz that Kreisler made of a Viennese folk song called "Paradise." Phil looked out across the lake, too, and then he smiled at me.

"This place," he said when the violin had finished, "always gives you the feeling of being alone. Besides it has associations. I have been so happy at this table.'

I smiled my understanding. I knew that he was trying to be a man of the world. He could easily have cried but he wasn't going to. What he wanted was to bury his infatuation for Mrs. Remington by reliving, just once, the sort of evening he had so often spent with her. I knew that I could help him by being gay and sad, by being bitter and sweet—above all by being charming. I wasn't sure that I could get away with it, but at least I was going to try.

The waiter coughed behind his hand. Phil took the

"Are you hungry?" he asked.
"I'm going to be," I said. Phil smiled approvingly and turned to the waiter. "Do you happen to remember the dinner I had here last night?"

The waiter bowed. "Assuredly," he said.

"Give us that dinner over again-precisely," Phil

"It was an awfully good dinner," he explained to me, when the waiter had gone. "Little clams and sweetbreads sous cloche and a salad, and a filet and things."

The waiter brought the clams, and two candles, and Phil ordered a white wine for me and a tall, tall glass of

Scotch and soda for himself.
"Frieda loved Scotch," Phil said, and paused. suppose she liked going to dinner with me and dancing with me, but she didn't really care about me."

"Oh," I cried, "of course, she cared about you."
"No," he said, "she couldn't have. She can't really care about her husband, either, or else she wouldn't have played around with me so hard. She can't be in love [Continued on page 113] with that man."

As I sat in my window that August afternoon I was playing an active part in a scandal. I was the principal of an intrigue.

That is to say, Phil had told me he was going to elope—with a married woman.

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Husband Thought

Y HEART was heavy with forboding as I' moved about our little island cabin getting my husband's breakfast, but Rann was gay.

"()h, up-stage Mama, Stuck-up Mama, Why do you treat me so ho - ho."

he sang.

I choked back the quick tears: sometimes Rann teased

until it hurt, and just now I was in no mood for his fooling. He was always getting around me with his nonsense and it wasn't fair.

"Rann," I tried to hide the hurt and anger in my voice. "Why won't you let this Vera Trafford alone? Leading her on the way you do! It's a dangerous game and I—have a little pride left, you know."

"Now, now Sweetie!"

That was just as much attention as Rann ever paid to what I said. I was a doll to him, a brown-eyed little doll to be petted and played with and disregarded when it came to the important decisions in our married life.

"Let's go back to the States, Rann," I pleaded. "That is where we belong. You are not meant for this game. Let this bootleg queen alone. She pretends that she is interested in you, but she is playing you for what she can get out of it. Right this minute she is playing you against Cress Devlin."

My tall young husband slid into a chair and poured himself a cup of coffee. I watched him with softened eyes. Rann wasn't really handsome; it was that smile of his that fascinated the women. I knew how it was. "Sweetie-girl," the blue eyes were smiling at me now.

"Sweetie-girl," the blue eyes were smiling at me now, "are you jealous of Vera? You sound like a sure-enough wife this morning. Say, you know I can't see anyone but you, Hon; but it's business to stand in with Vera. She can throw a lot of good stuff my way. Pretty big-hearted of her, I should say, to let me in on this shipment."

'It isn't big-hearted to let you take all the chances."

"Why dear, there is no danger. It's as safe as a church. All I have to do is to run the Jazz Baby up through the Straits and past the twelve-mile limit; the freighter Comet is due to drop anchor there from Edinburgh. Cress Devlin's boat broke down yesterday and he had to send it in to Anacortes for some extra It won't be back before parts. tonight and Vera wants the pick of the Comet's stock before any other boat can get out there. That's why she is sending me.'

"But it isn't worth the danger, Rann."

"No? Well listen to this. I'll load about four hundred cases at thirty dollars a case. After that I just dash over to the American side and deliver the stuff to a boat from Seattle that will be waiting and will pay me forty dollars a case. Ten big dollars profit each on four hundred cases. I suppose that I should have stayed in Anacortes and played valet to a gas-engine works? Not this man."

"But what do you get out of it, Rann, besides taking the punishment if you are caught?"

"That's what I'm telling you, peaches. I've put up only nine

Vera went close to my husband and leaning suddenly forward kissed him on the lips. I know that my eyes flamed.



Meant Love Why Will a

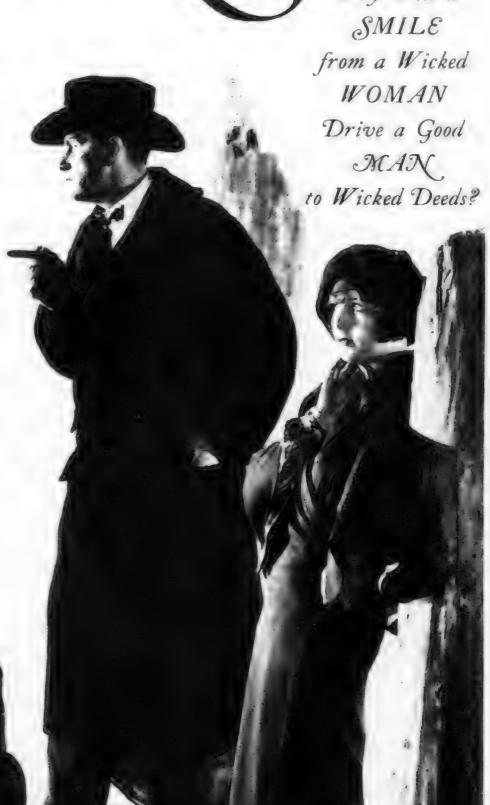
hundred dollars and she'll split fifty-fifty with me on the four thousand profit. And besides, Captain McTavish of the Comet is an old friend of Vera's. He's bringing her ten extra cases of some very special stuff that will sell for a hundred a case, sure. There is an extra thousand dollars and Vera is giving me a hundred dollars to bring it in besides my cut on the Scotch. Two thousand I get back for my measly little nine hundred and a hundred thrown in for a Christmas present and then you complain."

"But Rann, you were doing well at your shop. You know gas engines backward and forward. I like it in Anacortes. We had friends there. I'm not happy over here on the Canadian side, cut off here on this island with no one but criminals . . . Oh, yes, they are criminals. They frighten me."

Rann stretched his hands high above

his head in a bored yawn.

"Well, Queen Mary," he laughed between mouthfuls, "wait until I make my pile and I'll take you down to Seattle and let you Ritz the blue-bloods. But here we stay until I make that pile, understand? You don't know about these things, Baby. You just leave it all to





your Big Boy. Stop pouting now and give me a kiss."

I bit my lips to keep back the tears. I couldn't be angry when Rann smiled like that. He wasn't a bad husband but I had been a good wife; I had worked hard, too; I had saved and scrimped to make the nest egg in the bank grow larger so that later on Rann might buy a bigger shop in Seattle. But Rann was young and he was gullible. It had been hard for me to give up my little home in Anacortes and come up here to this one room cabin on Sidney Island. I thought how happy I would be if we had never seen the Jazz Baby, as Rann called the motor-boat. Maybe that was what had put the rum-running idea into his mind. That, or his meeting with Vera Trafford when she had come over from the Canadian side in her gas-boat that needed some expert repairs. I have always believed that she had heard of the speed of the Jazz Baby and that the repairs on her boat were only an excuse. At any rate her promises of big money had lured Rann up here.

A man was cruel to cheapen his wife before another woman like Rann was doing, I thought bitterly. I would have given anything to have won away from the spell of his smile. Always he got around me with it. I loved

him so. And I was like a baby to him; an empty-headed doll that he could disregard when he pleased.

But a doll doesn't save and cook and sew to let a man fritter away his savings. I was neither brainless nor a fool. I resolved that I would show Rann that I could assert myself, that I was not so helpless. If only once I would take a firm stand, I felt that I could force him to do what I knew was right. He loved me. I knew that. Now was the time to use my influence if I wished to win him away from Vera Trafford and her schemes of easy money. Married people should be partners.

But he must have sensed the coming storm. He swallowed the last of his coffee in a hasty gulp and getting up from the table caught me close in his arms.

"You aren't going to scold your boy any more, are you Baby? Why say, you know who he loves." He kissed away the words that I tried to utter.

"Listen, Baby," he went on. "All I want is a good pile and we'll go back to the States just as you want. I'm dying to give you things, sweetheart. I want to be a business man, not a mechanic, and a fellow must have the money nowadays, to make a start."

I wanted to tell him that success didn't come that way; that he had to work hard for what he'd get; that it was security I vearned for, not rings and seal skins, but I felt my determination melt. It was always that way: always he got around me. He'd never understand that maybe I could think rightly and [Continued on page 121]

Mill Ever Know



Coralie, my flapper daughter, is wise, cool, keen. No one will ever fool her. Nor will she be so silly as to fool herself.

ONE will ever know! Once I believed that.

I suppose those words have been whispered all over the world ever since civilization began. And girl after girl has listened to them unconscious of their falseness or persuading herself against her better judgment that they are true. As I grow older I find myself coming more and more to believe that we fool ourselves nine cases out of ten. We let the other fellow persuade us while all the time that still small voice, call it conscience, common-sense, intuition, or what you will, whispers to us, "It isn't so. It isn't so." We want to believe and so we pretend to ourselves that we do.

At least it was so twenty years ago when I was a girl. Nowadays the average girl knows her way about, and what is best of all she knows better than to fool herself. She is honest with herself. She would be ashamed, feel herself mentally below par, to make the excuse:

"I didn't know about such things. I was over-per-

suaded."

A few moments before I sat down here at my typewriter Coralie, my "flapper" daughter tripped down the steps to join Stant Norris who was waiting out in front in his high-powered sports roadster. I'm old-fashioned mother enough to be very proud of her. She made a picture as she floated down the sidewalk that led to the curb. Every motion she made, every line of her expressed self-confidence, and utter grace. She knew she was dazzling, desirable, and she knew she was mistress of her own mind and body and will.

Stant looked at her admiringly, although to one who doesn't speak the language of these present day voung people, his words might have conveyed an entirely op-

posite idea.

"Pretty nasty get-up, old thing. Makes me hate you all over. Have to take you out and show you up for

what you are. Hop in quick.'

She settled herself easily, the motor whirred silkily and off they spun. They're going to have dinner and dance some place. They didn't say when they'd be back; it'll be late. I'm certain. And I shall never once have

the slightest misgiving about her.

Stant Norris is one of the "flaming youths" of which so much has been written of late. He has more money than he knows how to spend, the son of a father who had to work hard and now indulges his offspring in every way possible. As yet it hasn't utterly ruined Stant, nor has the admiration of the girls of his acquaintance, many of whom have made no secret of his fascination for them. But he's wild, careless, entirely free to do as he pleases. When I was Coralie's age no mother would have given her consent to her daughter's going out with him. For a "nice girl" then would have been the easy prey of a youth as sophisticated as he

But Coralie! Cool, wise, keen. No one could fool her. Nor would she be so silly as to fool herself. She would calculate and weigh pro and con, should Stant whisper to her,

"No one will ever know.

I can see her eyes flash, hear her gay laugh lilt out. He would go down to defeat before her amuse

"No one will ever know, Marcia," Blake Wallace bent over me, pushed the hair back from my forehead and looked hungrily into my eyes. And I believed him. Or at least persuaded myself that I did. I wanted to believe him. I was not a thoroughly sophisticated girl but my intuitions were correct. I crushed all that back. I allowed to rise to the surface of my mind only what I desired to be there. If I felt any misgivings I denied them to myself. Would Coralie ever do such a thing? Indeed no!

When I first came to Carstens to work it was a town of about a hundred thousand inhabitants. me it seemed quite a city in comparison with Milledgehurst, the village where I was born and in which I grew up. After a year in the bank there I concluded to try my luck in Carstens and inserted an advertise-

ment in the paper, which was an-

swered by Blake Wallace. He seemed pleased with my references but suggested that I make a trip to Carstens and let him try me out. Following a day's trial he engaged me and my life there

It was something of a step for me to take, since I had always lived quietly at home, knowing only small town social life. I had never experienced what it was to be lonely before and now I became almost desperate. For six months I went to concerts and entertainments

alone. There were two girls at the house where I roomed but they did not attract me at all, and anyway I was too "slow" to be companionable with them or any of the young men who came to see them. I wanted to give up and go back home but I hated to return and admit defeat.

Besides I really liked my position very much. My em ployer was pleased with my work and praised me ire quently, my hours were reasonable and the pay good. I decided to try to stay a year. If at the end of that time I was still unhappy I would give up and go home.

Loneliness! I wonder if there is any one factor in city life that contributes more to wrongdoing. How many girls and boys with no thought of evil in their minds have finally strayed into



young people to be solitary. They must have companion-

ship and gayety. In that mood it is very easy to say: Oh, what's the use? Here I am, my life is slipping These others are enjoying themselves. Perhaps it isn't what I should choose, but it's better than sticking in a gloomy old boarding-house or walking in the parks alone.'

The boys don't cry but they feel that aching for youthful companionship, too.

And then finally, boy or girl, they just "blow up."

I had entered upon my work in January and now it was the latter part of May. The air was soft and warm, unusually so even for that time of year. It was that sort of balmy weather that accentuates one's loneliness, breaks down reserve.

I sat before my desk, thinking of all the good times the young people at home would be having, canoeing on the river, going on picnics and to lawn parties. While

what made it. Now I know. I should have guessed before, God knows, I have every reason to know what loneliness can do to a person. Take the afternoon off. You've earned it."

He patted me on the shoulder and smiled at me in such a kindly fashion that at once I felt better.

What a good friend Mr. Wallace was, I thought. Not many employers would manifest so much interest in a

stenographer.

After that he was even more considerate than ever. lightened my work, sending part of it out to a public stenographer, he often dismissed me before the end of the day, and many times told me I did not need to get down before the middle of the forenoon. was always so jolly and full of fun that I looked forward with eagerness to each day's work. Sometimes perhaps he let his hand rest unnecessarily long on my shoulder, or slid it caressingly over mine as it lay on the desk. But it was only kindliness, I was sure.

As I look this over it occurs to me that my reader may be getting the impression that Blake Wallace is going to turn out to be a wily villain. Not at all! He was a bright and promising young attorney at that time, with a private income to supplement his lawver's fees which as yet did not amount to a great deal. He was a boyish man, one of the kind that dearly loves fun and gayety; he impressed one as constantly and unsuccessfully trying to curb his youthful spirit. He couldn't conceal his love of life. sparkled in his keen blue eyes, expressed itself in his quick, virile motions, shone forth in his pleasant, frequent smile. He did do wrong, of course, and yet it seems to me he had justification. However the reader may judge for himself.

June came. One Saturday I had just closed my typewriter desk and was preparing to leave when Mr. Wallace came hastily in from the consultation room. I had on a little flowered lawn

dress that I had finished the evening before, and was just donning a new broad-brimmed straw hat with a blue velvet crown. I was looking into the mirror, adjusting it to my satisfaction, realizing that the ensemble was unusually becoming to me, and reflecting a little bitterly that it didn't avail me much to look nice since I never went any place, had any fun, or had anyone to admire me any more. I saw Blake's face over my shoulder, so boyish and eager, that I turned suddenly, and as suddenly, he caught my hands in his.

"I'm a lonely, lonely bachelor for three months. My wife has gone up to the lakes for the summer with the children. I've had a week of going home to an empty house every night, and today I [Continued on page 126]



tonight I would probably go home to a dinner of corned beef and cabbage, and afterward sit sewing on buttons that the laundress had torn off.

I laid my head down on my typewriter, ugly, hard,

cold thing, and wept unrestrainedly.
"I'm so lonely, oh, I'm so lonely," I sobbed. "It's only foolish pride that keeps me here. I can't stand it any longer.'

I felt a hand on my shoulder and startled, glanced up to see Blake Wallace gazing down upon me with a look almost of tenderness.

'You poor, poor little kid," he said softly. "I've seen you change since you've been here, lose that happy expression you wore when first I saw you. I've wondered



HO is my father? Who is my mother? If Topsy "just growed" what would you say about me?

What is to become of me? What is to be my future? Who my mother is I cannot hazard a guess. I know nothing whatever about her and have been unable to find anyone who has any knowledge of her. I only know she gave herself to my father in the most sacred of all human relationships without the approval of church or state which would give me the right to hear my father's name.

Certainly I am not to blame and as I try to define the difference between myself and other girls I can see no difference.

Questions! Questions! Questions!

I am a living interrogation mark to myself and to the few persons who know my secret. Sometimes I wake up suddenly in the night, as if someone had called me. and as soon as I am conscious I begin to ask myself questions. Tears bring me no relief. The kindliest counsel of friends does not quiet that haunting wonder about myself. I feel that I must continue to grope mentally until I have found a satisfactory answer.

While I fancy I am the unhappiest girl in the world I try to be sensible enough to work out my own social salvation by a process of reasoning which will be logical. I discovered a short time ago that I am not the daughter of the man and woman I have always called father and mother. I have learned that they are related to me in no way at all. I read a letter which was not intended for

me to see.

This knowledge has filled me at times with hatred for my father, whoever he is, and for all men. At other times I am compelled to believe there is a place in the world for me and that, possibly, I can take a place in the world as an honorable woman, even if my coming into the world did not have the sanction of church or state. At times I even aspire to take my place by the side of an honorable man as his wife and to bear him children who will be doubly beloved by me because I will be their mother and because they will not have the stain their mother bears.

Another of Those Amazing Revelations You Will Find Only in Smart Set

Father?

Am I wicked in cherishing such hopes? Should I aspire to such natural womanly ambitions or should I sink without struggling into the disgrace which I have inherited?

My home is in New York and I have lived in New York since I can remember. I believe I was born here although I am not positive. I bear the name of the family with whom I live and my supposed father and mother have been as good to me as my own parents could have been, but I am not of their class and not of the same strain as their own two children. I began to realize this about five years ago and that is what first aroused my suspicions about myself.

The man and woman who pretend to be my mother and father are hard working, uneducated people. I do not say this to their discredit and I will praise them to my dying day for their kindness and generosity to me but as soon as I was able to understand I began to realize that I was not of their blood.

There were many things which told me this and which added to my misgivings about myself and my environment. Unconsciously I began to compare myself with their children whom I call brothers. I hardly think my so-called brothers know about me and my history. If they did they probably would have mentioned it to me.

I have never been permitted to work. I was sent to a convent and received a good education. I speak two languages in addition to my own and because I had musical talent I was taught to play the piano.

There was never any effort made to give my so-called brothers these advantages, whatever their talents might have been. I have always had all the pocket money I needed while the others in the family have never had any money to speak of, except what they have earned since they began working. I have had one or two trips to Atlantic City and Boston during the past few years and my brothers have never been given an opportunity to go farther than Coney Island. They are too poor. Apparently I am not.

So, several years ago, I began to put two and two together, and finally decided [Continued on page 94]





I was an alien note amid this hard

The Intimate Love Life of a Famous Beauty The Intimate Love Life Of a Who

ICK GRAY, the grocer's son, was the first man to kiss me. I have already told you how that kiss so enraged my father that he drove me from home. Then in New York I was kissed by the rich Ronnie Mainwaring. I almost married Ronnie. Of course, he would never have proposed to me in the first place if I had not planned the whole thing and made myself irresistible. I

should have gone through with it and married him probably, if I hadn't seen him riding with a girl of his own set. That woke me up and I gave him back his ring, and said good-bye.

Now I shall tell you how I, a simple country maid of seventeen, who was learning the ways of the city, entered the chorus and the arms of a stage-door Johnnie.



glitter of exotic daring and bare backs.

Have Kissed Me

A FTER I had broken with Ronnic Mainwaring life began to flag. For every reason or no reason I felt miserably discontented. Somehow I hated working at even the smartest of New York's modistes because women's gowns reminded me of my father's country store where I had been oppressed, and miserable, and even beaten.

The final blow was my friend Netta Steven's decision to leave Madame Lucy's and return to the stage. The man who paid the rent of her flat had gone away and presented her with the remainder of the lease. She suggested I should leave Aunt Mary's boarding house and share the flat. I agreed joyfully, but the thought of Madame Lucy's without

Netta's cheerful protecting presence was unbearable. "It's no good, April. I can't stand posing for a lot of

women customers any longer. I'd rather show my legs for the benefit of men. At least they appreciate them instead of being jealous. I was on the stage as a kid, and they're always glad of a trained mannequin for a musical show. Hilary Clegg, stage manager at the Summerhouse Theater, has made me an offer.

"()h, Netta," I begged, "can't you get him to give me a job in the chorus? I'm pretty, and I dance quite well,

and I've got a fairly good singing voice.

"It's an absolute brain-wave," declared Netta laughing. "Clegg loves them young and tender like you. I'll fix up an interview. I'm sure you can make out easily at the theater. You're just the type.'

So a week later, for better or worse, I approached the

new life.

I N A chorus dressing-room of the Summerhouse Theater a dozen girls discussed life as it immediately affected them, wrangled with the dresser, and made up for the first act of "Love Wisely" all at the same time.

"Maggie, have my shoes come?"

"Ain't seen nothing of them, Miss Pomeroy."

"You don't want me to go on in these things? I absolutely float about in them. Richardson's man swore he'd send the others. Phyllis darling, lend me a mite of wetwhite. I simply must have some more on my arms.

Phyllis, a lovely blonde, clad simply in the briefest of chiffon undies, continued to gaze fixedly at her reflection, in a strip of looking-glass screwed to the wall and work

grease paint into her oval cheeks.

The call boy, hammering on the door, cried raucously: "Five minutes, ladies, please. Beginners for the first

In a far corner of the room I stood watching Netta Stevens subdue the last curl, impose the final touches of carmine and eye-lash black. I struck an alien note amid this hard glitter and cast-iron effrontery even as my blue street-suit contrasted with the exotic daring of still shorter skirts and bare backs. I felt too frail spiritually and physically to survive in an atmosphere of robust charms and emotional hardihood. Netta surveyed me critically with blue-lidded, scarlet-cornered eyes.

"I think he'll give you a chance, April," she observed judiciously at last. "Clegg's no fool. He knows the value of a contrast with us bold, bad girls, but you must go out after him. Give him the glad eye and look as if you didn't care whether you go on here or not. Suggest the idea you've got a rich pal in the background. with your face and your legs ought to do the trick. Bluff

for all you're worth.'

\gain there came that thundering summons. "Overture! Beginners, please, ladies!"

The chorus flaunted down a flight of narrow stone stairs with shrill snatches of song.

LONE with the aged dresser I picked up a hare's A foot idly and played with it. I rubbed a little wetwhite experimentally on my wrist. From far away came syncopated bursts of music as someone opened and shut a door. The aged dresser wagged a wise head sagely:

"Some bunch, ain't they? Goin' on, dearie? couldn't have chosen a better house. Fairly alive with

millionaires we are.

With wisdom beyond my years, I slipped a dollar into her hand.

"Wish me luck, Maggie. I want it, oh, I do want it!" My breath came sighing between parted lips. The old, wild, wicked magic of the theater had already inoculated

During the first interval there came a messenger.

"Miss Stevens and Miss Rogers are wanted in Mr

Clegg's room at once. Come this way please.

Hilary Clegg sat at a roll-top desk in an over-decorated room. A piano occupied one corner; signed photographs and posters covered the walls. He had a pale, smoothshaven sophisticated face and his dark eyes knew neither pity nor restraint. They roamed openly over me from head to foot in scientific appraisal.

"You want to go on here, Miss Rogers? Have you any

stage experience?

"No," I answered softly, and my eyes met his, limpidly clear. A faint change insinuated itself into the stage-My almost childish manager's voice and manner. beauty and appeal, my very frailness and slenderness, troubled him, as they had always troubled men ever since I could remember. He shrugged faintly at the reply, but he did not end the interview.

"Can you sing?"
"Yes." "Dance?"

"A little." "Walk across the room."

I walked as Netta did when, as a mannequin, she had lent the mystery and appeal to priceless gowns and thereby doubled their price. I walked as though the very existence of Mr. Hilary Clegg, his theater, and all that was his weighed less with me than the dust on a butterfly's wing. At the far side of the room I turned sharply, with a flick of my skirt that emphasized slim legs and small feet, and stood looking at him with a smile, half innocent, half calculated.

He paused a moment. "What about your legs?"

"My legs?" I murmured, momentarily confused. "You'll need to show more of them here than you're showing at present. What about the rest of them?

Half-scared I raised my skirt a couple of inches, ex-

hibiting two silk knees.

"Yes, yes," snapped Mr. Clegg impatiently. "Go on!"

OR a moment fright overcame me. Then I recalled the calm nakedness of Phyllis in the dressing room, the unreserved frankness of modern acrobatic dancing. Desperately I revealed the rest of my stockings.

Mr. Clegg surveyed the result with weary tolerance.

"All right. Rehearse at ten to-morrow.

A little sigh escaped me. I let my skirt fall. I had

A month later 1 stood again in the same room, a very painted, manicured, curled darling, with pearl-powdered bare arms and shoulders, and long silken legs under my short skirt.

"Miss Rogers," snapped Hilary Clegg. satisfied with you. On the surface you're all right, but that's not enough. You aren't here just to go on and come off and sing a little and dance a few steps. I've introduced several charming, influential men to you, but I don't see you dancing with them at the right places or lunching at the right restaurants. You're no good to me, my dear, if you're no good socially. You ought to know that chorus girls either fill the seats or get out of the chorus. What's the matter with you?

I shrugged. The old, old problem had cropped up

once more.

"I don't mind lunching with them and dancing with them, but they won't stop at that. They want more than they're ever likely to get. They're men," I ended wearily.

Rubbish, dear. You need a little tact. I don't want to be hard on you. You're pretty'n all that and you've worked hard. You don't miss performances or turn up late. Tell you what; I'm running down to Brighton myself on Sunday with the Hon. George Cranfield and we want another girl to make a fourth. You'd better come



At the the curb I saw a specimen of the only car in the world, flanked by an agitated chauffeur, and I recognized my heaven-sent opportunity.

along and see life. You want waking up. What say?" I reflected. I saw a powerful car and luncheon baskets, champagne and smart hotels; men, charming enough on the surface becoming cold, half-bullying, imperative if a girl said "thus far and no farther."

"I don't think so, thanks. I hate being pawed about, and kisses tasting of drink, and having my hair rumpled and my frock crumpled up into a rag-bag."

"Then your notice expires in a fortnight. That's all."

I went out with feet of lead for all my gay frock and artificial pink. Always, inevitably, one came up against the insatiable demands of men. Always, hitherto, I had refused; yet was it worth while continually to differ from other girls, to take the rough of life instead of the smooth, because of some instinct for exclusiveness fast fading into a legend these modern days? How long was one to go on struggling against the stream when every other girl floated down it in a golden argosy to the strains

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of soft music, the tinkle of jeweled ornaments, and the

liquid rustle of silken garments?

"Well," commented Netta when she heard, "you please yourself in this world. I don't say you aren't right, but you'll have a dull life. I wasn't born a hermit and the world isn't a convent. My face and my figure won't last forever and then I'll repent. But as for now—shoo! Let's get away with it!"

I went on in the last act waiting for a redeeming sign from heaven or a sufficiently attractive temptation from hell, and which it was I neither knew nor cared.

Passing out at the stage door I became aware of some

unusual feature. Pigeon, the haughty autocrat of that portal whom a five dollar bill would melt into subservient humanity, gazed majestically at a strayed reveller. who wore the conventional evening garb in a slightly exaggerated form. \ crumpled gardenia distinguished his buttonhole. An opera-hat swaved perilously on his head. He stood planted with the illusive steadfastness of the intoxicated, pointed solemnly at Pigeon a gold-mounted ebony stick and observed wrathfully:

"Mush shee Miss Julia Carteret. Ver of frien o' mine. Go'n tell her at

wonsh!"

Now Miss Julia Carteret was the brightest particular star of "Love Wisely."

"You'd better go home, sir. Miss Carteret can't see you," came austerely from Pigeon.

"Heaven love your soul," began the stranger fero-

ciously, or words to that effect. But I, having preceived at the curb a specimen of the only car in the world, flanked by an agitated chauffeur, recognized my heaven-sent opportunity. I slipped a dollar from the depths of my hand-bag into the willing hand of Pigeon, leaned confidingly against the reveller and caught his arm.

"Come along, old thing, we'll go and find Julia together," I murmured reassuringly. "Night-night,

girls.

The stranger, who seemed to be a mere boy, allowed himself to be led away. I looked very delightful and he knew he had a fearful head. The agitated chauffeur

opened the door, pushed the boy in and I followed.
"Take him home for heaven's sake and I'll try and

"Take him home for heaven's sake and I'll try and keep him quiet," I whispered. The man nodded, clicked the door catch, and the great car whirled away.

We travelled up West End avenue and stopped before a block of expensive flats. The chauffeur opened the

"Perhaps, Miss, I had better inform Jackson," he said tactfully. I nodded. The chauffeur rang the door bell and returned with a perfectly impersonal valet, who, taking his master's arm, assisted him through the hall into the lift. I found myself a minute later stand-

ing in a smoking room evidently furnished regardless of cost. The boy lav back, ghastly white, in a deep leather armchair. Jackson reappeared silently with a cup of strong coffee and administered it. The patient gasped, sat up, and exclaimed:

"A big soda, quick, for God's sake!"

Jackson brought the soda, which disappeared almost at one swallow.

"Go away now, and don't come back," ordered his master peevishly. Jackson went, still preserving his unearthly calm.

The lawful tenant of the premises ran a shaky hand through his damp locks and gazed wearily at me.

"How the devil did you get here?" he inquired at last.

"I brought you home from the Summmerhouse. You were raising blue murder at the stage door. And I should like a cigaret," I said very calmly, looking down at him with

a smile. I lit the cigaret and waited for him to speak. "The fact of the matter is, I was drunk," confessed the young man in a burst of confidence. "Do you know why I got drunk? Because I'm rich, at least, my dad is rich, which comes to the same thing. He's a manufacturer up North, and I'm trying to enjoy myself and can't. Can't get hold of the right people. No friends in New York except billiard sharps. No girls except, well, you know. There's nothing doing. Damn these boots!"

He gazed savagely at a pair of narrow patent-leather button boots.

"Oh!" I observed carefully, [Continued on page 108]



The Folly of WORRY

By

Rev. Harvey S. McClelland

"WHERE am I?" asked the white-faced woman who had fainted in the busy street, as they splashed water on her face.

"You're in Forty-second Street," said the policeman, who held the glass to her lips, and she apparently was satisfied. I heard the speaker as I passed by, and for the first time I wasn't satisfied.

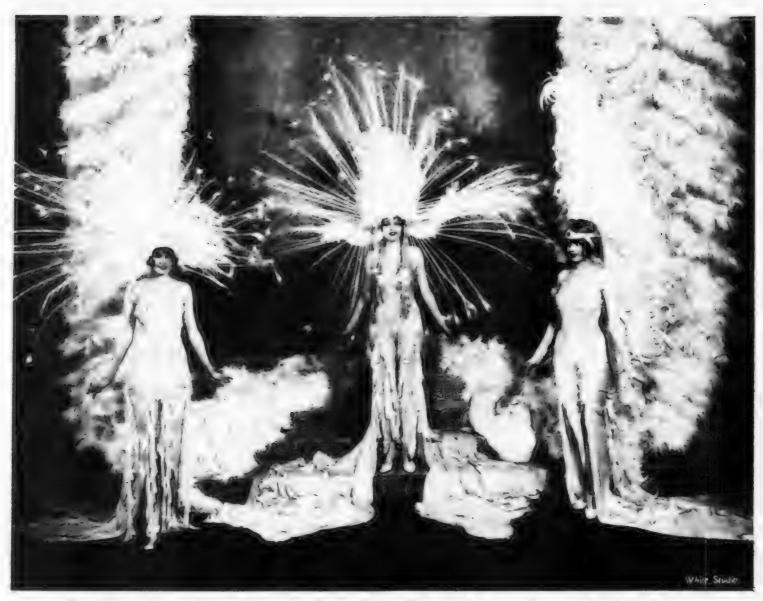
In Forty-second Street! Where is Forty-Second Street? In New York. Where is New York? In the United States. Where are they? In the Western Hemisphere. Where is that? On the Earth. Where is the Earth? In Space. Where is Space? For the life of me, I DO NOT KNOW. Neither does anybody else.

How little we do know, after all. We don't know where we've come from. We don't know where we're going. We don't even know where we are. Why then worry about anything? Why lose our tempers, and get hot and flurried about the myriad UNIMPORTANT things we do know, when there are so many IMPORTANT things we don't?

Old Mother Nature can afford to take things easily. So can we. Let's resolve then to cut out all that fret and fume, that annoys so much and achieves so little.

Confucius, Gautama, Plato, Jesus—they all found time to sit and stare. They never tore around like madmen. Yet their work is built for ever into the warp and woof of the world.

No, we don't know where we are, or where we're going. But I guess the One Who brought us so far does know, and that's all that really matters. Isn't it?



Fine birds in fine feathers: Norma Lee Forest, Gladys Glad and Katherine Krosty in Ziegfeld's Revue.

Glorifying Mr. Ziegfeld



Last month Mr.
Ziegfeld told
Smart Set readers
how his glorified
American girls
win rich husbands.
Here are two good
reasons that can be
told in one word:
LOOK! Gladys
Glad (left) and
Antoinette Boots
(right).





Why go to Paris for styles, asks Hollywood, when the movies offer creations like these worn by Claire Windsor? This eye-teasing frock is from the original design at the lower right by the eminent Andre-ain whose pleasant task it is to see that Metro · Goldwyn · Mayer stars are just one step ahead of the mode. Miss Windsor's frock was developed in tan satin with black panne velvet bodice, appliqued flowers and border of ermine fur. Sounds enticing, doesn't it? Perhaps you would look as charming as Claire if you wore this frock at an afternoon tea.



Film Fashions

Again the fascinating result of team work between Monsieur Andre-ain and Miss Windsor. But you'll admit that the flesh and blood Claire has it all over Andre-ain's lady of the sketch. This gown is of American beauty velvet, embroidered in black and gold and trimmed with wide bands of gold cloth and black fur. With the gaunt-lets, cane and cigarette, Claire can swagger into any man's heart. This costume was designed for the rôle Miss Windsor plays in "Dance Madness", but that is no reason why you should not copy any part of it for street wear, if you like it.



from Hollywood



We hope Lucile Pinson, in M-G-M's "Upstage," is not training for the rôle of Lady Godiva. Wouldn't it be a shame if those tresses should ever grow to hide her lovely figure?

A Story of that Simple Faith which Moves Mountains



My favorite mare thrust her soft nose against my face and at that instant I heard the sound of someone riding fast.

My Love Can See No Wrong

I knew what I was doing and deliberately entered into it all.

Perhaps, according to certain ethics, I was immodest, lacking in maidenly reserve, but I would do the same thing if I had to make that choice all over again.

I was born and brought up on a farm in the far West, near the Canadian border in the State of Washington. My father owned a farm, and we sent our produce into the nearest city. We were not rich but we were comfortably well off. When I was about fifteen, my father died. With her usual pluck, my mother carried on the farm with the help of a hired man and his wife, and as I had no brothers or sisters, mother showed me an even deeper understanding than otherwise might have been

possible. I know that when the test came, mother understood perfectly.

I was and still am essentially a girl of the out-of-doors. The only life worth having as far as I am concerned is the life of the open spaces with the wind sweeping across my face.

Only the other day I was twenty-one, and yet through the experience which came to me because of my love for Sanford Hill, I feel that I am really older.

It seems as if I had always loved him, as though, at one time, no one could ever come between Sanford and me. Why, the very idea of it would have made us both laugh!

Sanford's parents died when he was quite a little boy. He was adopted by his uncle and aunt, who had the farm

adjoining ours. So that, although he was three years older than I, we practically grew up together. I know it was always to his little playmate, who later became his sweetheart, that Sanford brought his boyhood troubles, for his relatives, though well meaning, were too stern and cold to understand his rather complex nature. My mother loved him almost as though he had been her own

I don't remember when Sanford actually asked me to be his wife, but it was an understood thing and we always pictured our life together. Sanford was ambitious and did not want to stay on the farm.

OBODY ever makes any real money," he would complain. "One day, Agnes, we'll light out for money in chunks," he would go on. "Millions!"

"Wouldn't you be happy with me on a farm?" I'd ask. "I'd be happy anywhere with you, sweetheart," Sanford would reply, "but I want money for you, pearls, jewels, furs, oh, just everything!"

Once we were riding together through the woods. Through an opening in the trees we could see a marvelous sunset.

"Look, Sanford!" I pointed with my riding crop. "Look at the golds and reds and purples. Could the millions you want to make give me anything as lovely?"

He steered his horse close beside the mare I was riding

and slipped his arm about my waist.

'Darling," he said, "you shall have all of it! The sunsets and the horses and the out of doors as well as a millionaire's surroundings. One day, I'll go away and when I come back, we'll be rich. Uncle will leave me the farm when he dies, but I don't want to wait for dead men's shoes, and I'll never be content just to be a farmer in the sticks." Even in that moment of rosy ecstasy, I think I sensed the danger that lay in Sanford's ambitions, but what could I say? I was proud of him, proud of his courage, his spirit. I felt that if again I voiced my desire for the simple things of life, I should be a drag

So I did little to discourage him except to point out that he did not have to win wealth or fame to win me. was content with the out-of-doors, with simple, everyday pleasures, with love.

SHALL never forget that September day! I had just finished feeding the chickens, and was walking towards the barn. "Miss Pickford," my favorite mare, the one I nearly always rode, was at my side and she thrust her soft nose against my face, playfully pushing me. Then I heard the sound of galloping hoofs, and a second later, Sanford came dashing in through the gate.

"It's come, Sweetness!" he cried, as he ran towards

"It's come!"

"What is it?" I asked with a little note of anxiety in my voice. "What is it?" Even then, I think my heart told me that he was bringing me news of his going away.

"You know about my mother's cousin, the one I always called 'Uncle Dick?' "Sanford went on excitedly, his eyes shining, as he drew me down beside him on the low bough of an old apple tree, our favorite seat since our childhood days. "He died a few days ago in Chicago. Agnes! He's left me twenty thousand dollars, and I don't even have to wait for it. He arranged for it to be paid me at once by the trustees! I heard from the lawyers today, just now, and the money's there for me at any moment! I can't pretend to be sorry, because I haven't seen him since I was quite a kid, and here's my chance, Sweetness, here's my chance!"

"You could buy a share in your uncle's farm," I sug-

gested, but I knew he wouldn't do it.

"Buy a share in a farm!" he laughed. "This is my stake! Me for the big city! I'll get a job in a Wall Street office as a messenger, anything as long as it will pay for my keep, while I learn the game. Then watch

"Your mind is made up and nothing I can say will stop you going," I said gently, "so go, Sanford boy, and I'll be waiting for you," and I added, "If things don't pan out as you hope and expect, then remember, dear, that it won't make any difference to me. I'll be waiting just the same and be every bit as happy as long as life includes the out-of-doors and you!"

But he would not hear of failure. He went on eagerly painting pictures of his success and of all the things

he would do with his fortune when he had made it.
"Remember," I told him, "that Gertrude Masters is living in New York now. She has a job as a journalist. Keep in touch with her, because I know she will try to help you. She's not the sort to forget our school days together.

Sure I'll look up Gertrude," he said. "Not that she

can help me any."

HE very next evening he came to say good-hye. Mother kissed him.

"Don't forget there is always a home for you here, Sonny," she said. "If things go at all wrong, you can always be sure of a welcome here. With that dumb hired man of ours getting dumber every day, we'd be doing ourselves a good turn at that."

I looked at her with a smile. I knew mother was saying that just to make our home a refuge for Sanford

without any hurt to his pride.

I said my last good-bye to him on our seat on the bough of the old apple tree. He promised to write not less than twice a week, and my eyes were wet with tears as I returned to the kitchen and felt mother's comforting arms about me.

"He's a lad in a thousand," mother said to me. "A little headstrong and foolish, but he'll outgrow that. When he finds things aren't as easy as he thinks, he will come back to you, dear, but I feel that there's many a rough lesson for him to learn first. Meanwhile, you'll be learning a woman's task, and it may come hard on you.

"What's a woman's task?" I asked her, as I moved

away and began to wash the dishes.

"To learn to wait with a smile!" mother answered. When Sanford first left us in September he had writ-

ten regularly twice and three times a week. He had obtained employment in the office of a firm of Wall Street brokers. His letters had been full of enthusiasm. Then he wrote less frequently and the tone of his letters changed, a bitter, slightly cynical note crept in. gradually his letters ceased altogether.

I was heart-broken and mother's words came back to "A woman's task is to learn to wait with a smile."

BOUT this time, I received a long letter from Ger-A trude Masters. Sanford was drinking, hitting the white lights! She hated telling me this but explained that she felt it was her duty. "For," Gertrude had concluded, "if you want to save your man, you'd better get busy and hop the first train, that is if you feel he's worth saving."

Most girls, I suppose, would have allowed pride or modesty to stand in their way, but I didn't. I hadn't any pride, where my love was concerned, and if it is immodest to try to rescue the man you love from his own weakness, then I am devoid of modesty!

I talked it over with my mother and she understood.

"The boy is only weak," she said. "If you really love him, dear, then go and help him at the moment when he



That night, as assistant hostess in the night club, I met the man I loved and showed him and his Titian haired girl to their table.

needs you most. And I hope you can really save him." So with a few hundred dollars in my purse I was on my way to New York to see if I could rescue Sanford.

my way to New York to see if I could rescue Sanford.

I faced the situation squarely. Young as I was, I was no fool. Mother had not brought me up in ignorance of

the simple facts of life. I realized that with drink to sap his will-power, Sanford had probably been unfaithful to me, that there would be women in his life. Don't think I liked the idea. I didn't a little bit. But I had to face the thing which I was on my way to tackle, and my

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love was strong enough even for that test. If Sanford had fallen as low as all that, even more was he in need

of my rescuing love.

"Last call for dinner!" was being shouted, and I realized I was hungry. I made my way into the dining car, which was fairly well crowded, and sat down at the only vacant table. I was glancing at the menu, when a grey haired man came into the car. He was tall, spare and had a certain something about him which may best be described as "dignity." He looked like a man of importance, one accustomed to having things his own way. Quietly dressed, he subtly gave the impression of wealth.

WAITER showed him to my table. "May I sit A here?" he asked. "There doesn't seem to be another vacant place."

"That's quite all right," I assured him. "The train is

very crowded."

Quite easily we fell into conversation. I learned that his name was Gifford Norden, and that although he had originally come from the West, he had been a resident of New York for many years. He made me feel that he was no mere travelling acquaintance but that I had known him for a long time. Such was the finished charm of the man!

I told him a little about myself, that I was going to see a friend of mine in New York, that I was an outof-doors girl, that I did not expect to make a long visit to the big city.

Gifford Norden told me that he was a stockbroker, but intensely interested in theatrical matters, so that he often backed the production of a play. Frankly he admitted that the night life of Broadway amused him.

"As in everything else," he said as we sat over our coffee, "it's a question of moderation. Moderation in everything, little girl! Too much Wall Street is just as bad for a man as too much Broadway and vice versa. Too much champagne is bad, while a little good wine never did anybody any harm!"

Thinking of Sanford, I began to ask Mr. Norden about the night club life of New York. I admitted that I had a friend and that I had heard he was making a fool of himself.

"May I ask a personal question?" my gray-haired companion asked.

"Certainly!"

"How much money has this young fellow?'

"About twenty thousand dollars,"

answered feeling that was a lot of money. "Then he won't last long!" Gifford Norden assured "Twenty thousand may sound like a lot of money. Cleverly invested, it might be the foundation of a young fellow's business career, but as poker chips in the game of Broadway cabarets, as thin a roll as that won't stand much punishment! Take it from me, young lady, it will not be long before he's down and out."

There was something so sincere about him, that I felt I could trust him. Here was a man, whose advice might

be of incalculable advantage to me.
"I wish I might confide in you!" I said impulsively. "At your service," he replied. He signaled to a waiter



and before I could stop him he had paid for both our checks. It seemed silly, to object as I was sure Mr. Norden hardly realized what he was doing.

"Let's go "I have a drawing-room," he went on. there where we can talk without everybody hearing what we have to say.

He said it as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world. I left the dining car with him and entered his drawing-room in the next car.

Presently, I was confiding in my new friend all about the real reason for my trip to New York.

"With your experience behind you," I concluded, "with what must be a great knowledge of human nature,



how would you go about making Sanford realize the mistake he is making? How can I best make him return to the farm?"

"It's an amazing story," he said thoughtfully. "Very few girls would take your attitude. If you follow my advice, you'll forget this young man as quickly as possible. Let him go to the devil in his own way. You are too pretty, too fresh and charming to waste another thought on him. Why don't you think of yourself more? Dear little girl, you don't realize your own charms! I'll be perfectly frank with you. I'm forty-five, which may seem old to you but isn't to me! Equally frankly, I happen to be a very rich man. Again, frankly, you in-

trigue me more than anyone I have seen for a long time. I'm a divorced man. An unhappy marriage, the usual thing. younger man stole my wife from me. and though I divorced her, we are still quite good friends and as she is the hostess of a night club, 'The Romanoff Tavern' to be exact. I see her nearly every evening and we are the best of pals. All the same, I'll never marry again, which does not say that I couldn't give a pretty girl a wonderful time and a perfectly straight deal! There! I've put my cards on the table. I've not lied or pretended. Why not accept? You can pillage the Fifth Avenue shops, have your own apartment with your own servants, a car, whatever your pretty little self desired. What about it?"

"This about it. Norden," answered slowly. "Just this! Where most girls would call you a cad for saying what you have, I see something finer in you. I'm not even angry! I'm sorry, sorry that what was once, I am certain, a fine, chivalrous man, could fall to - to say what you just have to a young girl traveling alone. And I don't believe you meant it either, so instead of marching

out of this drawing-room now, we'll just pretend it never happened, and you can go on being the fine person you really are, the kind of a man, your mother, if she's still alive, believes her son to be!"

Had I struck him across the face with a whip, he could not have looked more surprised. And then he behaved just as I thought he would, for if you believe in the hidden goodness and whiteness of a man, it does something to bring it to the top. Had I made a scene, called him names, dashed out of the drawing-room, he would have felt no regret. But instead:

"I haven't seen my mother for fifteen or sixteen years," he said to me in almost a [Continued on page 142]

Weeks in Madhouse Helped Me to Success

By MAUDE M. G. FFOULKES

O YOU think it Noted Author and Biographer possible that could so mother

hate her only child that she would imprison her in a It is incredible that such a thing could happen. Yet that is what my mother did to me.

When I was quite a young woman something in my brain snapped, as the indirect result of the strain of my bitter childhood, and the misfortunes of my girlhood. I was temporarily out of my mind, but I was never insane, and the seven weeks that I spent in an asylum with the poor mental wreckage of humanity, was an experience that few people in the ordinary course of their lives, are called upon to endure.

I shall never forget that ordeal. It is a miracle that did not lose control of my faculties completely; that am not still in the asylum as a "harmless" case. Fortunately I was able to secure my release, despite the protests of my mother, and the indifference of the man I was married to. And, strange though it may seem, I have since turned my terrible experience to good

advantage.

In my collaboration with the Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony in "My Own Story," the Princess described her feelings, when she realized that the "Nursing Home" (where she was sent by order of the King of Saxony) was in reality a madhouse. When she read my interpretation of her thoughts, she cried:

"Maude, how did you know what I went through?" "Because, Your Imperial Highness, I, too, have been

shut up in a madhouse," I answered.
Thus, when I made the English translation of Louise of Coburg's unhappy memories, I was able to express her feelings with complete understanding. Once again the shadow of the prison house darkened my past when my work with Countess Marie Larisch obliged me to study the mentality of the Habsburgs and the Wittelsbachs, and to assume their tragic mantle of heredity. Without my own personal experience of insanity, I could not have done so.

WHAT was the cause of my mother's hatred? Why did she go to such lengths as practically to bury me alive, to cause me to suffer the torments of a living death? To explain this, it is necessary to go far back.

I am the daughter of parents who should not have sought the great adventure in matrimony. My mother was one of those women who ought to be wives in name only.

She submitted to the claims of marriage, but she abhorred the discomfort attendant on child-bearing.

These factors mined the bitter antagonism which my mother dis-

played towards me until the last day of her life.

My father, young, brilliantly clever, and temperamental, adored me. He died when I was barely five, but child though I was, I never lost the memory of his vivid personality, and in the first lonely years, a passing figure, or the sound of a voice which recalled my father, made my heart beat faster.

I became a dreamer of dreams at an early age. looked upon myself as a prisoner, and the words freedom

and escape sang always in my heart.

HE disillusion of my father's married life was amply avenged by my mother's second husband, a man whose mind betrayed a deliberation that denied all impulse or generosity. Nothing in his thought-out method of living was miscalculated; he lied to Mama and obtained the control of her fortune with the same vigilant exactitude that he wore the heels of his shoes down. Indeed, so regular were his habits, that these virtues covered a multitude of sins, and when he was at length unmasked as a callous sensualist Mama tearfully remarked "How could I imagine there was anything wrong with a man who was never late for dinner?"

I was now entirely in my mother's hands, but what an environment for a sensitive child! A succession of boarding schools, and holiday governesses were my portion, and I experienced the intense soul loneliness

which springs from lack of affection.

When I was nineteen I came back from an expensive finishing school to find that my stepfather had spent the whole of Mamma's fortune. But although she dreaded poverty, the prospect of my presence at home was far more distasteful. However, at twenty, I was not over wise, and I married.

My husband, unluckily for both of us, admired slender women, and I was supple as a willow wand. But no happy marriage ever yet resulted from the haste in which mine was arranged. We were actually unsuited to each other, and we gradually drifted farther and farther

Realising that I was dead to my husband as a woman and as a wife, because I had ceased to interest him in either capacity, I decided to lead my life apart, and I soon dropped out of the way of my friends and acquaintances. Sufficient unto myself, I discovered a tiny flat but I had not been many weeks in it before I knew that my daily bread must perforce often be butterless! I had made a start as a [Continued on page 101]



Does Life Seem Cruel to You?

HAVE you felt yourself abused, mistreated, crushed by conditions, ill health or loss of money? Then read what Maude M. C. Ffoulkes endured and what she learned from her suffering. Truly every experience is of benefit to the brave man or woman and when Mrs. Ffoulkes came out of the insane asylum she began the career that has won her friends and fame. She wrote the tragic story of the Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, and with the Princess Louise of Coburg she wrote, "My Own Affairs." These and other books were so powerful that today she is known as the greatest living biographer. She herself says she learned how to paint the sufferings of other people while living in a madhouse.

And I Had Always Thought I Was Broadminded

MAN

boast that they are no longer narrow-minded about the women they love, and plan to marry. They give me to understand that they are of a new generation that has deliberately let down the bars for women. Matured under the modern process, young men profess that they now marry the girl who captures their hearts regardless of the fact that her past would never stand the tests by which our grandfathers picked our grandmothers.

In the secret of my own man's heart I do not believe them. I am of this brave young generation that has avowedly discarded narrow-mindedness about women, and yet I have gone through an experience in love that proves that we still belong to

a past generation when we concern ourselves seriously with women, love, and marriage.

Why did I renounce my alleged broad-mindedness that crisp October night when the elements, having blotted out the mountain trails like a great, black smothering force, drove a girl like a command of Fate into my cabin? Why did I condemn her in spite of the fact that she was just the beautiful, impulsive young girl whom Nature fashions to attract my kind of man?

Her last name was one that all of Piedmont and Tidewater, Virginia, linked with its epic history and proud traditions. Here she shall be known only as Lan, which spoken in the carressive voice of the Old South seems



even sweeter and sotter to my way of thinking than her baptismal name, Landry. Something of the beauty of her mountains repeated itself in her. Her hair was so black that it seemed blue in certain lights; for instance such lights as my wind-wavering candle flames afforded the night of her coming. Sometimes her eyes made me think of the Blue Ridge gazing expectantly and eagerly toward Dawn coming out of the far-away sea, and at others their dreaminess conjured the Blue Ridge peering wistfully through the amber mist of dusk at the fading sunset skies beyond.

Lan was tall. But, she seemed even taller that night of the storm in her slim tan boots, her white riding breeches, and dark coat. She carried herself, despite



A Story for Men who PRETENDThey're Not NARROW-MINDED About Women They SOVE

A tall man stood in the doorway and I saw upon his tense face the ugly look of the man who has caught a woman outraging him.

exhaustion, with an air that belongs to the grandeur of mountains, and coats of arms that have come down through the centuries. There was no false pride, or swagger; just that natural air of being somebody.

SUPPOSE you are Roger Tunstall who comes up here hunting every fall. I've heard of you from father. He is our local newspaper. Of course, you must be Susan Tunstall's brother, or cousin," she said after I let her in, and closed the thick pine door to the violence of the storm.

"Cousin," I admitted, suddenly conscious of all the things I have told you about Lan. "Susan lives at Cul-

pepper. Our place is at Falmouth."

She told me her name, saying, "I went to school with Susan at Mary Baldwin." That constitutes an introduction between us in Virginia. "And, I'm cold and wet, and all done up from groping down the trail afoot. Rascal, my horse, couldn't possibly keep his footing. By the way, poor Rascal's outside tethered to a tree," she looked around my cabin, "I don't suppose we could

possibly invite him in here, could we?" "I wish I had a stable."

"Well, he's pretty rugged. Guess he'll get over the ducking. But, about me. A little whiskey might—"

"I'm sorry," I interrupted hurrying over to the only closet. I drew out a

bottle of brandy. She took it straight. "O-oh!" she exclaimed warmly, "that'll help keep a cold away. But these old fall storms last and last. Goodness gracious! Listen to it," she shuddered slightly at the roar of the rain, thunder, and wind, "I believe I'd better not sit

around in these wringing wet things. Have you got anything I could possibly wear until my things dry by your fire?" she asked.

I told her I had nothing more than a dressing robe.

She inspected it, exclaiming over its texture and pattern. It was an imported affair, the only worthwhile thing in my camping wardrobe, beyond one travelling suit.
"I'll go outside. You can call me when you've changed," I said.

"Are you suggesting that I drive you out of your own place? Why, Mr. Tunstall, you'd only have to change when you came in. Then, at that rate I'd have to go out, and there's only one dressing gown," she laughed softly. "No-you must remember you're Susan Tunstall's cousin, and we're still in Virginia. Just you go way over yonder in the corner, and sit with your back to me. I'll tell you when you may look around."

I went to the corner and sat down without a word. I appreciated that the thoroughbred girl can often ignore the conventionalities, and still maintain whatever bar-

riers she wishes to.

HE dancing candle-light silhouetted a lovely, grace-I ful form against the wall. Considering myself a gentleman, I naturally shut my eyes immediately.

As the moments passed I became deaf to the storm's voice. I heard only the soft mysterious sounds made by Lan as she took off her things until she dropped a boot against the cabin floor. Startled, I opened my eyes.

"How do you like me in your things?" she asked. I looked around at her question. In my dressing gown

she was more graceful and beautiful than she had seemed in her riding clothes. Her hair cascaded like a blue-black mantle over her shoulders. She had drawn the silken garment in securely at the waist, revealing the loveliness of her figure.

"You're beautiful," I said, half-expecting to be chided for making the reply that was so certain to please any woman under the circumstances.

But, she just looked at me while her lips quivered as if she were about to smile wistfully, but couldn't somehow. And, that was the first time her blue eyes made me conjure a picture of the Blue Ridge gazing wistfully through the amber mist of dusk at the fading sunset skies.

Lan came toward me, stately in spite of my heelless moccasins which she wore. She paused within the glow of the hearth, her oval face radiant from the leaping flames. Standing there she gave a tone to my crude cabin.

"Am I too late for sup per?" she asked slowly as if embarrassed over admitting hunger.

"Not if you would care for some steak and French fried potatoes."

"Oh! that sounds wonderful. Are you—a good chef?" she smiled.

I secretly prided myself upon my ability to prepare steak and French fried potatoes. I set about cooking them with a new kind of zest as Lan looked on admiring my activities as a woman al-

ways admires the way a man does things about the kitchen.

Lan began setting the table with my rough china, camping knives and forks. As I watched her, a confliction of emotions swept over me. The fire on the hearth, the aroma of coffee, and the sound of the storm flinging itself futilely at my cabin all combined to give me that sense of security that comes to humans when they are warm and safe under a rain pelted roof. But, the sight of Lan encroached upon the sense of security. Somehow her beauty was making me strangely uncertain of myself.

She presided at our meal with a grace that turned the thick dishes into Dresden china, and made gleaming silver of my camping implements. I began to watch her like a man who looks upon a dream come true before his eyes are really ready to comprehend it. Several times



I rushed like a man gone mad and drove him back to the wall of the cabin. There

when she caught me staring, she seemed to smile wistfully without actually smiling at all.

After supper we sat by the fire on some rugs and pillows I piled upon the floor. From where she was Lan reached up and inspected her clothes.

"They're plenty dry now," she admitted but made no motion to get up and change back into them.

A silence settled over us. The rain was still coming down hard, nor had the wind abated much. The storm was like a thing of violence caged in the Valley. I wondered why she didn't change back into her own things. Finally I asked if she would care to. Her answer started my heart pounding like a hammer.

"No, I like your robe. It's comfortable and more feminine. Somehow, I'd rather be all the girl I can around you."

Impulsively I reached out and took her hand. She



I saw his unguarded chin and I swung for it with every ounce of steam I had. He went down like a log.

made no effort to draw it away. Her surrender brought me momentarily to my senses.

She was my storm guest. In spite of all that had happened I had no privilege to force any physical contact upon her. She had reposed confidence in me.

I started to draw my hands away. But, Lan's fingers suddenly interwined with mine. Their pressure made me tingle, I looked into her blue eyes, for explanation.

They were misty with yearning.
"Tell me," she said softly, "what—what has happened?"

I drew her hands up until they were directly beneath my lips, but before I could kiss them Lan thrust her face across our locked hands.

I felt as if rich old wine had unexpectedly gone to my

head. My arms went around her. Sometimes when we kiss a woman we know all there is to know about love. I mean we know that we love, and that we are loved, which is really all there is to know. It was that way the first time I kissed Lan.

"Lan, I think I know what's happened to us. We've

The rest of my words were taken out of my mouth by a crashing sound at the door which was followed by the outcry of a strange voice. Releasing Lan swiftly I turned around.

A tall rangy man in riding clothes stood in the halfopen door through which rain and wind swirled. Upon his tense face there was the ugly look of the man who has caught a woman outraging him. It was that look which made me aware of his place in Lan's life. Then and there an almost inexplicable reaction commenced

I got to my feet as he strode [Continued on page 133]



HY is it that we women suffer such agonies at the thought of growing old and looking our age? We take the risk of being disfigured for life and of losing our health. We spend huge sums on any fresh hope of rejuvenation held out to us. We are slaves to the clever beauty specialist, the efficient masseuse and the surgeon who assures us that he can give us back to semblance of youth. We submit to any treatment, any operation. We are always willing to gamble against Nature whatever the cost.

I remember so well the day I faced the fact that Nature would make me pay for the beauty which had been mine. Sylvia and I had been shopping and were sitting in my boudoir having tea.

"You are dreadfully tired, aren't you dear?" she asked sympathetically.

I was not in the least tired, as a matter of fact, but Sylvia was by no means the only one of my friends who had been telling me in this way that I looked haggard and worn.

I looked at Sylvia. She was pink and white and fresh as a baby. She never has to use rouge though she gets no credit for her lovely color since all her friends are positive she puts hers on by day and takes it off at night as they do. Sylvia is only three years younger than I am, yet no one ever tells her she is looking tired!

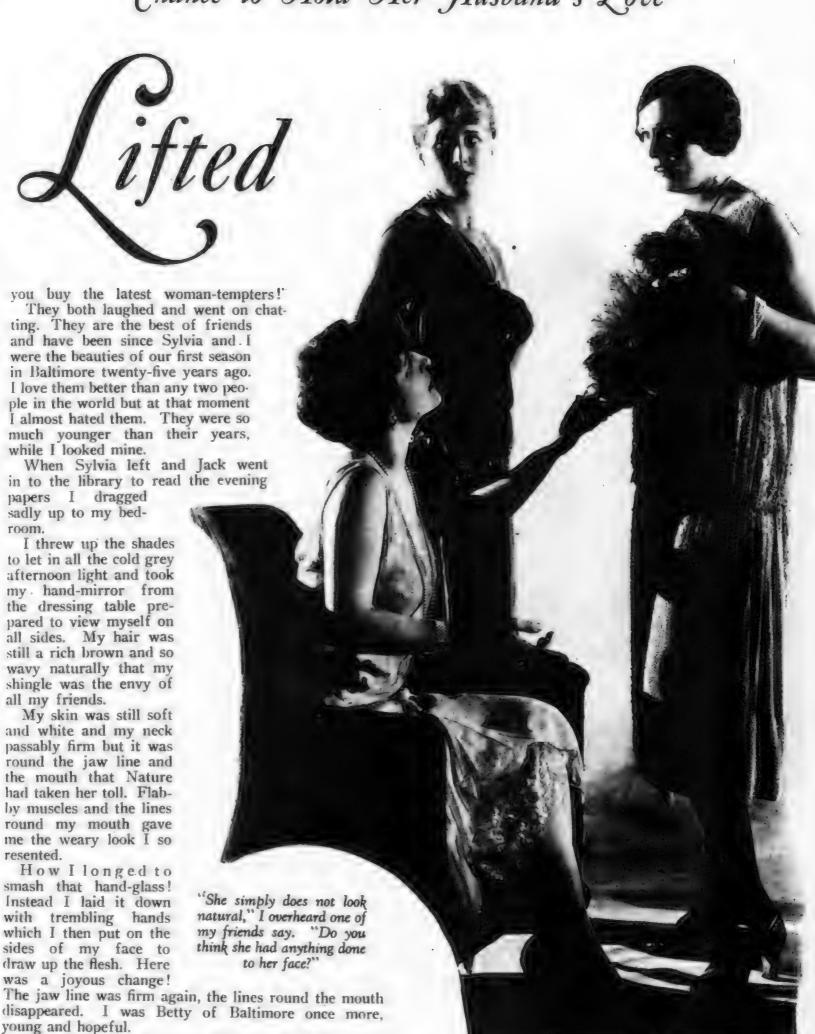
"I am a bit fagged," I said casual-

ly, "aren't you?"

Then Jack, my husband, came in brisk and glowing and I shall never know whether I imagined it or whether he looked at me with something like pity in his eyes as he asked

"I say what have you been doing to Betty? Getting her all tired out dragging her from shop to shop while

The Woman Who Took a Desperate Chance to Hold Her Husband's Love



Then back came my marred [Continued on page 136]

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By MARTHA MADISON, "Mender of Broken Hearts"

THE Question Most Girls Ask Me Today Is the Question That Has Puzzled Womankind Throughout the Ages-

How Can I Tell the Difference Between





e and Infatuation?

HAT IS LOVE?

This question has echoed down the ages. Yet has it ever been fully answered?

Ask the husband and wife who have weathered the storms of life together and found safe harbor in their serene old age, with their children and grandchildren about them.

"What is love? How does it differ from infatuation? Can love be made to last?"

These are questions girls are asking me. That girls are thinking along such lines promises well for marriage.

Knowledge of facts is a far safer guide to happy love and successful marriage than the sentimental, misinformed ignorance of other

"We don't mean a thing! We're just having a good time!" Betty may blithely inform you when you infer that she and Bob are engaged because both occupy the same armchair, cheek to cheek.

This free and easy unconventionality is cheapening. Yet isn't even promiscuous petting more wholesome than old-fashioned

prudishness, which forbade a girl to receive calls or accept invitations from any man save one.

How easy it was to mistake the thrill of the first kiss, the first stir of the pulses, for love.

The modern girl who is wise, is fairly sure that the man who interests her is a suitable and congenial sweetheart and that their affection includes mutual respect and companionability. She knows that the love which is a safe foundation for marriage, calls for congenial affection on spiritual, mental and physical planes.

Not every one is capable of experiencing the "grand passion" of love, for it requires deep feeling and sympathy and also a heart and disposition big enough, sweet and tolerant enough to be capable of self-sacrifice.

Transient whims are the sole motive of thousands of marriages. The dictionary will assure you that infatuation is "feeling so ardent that it deprives one of ordinary judgment." Of course any quality that deprives one of judgment is blinding and destructive.

Love on the other hand, is defined as "a strong, complex emo-

What is Your Problem?

Does the course of true love fail to run smoothly? Are you worried, perplexed, uncertain? Then yon need advice, comfort, encouragement. These you can get from Mrs. Martha Madison by writing to her in care of Smart Set.

tion, which causes one to appreciate, delight in and crave the presence or possession of and to please and promote the welfare of the loved one."

Maritime savages, when they are caught in a storm, often throw their wives overboard to insure their own safety. This is perfectly compatible with the changeable nature of infatuation. But certainly such an action would be impossible to love, which "seeketh not its own."

LOVE requires thinking and good judgment, for it is appreciative and considerate. Love looks ahead, dreaming and planning and working for the beloved.

There's no joy in human life to compare with true love between a man and woman, with what a certain great writer calls, "companionate love," and "the triumphal processional of mated body and soul."

What worlds of misery would be saved if we always distinguished between infatuation and love in emotional

Anne, for instance is experiencing a case of hopeless infatuation, as maddening and baffling as the measles, mumps and Spring fever in one.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," she writes. "I'm very much in love with a young man who doesn't care at all for me.

"I've tried to forget him, hate him, win

him. But nothing works!

"I'm a college girl of eighteen, so you see I'm not an infatuated child. He is twenty-two.

"I don't see him for weeks, then we may meet by chance at the home of a friend. It's terrible—I'm utterly miserable!

"I know he's lazy and has no ambition and is an awful necker—but still I'm crazy about him!

"Is there anything I can do to clear up this wretched state of affairs? I'D DO ANYTHING!

Anne.

Anne dear, I only wish I could clear up the situation for you and all other girls in the same dilemma. Of course, you know, you don't love him. You haven't even respect for him. You are just infatuated, probably because he is a good-looking young sheik and has a manner that appeals to you.

You would be utterly wretched if you married him, so it's fortunate that the in-

fatuation is all on your side.

The only thing for you to do is to pull yourself together Anne dear, and laugh yourself out of this hopeless infatuation. Go out as much as you can with other young people—especially men. The chances are, another emotional interest will soon come along and help you to for-

Janet is as miserable over her good fortune as is Anne over her unhappy infatuation:

"Dear Mrs. Madison," writes Janet. "A very nice young man is deeply in love with me.

"He has a good position and is all kindness and loving consideration. My only objection to him is his goodness.

"He has lived a sheltered life and has had little experience in the world. He has never sowed any wild oats. I would prefer to marry some one who had "gone the pace," lived a wild life, and finally found in me his ideal. Am I wrong in feeling this way?

"I always feel like telling my fiance to go out and see the world, then come back to me.

Janet."

So you would prefer a man, Janet dear, who had lived a rotten life instead of a clean one? Any one can yield to temptation. The test of strength is to resist successfully. Don't think for one moment that your friend has not had opportunities to be bad.

Do you want my candid opinion and advice? You are living in a sentimental dream, Janet and the sooner you

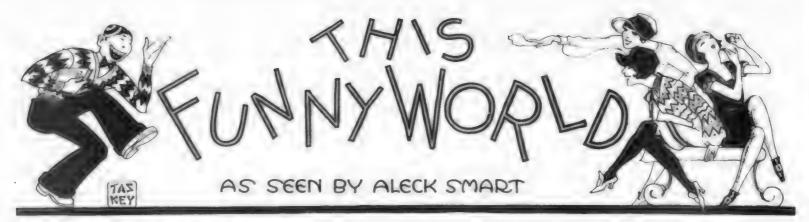
wake up the better!

BE GRATEFUL that you are offered the love of a man who has ideals and tries to live up to them. The worst fate that could befall you Janet would be helping a husband harvest his crop of wild oats.

Comparing life with a game, [Continued on page 139]



How easy it is to mistake the thrill of the first kiss, the first stir of the pulses, for love.



WELL, here's the old spark plug. It sure is hard to get sparking—to be the life of the party—when you don't see any party around you.

The Charleston never came from Charleston, according to the RED CAT. It originated when a college student absent-mindedly stuck a lighted pipe in his hip pocket.

I haven't stopped snickering yet at a joke on you girls that came to me via the Navy Log, the paper in which Uncle Sam's sea-pups pull their funny stuff. Let me share it:

Sam's sea-pups pull their funny stuff. Let me share it: She—"The Lord made us beautiful and dumb." It—"How's that?"

She—"Beautiful so the men would love us—and dumb so that we could love them."



Excelling the Lip-Stickers

Here's a story which proves that what Solomon said about vanity applies to girls of the tropics as well as girls in our (in) temperate zone.

An artist visiting the romantic tropical isle of Papua, meeting an attractive native girl, urged her to come at once to his studio and pose for him.

She delayed coming until she had attended to her toilet and when she did arrive, while her costume was just as scant, she had painted one side of her face jet-black, with a border of white spots relieved with scarlet.

Who's the World's Oldest Bachelor

Maybe it's Sir Henry Poland, who recently celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday. Asked why he hadn't married, this old Bach. said: "As far as I can see married life is so much worry. I am sure if I had married I should have been dead long ago. Thank Heaven I am a confirmed bachelor."

Are you married people going to let him get away with thut?

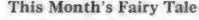
A Whistling Prima Donna

The Board of Education of California has conferred on Miss Blanche Adelia Hawkins a diploma in the Art and Process of Whistling, which entitles her to use the initials "B. A. Wh." Now that we've got things started, I nominate Mary Pickford for B. A. Mov., and Marion Talley for B. A. Sing.

Don't Go Back on Your Sex, Sam

Talking about philandering husbands (see Bill Johnston's article in this issue) here's a new way for wives to look at it:

"What's the use of a woman worrying about where hubby is spending the evening?" Cynical Sam sends in, "she would be twice as miserable if she did know."



Once upon a time there was a small town kirl named Edyth who entered her picture in a beauty contest and won. When the local paper printed Edyth's photograph, all the mothers of all the pretty girls in that town said: "She's a dear—a perfect beauty—no wonder my daughter lost out!"

Why Don't Men Stop Picking on Women?

Cal York, studio-gossiping in Photoplay, says that a Hollywood beauty has a flapper body and a mid-Victorian soul.

We've met that type—but she's not as pathetic as the woman with a flapper soul in a mid-Victorian body!

Win This Prize: How Did Hubbie Propose?

Did you ask your bashful lover if he didn't think the engagement had lasted long enough? Did you frighten him into proposing by resurrecting an old beau? Did he pop the question in a hammock, on a hay ride, in his motor car, or were youas the artist has pictured—up a tree? I'm tremendously interested in knowing, so I make this offer:

I, Aleck Smart, hereby promise to pay \$5 to the wife who sends me the best account, in one hundred words, of what her husband said or did when he proposed.



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A New Limerick Contest

Hurrah for Virginia Smith of the Coca Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga. Out of hundreds of clever limericks submitted in our October contest she wins first prize. Here is the limerick with her last line:

These questions crop up in SMART SET—
Shall I smoke and "Charleston" and pet?
Now what would you say
To the girl of today?—

"If you don't you're the girl men forget!"



With the College Cut-Ups

She fell back into his arms. He looked down into her eyes and then their lips met. Suddenly she turned and spoke, "You know, Jack, that this is the first time that I have done anything like this."

"Certainly, Marie, but what an awful lot of experience you must have inherited!"

—Green Goat.

A dumb-bell is a person who uses his auto horn for a doorbell!-Goblin.

"I hear it took the director only half an hour to pick the Follies chorus."

"Oh, yes, he's quick at figures." —Ala. Rammer-Jammer.

The other prize winners were: 2. Mary Spencer, Tampa, Fla., 3. Frank Kenneth Young, Traverse City, Mich., 4. Mrs. C. H. Carruthers, Star City, Saskatchewan, Canada, 5. Mrs. Viola Hayden, Norphlet, Arkansas, 6. G. O. Smalley, New Brunswick, N. J., 7. Kathleen Windhorst, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New Contest

Paris says 'tis a crudity
To let your style border
on nudity—

Waist higher, skirt lower—

The mode is: "Don't show her!"

Copy the limerick, add your last line and send care of Aleck Smart, Smart Set Magazine. We'll pay \$10 for the best last line, \$5 for the second best, and \$1 each for the five next best. Contest closes Dec. 10, 1926.

aleck Smart

Youthful Beauty Instantly

lies in the youthful shades of Pompeian powder and rouge

By MADAME JEANNETTE de CORDET

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

nd

h, id:

Mo more dull-looking complexions! I can tell you how to have that indescribable charm of fresh young girlhood.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries — Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh youthful beauty — instantly. They add the deft touch that reveals the full blown glory of your complexion.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch — delicately perfumed — spreads evenly, spreads with an enchanting smoothness.

Pompeian Bloom looks exactly like your own coloring. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable—and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters. Price 60c per box. In Canada slightly higher.

Shade Chart for POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER and POMPEIAN BLOOM

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER comes in Flesh—a definite pink for fresh, youthful skins; Naturelle—a delicate creamy pink with a rosy suggestion of youth; Rachel—the warm creamy tan for the brunette type; and White—the pure white used by many women in the evening.

POMPEIAN BLOOM, a perfect rouge in Medium—asoftwarm rose that gives natural color to the average woman; Oriental—a more brilliant tone, similar to poppy-red; Orange—the new golden-rose for vivid types; Dark—a rich, deep damask rose; Light—a delicate but decisive pink suitable for very fair women.

Send for this new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel

THE picture shown here (top part only illustrated) represents the lovely new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel entitled "The Bride," which we offer our friends for only 10c. Painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, and faithfully reproduced in ten color printings. Actual size 27 x 7 inches. Its art store value would



easily be 75c. With the Art Panel (and at no extra charge) I will send you generous samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom (a rouge). Specify on the coupon the shades you wish.

My booklet of beauty hints and secrets will also be sent to you with the samples and the Art Panel. Clip the coupon, enclose a dime and send today

Jeannette de Corclet Specialisse en Beauxé

Tear off. Sign and Send

	Payne Av., Cleveland, O. 1927 Pompeian Art Panel
Name	
Street Address	
City	State
Shade of powder wanted?	-
Shade of rouge wanted?	4



WE WERE IN THE MIDST OF AN HOUR OF ROMANCE

(Letters from Lovers: III)

I found myself listening for the silver splashing of a fountain—the sound of a far faint voice from a minaret. I found myself looking for a lattice, patterned in the purple of the night—for a swaying lamp wrought in arabesques of orange—for we were in the midst of an hour out of romance—with you at the heart of its beauty."

IN HER DIARY

"His mood was so dreamy and tender. He had never been like that before. And yet—could it have been—the temple incense?"

gain a richer loveliness from the very gain a richer loveliness from the very air about them, the exquisite women of other centuries used the mysterious spell of temple incense. That spell still exists, to exert its subtle power for women of today, in Vantine's Temple Incense. Exquisite odors, six of them, await you at all drug and department stores.

Learn the subtle power of incense. Send ten cents for six sample fragrances.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC. 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



He Won the Right to Win Me

[Continued from page 41]

and shouting after us—in a most abusive way. I was half disgusted, but Leroy just didn't take it seriously, and said that he couldn't see anything to fight about. He added that he was a man of peace, on general principles. "Too proud to fight," I said to myself. Of course, I approved of that. I didn't want him to fight, and I wondered.

You weren't afraid of him?" I asked,

"Why should I be?" was all he said.
One Sunday afternoon I told Leroy that the whole family was going to a movie on Thursday night, and wouldn't he like to He was sorry he could not.

'Some other girl for that night?" I

asked, teasing, "May," he s "May," he said, "there is no other girl in the world. I work Thursday night."
"Oh, do you ever work?" I said, thinking of the mystery.
"I'll tell the world. The hardest kind

"Do you really sell cars?"

HE LAUGHED. "Your allegator, dear lady, I will attempt to nyether palliate nor deny. I would not even do so, if I knew what palliate meant."

"How clever," I said, with good natured sarcasm.

'Not at all, I heard that in vaudeville," he said, "but I'll come Friday night."

True enough, he was on hand early Friday evening and took me to a musical comedy. He said he liked the comedians, and the music.

And the girls?" I asked.

"Not since I met you. I don't see them."
"You faker," I said.

In the lobby of the theater some one called out, "Hello, there," and Leroy answered, "Oh, hello." I turned and saw a fellow with a funny ear, like Jerry's, evidently a boxer. Apparently Leroy knew all kinds of people, but I tugged at his

arm, to hurry him along.
"Come on." I said. "I wouldn't want to be seen with a prize-fighter."
"So, you don't think much of fighters?" Leroy said, after we got to our seats. course, there are all kinds of fighters. Some fine fellows-

"Oh, perfectly terrible people."

"The cleanest people in the world, some

"But such a business." They earn big money."

"I'd rather be poor but honest."
"What's being honest got to do with it?" "Well, any way, I'd rather be poor." And that ended that. I thought it was funny that while he didn't like fighting, he defended fighters.

One day in the house I showed him Jimmie's room, and he stopped when he saw the boxing gloves on the wall. "Is the kid interested in that?'

"Oh, he thinks he is. Jerry started to each him."

'Jerry "The ice man, but mother objected."

"It's good exercise, but tell him to stay out of it as a business. It's a tough game. One in thousands gets to be a top notcher; the others get battered up, and get nothing out of it.

"I thought you spoke well of fighters." He smiled into my eyes. "There are some good fellows."

"Not for me." I said.

Out driving on a country road one day, just the two of us, Leroy stopped the car on a hill top where we had a wonderful

view of the valley. It was glorious. I said it was inspiring, and made one want

to be something fine and big and good
"Yes," said Leroy, placing his hand on
mine, "it makes me think of my own its ambition.

"What's that?" I said, eagerly, thinking

of the mystery—his work.

"My dearest ambition, Girlie," he is a looked away. He went on, "Please don't say no. I couldn't take no from you.

"But I don't know anything about you."

"Yes, you do. You know that I'm on the level, don't you?"
"Yes."

"And you know that I love you." "Yes.

"And you love me."

But I turned my head away, again. "Y u didn't say no," he added.

There was no use denying it. "Yes," I said, "but I don't even know your occupa-

He looked out over the broad valley, coughtfully. "To tell the truth, I'm going thoughtfully. "To tell the truth, I'm going into another line of business, after the next-after next month.'

"Why the secrecy?"
"Why the secrecy?"
"You've got some prejution. I'll He laughed. "You've got some prejudices, May. I'm changing my job. I'll promise to tell you all about it, after the first of June, if you'll promise to marry

Of course I trusted him. He was so fine and strong-my ideal, my hero. though he was a man of peace, he was my hero. I promised. And there, with that glorious, inspiring scenery spreading before us, and the fragrance of clover blossoms around us, he took me in his arms. And right there as he kissed me, I would have died for him. Of course he And right there as he kissed me, I had kissed me before, but this time it was different. Now I belonged to him.

This was early in May. On the way home Leroy told me that he would be pretty well tied up for another three or four weeks, and could not see much of me. except Sunday, but he would telephone every day. And then he would take a vacation and make up for his absence. It was now nearly a year since we had met. My vacation time would soon be at hand, and he suggested that we could spend it together again, but this time we might

YOU'RE going to spend a few weeks with your other wife?" I asked.

"No, a much sterner mistress than that even, my work."

few days later Jimmie made some crack about my friend at the table. Father said, "I hope you're not thinking of marrying this mysterious Mr. Dodge, May.

"Why yes, Dad, I am." "She'll go Mother was not surprised. a long ways and not do as well, I'm think-

ing," she said.
"But my God," cried Jimmie, wanting to run my business and everybody's, "you don't even know what he does."
"It's nothing dishonorable," I retorted.
"How do you know?" asked Dad. And so it went. However, if my family objected, I was more determined than ever. So long as he was not a gambler, or a bootlegger or a prize-fighter, I said to myself, it was all right. He was kind, a man of peace. And finally, to quiet the family, I told them that he was, of course, an automobile salesman, and he sold the kind of a [Turn to page 84]

Wonderful NEW ROUGE SHADES

by the creators of Princess Pat English Tint



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How you will love these new shades! What new opportunities for beauty they afford! Each shade an original—a surprise.

POR instance, there is SQUAW. The very sound of the name makes you want to go right to the beauty counter to see "what in the world 'SQUAW' can be."

SQUAW is that most glorious of all complexion tints—the glow of radiant, vibrant health. SQUAW symbolizes the out o' doors girl. It is a *spirited* color. It suggests youthful vigor and eager, racing blood. It is a joyous color. Nature bestows it upon a favored few. It is such color as comes fleetingly after a brisk walk in chill weather.

Squaw does for everyone what Nature does for the few. A deft application gives to your cheeks instantly the beautiful, zestful tints of perfect health. You'll love it.

And NITE—An Entirely New Rouge Expressly for Evening

The most beautiful rouges by day have always been a compromise by night. Artificial lighting changed them, stole their brilliance, made them harsh. Even the degree of light was a trial. The effect you achieved before a softly lighted mirror dulled, or paled, or changed in the glare of brilliant electric rays.

But now! Princess Pat NITE gives just the softest, most natural colors of the rose under any kind of artificial light. You may achieve the most delicate pink, the deep richness of true rose red, or any shade in between.

A most fascinating feature of NITE is its curious violet tinge by day—in the box. Then watch it as dusk falls and the lights go on. Gone utterly the strange violet hue—to give way to a lovely semblance of beautiful flesh tones hitherto inimitable. NITE will unquestionably be the rouge sensation of the year. And as it required two years to perfect NITE, the inevitable imitations will be long postponed.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, ILL.

Only if lipstick be used, is the utmost in beauty realized. Powder velvets the skin, rouge tints the cheeks adorably. But lips, pale by contrast, spoil the whole effect. Color them naturally, gloriously, saucily with Princess Pat Lip Stick. Keeps the lips soft, too.



No. 18 THEATRE, the Third New Shade

Here is perhaps the daintiest of all rouge shades. For the elaborate afternoon function, with your gowns of soft pastel and shimmering silks, for the times you crave artistic harmony, No. 18 Theatre will charm you beyond measure.

This shade appeals especially to the woman who is subtle, who loves Worth frocks, who is sought by men of affairs, and is altogether lovely and sophisticated in her realm of culture and fashion.

You Really Need All These Shades

Nowadays one rouge can no more meet fashion's requirements, and the exactions of one's own moods, than a single frock. The smart woman of today realizes this new vogue and varies her rouge to suit the occasion and express her personality. And why not? 'Tis luxury without additional expense. For of course each rouge shade lasts its accustomed time. You merely have them all at once.

Follow the fashion. Secure the three new Princess Pat shades—and complete your happiness by possessing Princess Pat's already famous English Tint—Vivid—and new Medium.

So that you may know for yourself the Superiority of Princess Pat Rouge Shades, we will take pleasure in sending you one sample FREE.

Free Check	NCESS PAT, LTE 2709 South Wel the shade of which	l. Dept. 130C ls Street, Chicago. you want FREE sample
SOHAW	NITE	□No. 18 Theatr □New Medium
for this coupon and	25c a beautiful Weentains the three new	0c each. OR THINK- k End Set, full size, wil rouge shades and six (6
Your name (print)		
Address		



Prettier Lips ... at the Game

Dear Nan_:

'All the world should go to one of these fascinating games. Oh, la la-it is so inspiring ... Blue and crimson everywhere.

Most especially you will see how lovely are the lips that cry "another goal—wonderful!" For these lips are made young and smooth and enchantingly natural in coloringwith Pompeian Lip Stick-it has Nature's own tint!

> Jeannette de Cordet Specialist en Beaute

Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural, rosy tintprotects lipspure and harm. less-has de. sired chisel point for easy application



car he drove, the Supermotive Eight. But he had a different job and a better one after the first of June, and on his new job we could afford to get married and have a nice home and everything. Just watch his smoke.

But of course that awfully bright brother Jimmie of mine, like the amateur Sherlock Holmes that he thought he was, butted into the game like a fool and went down to the offices of the Supermotive Eight asking for Leroy Dodge. Of course they told him that some one had been kidding him. Why not try the Dodge Brothers agency? And so Jimmie came home in high indignation. Make a fool of him, huh? Dodge was a dirty liar. He was putting something over on us, but no one could do it to a sister of his, even if she was fool enough. And he would tell him so to his face. to laugh, and told him to calm himself, and that Leroy was a he-man and would probably wring his little neck for him if he ever opened his face. Just the same I was afraid of trouble. Jimmie was just that kind of a dumb-bell. However, Leroy was a man of peace, thank Heaven!

The following Sunday, just past the middle of May, Jimmie was over in Charley Prout's room when Leroy's car quietly eased up to the curb. I was all dressed and ready for him, so we didn't lose a minute in starting. That way, trouble was minute in starting. That way, trouble was avoided, and I hoped that by another week Jimmic would cool off and forget it. But the following Sunday they met.

I was upstairs in my room dressing, and I saw everything through the open win-dow. Mother had called Leroy out into the back yard to show him her flowers, especially some daffodils, and Leroy called them: "Daffydolillies." And then I noticed that Jimmie and Charley Prout were in the open door of the garage, patching up some new blowout in one of Charley's worn out old tires. Of course, for another thing, little Mr. Prout was furiously jealous of Leroy's roadster. However, Leroy called out a friendly greeting, and later, when Mother came into the house, he strolled over to them. Jimmie got nasty. "Say, you big fake, I've been looking

you up and we're about through with you, you big bum."

Leroy never changed his tone or his nile. "Where do you get that stuff, Jimmie?"

"Yes, I mean you, you bootlegger."
"Say, Jimmic, who's been filling you full
of hop?" asked Leroy.

"I went down to the Supermotive Eight Company, where you said you worked and

T THAT Leroy burst out laughing,

AT THAT Letty and how he laughed!
"Yah, funny, isn't it?" sneered Jimmie,
"But and I was ashamed of my brother. I found you out, you damned liar." Easy, Jimmie, easy. No one can talk

like that to me.

Well, I'm talking like that to you. And from now on you keep away from my

"You'll have to take back what you said,

Jimmie."
"Say," yelled my brother, nastier than ever, "if any one called me a liar I'd knock his block off. You won't even fight." You happen to be May's brother.

"Yah, you're a coward, a liar and a coward.

Leroy said quietly, "I'll give you one week, because you're her brother, to apologize.

And then Charley Prout stepped forward, with a swagger and a kind of a snarl on his face. I suppose it seemed safe enough, now. And perhaps they thought that between them they could whip "Well, how about me? I'm not

her brother. Liar! Now go on, lick me!" Leroy laughed outright at his manner. "You're entirely out of this, Buddy.

And then I wondered at it myself. Was really a coward? This peace talk he really a coward? was it a pose, to cover up something? All an instant I hated him. My ideal had tallen: the id I was broken.
"I stand by my friend," said Charley,

very sullen.

"All right, go and stand by him, then.
Don't bother me." But with that Leroy took a step forward and raised his hand quickly, and then just wiped his forehead. But Charley stepped back in a hurry, like a cat when some one says, "Scat!"—and a cat when some one says, trampled on three or four of Mother's daffodils.

"Now look what you've done, you poor tish," exclaimed Leroy, as if Charley had killed a child or something. And then he got down on his knees, in his good clothes and all, to brace up the broken plants, and prop them up tenderly with the dirt.

Charley and Jimmie went back to the garage, but Jimmie said something to Charley and they both looked over toward the house next door, where Charley lived Then Jimmie called out, "Oh, Jerry." Jerry had long since quit his job on the ice wagon but he was still friendly with Charley.

IN A moment I saw the big hulk of our former ice man stalking down our drive, to the garage. Leroy, still busy with the plants, only glanced at him Charley and Jimmie were talking to Jerry. "Leroy," I called, "Come in. I'm ready."

But Leroy only waved at me, and continued with the plants. Perhaps he did not understand that he was in danger. I called again, but he wouldn't hear. Then Jerry, looking ugly enough to kill, stepped over to him. My heart was in my throat. "Say, youse," he said, and poked Leroy's

shoulder with his big heavy finger. Poor Leroy, I thought.

"What's the idea?" said Leroy, getting to his feet at once. "Oh—it's Muggs Duffey! Well, Muggs, when did you get out of jail?"

"I wasn't in jail," he growled.
"That's right. It was a lunatic asylum."
"Wait a minute, Bo," said Jerry, "I don't take no such talk. And youse beat it—

My heart was pounding like a hammer Even if he wanted to fight, Leroy wouldn't have a chance with this bull, but he didn't

"Who do you think you're talking to?"

he demanded.

"Youse. Beat it, now, before I t'row you out."

"You mind your business, Muggs, or you'll go back to the bughouse."

"Go on, now, beat it," said Jerry, and he put out his hand to push Leroy. And, upon my soul, Leroy rapped Jerry across the back of his hand with his knuckles. actually knocked his big hand away. It must have stung. The nerve of it! But he wouldn't touch Jimmie or Charley. Jerry looked at his hand, in surprise, and then shook it—to shake the pain out of it. And then with a curse he swung his mighty fist and struck at Leroy with all his might. But Leroy just ducked gracefully and it never touched him, and Jerry almost swung ail the way around from the force of it. Jerry struck again. This time Leroy stepped nimbly back so the blow missed him by an inch or so, and then he seemed to go forward again as if he were pulled by rubber bands, and both his fists landed on Jerry's face, one after the other-bing. bing! Jerry stopped, and he seemed puzzled. He put his hand on his mouth, where he had been hit, and seemed to be [Turn to page 86]

Miss Anderson's Statement

Miss Anderson's Statement
When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry
Studio my hair was straight, as you may see
in the picture at the left. I had very little
faith in any of the so-cailed hair-wavers and
expected 1 would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing app intments in the afternoon. To my delight,
as you will see from the center photograph,
it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly
waved. I proved that Maison Marcellers
will save time and money.

(Signed) Evelyn Anderson

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(Signed) Evelyn Anderson





KAUFMANN & FABRY CO. Commercial Photographers CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926. Emma W. Stolzenbach. Notary Public,



NOTICE TO READERS

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publications witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of

No more "wave" expense ... No more tiresome treatments ... No more "appointments" ... No hot irons to dry out your hair

Now you may have as lovely a marcel as the finest beauty Maison Marcellers at a price which hardly parlor possibly can give—in your own home—when you want it, and at a trifling cost.

THERE is the woman, in this busy day, who can afford from her little leisure all the time it takes to make appointments, arrange her convenience to suit someone else's schedule, go through the usual experience of waiting many minutes, and then submit to a long drawn-out process?

Women will do that, to have their hair marcelled, so insistent is the real need for loveliness.

But that exasperating method is no longer necessary. It is rapidly becoming obsolete - wherever this amazing new inven-tion called the Maison Marcellers makes its way. Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week-in your own home-and your hair is always at its wavy loveliest and best.

A \$1.50 marcel any time for a few cents

Moreover, how many women really can spare the money, \$1.00, \$1.50 or more, for waving done the ordinary way? Isn't it a fact that even on a liberal allowance, these inroads are too heavy, with the usual result that you forego many a marcel that you know you ought to

Here again, the Maison Marcellers are literally one of the greatest boons ever conferred on womankind.

The woman who owns a set of Maison Marcellers may keep her hair at all times in the full glory of its beauty, at a cost of a few cents for each complete marcel.

And the menace of hot irons eliminated forever

Finally, this invention is the most protective of hair quality, texture and lustre ever America, we offer the first 10,000 sets of

Clever Christmas Idea Give Maison Marcellers!

Give Maison Marcellers!

If you want to gain the reputation of giving highly original gifts, if you want your friends to credit you with unusual ingenuity in discovering a vital new aid to beauty, if you want to give a gift that will prove wonderfully useful and that will at the same time make your Christmas money go a long way—choose Maison Marcellers.

money go a long way—choose Maison Marcellers.

There is no uncertainty about their value. They cannot fail to be a vital accessory for every one of your feminine friends who wears her hair in any kind of a wave, or for those others who through discouragement over waving difficulties have abandoned all idea of waved hair.

Every one of these friends will be grateful to you for disclosing to them such a remarkable waving method, for enabling them to have the loveliest wave imaginable, a marcel that the most skilled professional might envy, and that without the least harm to the hair.

If you want us to send the Maison Marcellers to you already packed in a charming gift box, specify so in the coupon below. Then the Marcellers will come to you in a beautiful and highly decorative gift package, ready for giving.

introduced into modern hair

It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers" - with dangerous curling irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp — with all the muss and fuss of the old-fashioned water-waving combs.

In eliminating the hot iron peril alone, the Maison Marcellers are worth their weight in gold to any who prizes the woman natural health and beauty of her hair.

Your nirror will tell you this is true

Nothing that we could say about the results which thousands of women today are obtaining with the Maison Marcellers would tell so complete a story of their value as the photo-graphs above. Note them

well. Then read carefully the sworn affidavit of one of Chicago's most reputable photographers, as to the circumstances under which those photographs were taken. They could be duplicated anywhere—and are being duplicated everywhere the Maison Marcellers are in use.

Maison Marcellers will give you any kind of marcel you want—shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. They will do this whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short. Regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will give you the most beau-tiful marcel imaginable. We guarantee this absolutely, and you are the sole judge of your own satisfaction with them.

Our most liberal, limited-time offer to you

In order to establish this revolutionary in-

covers the cost of making, packing and advertising—only \$2.98 plus a few cents'

This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, and a complete set of Maison Marcellers. Nothing more to buy. Just dampen the hair with water and place the Marcellers in your hair according to directions.

Take advantage of this special offer right away, because it may be withdrawn at any

Send no moneyjust mail the coupon

Even at this special price you need not risk Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair wav-ing troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcels again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon

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Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling trutit, including Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete durections, which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcellers do not put a perfectly defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

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trying to figure out what had happened.

"Hah, now I know youse," said Jerry, inting his finger at Leroy. "I seen you pointing his finger at Leroy. "I seen you do that before. You're a fighter. You're Battling Bingham."

Leroy tried to cut him short with a blow, but he didn't quite reach. Jerry was so big. But in another moment Le-roy walloped him on both sides of the head, that is, with each hand, so that his head rocked from side to side with the blows. Jerry charged like a big bull. Leroy didn't back up, but stepped to one little and punched Jerry on the nose. It didn't seem possible that he had any chance against this huge man, but Leroy was like a cat, a tiger-cat, lithe and smooth and quick in his movements.

JERRY rushed again and Leroy stepped forward, with a twist of his body, and drove his right fist up into the big fellow's stomach. It was just a little short blow, but snappy, and Jerry dropped to the ground as if some one had jerked his legs from under him. There he was, sitting down, with his mouth open, and a stupid, agonized expression on his face and with his hand on his heart. He looked like he couldn't breathe.

'What's the matter, Jerry?" asked Jim-

"He'll be all right in a minute," said Leroy. "He's not hurt. I just caught his solar plexus." In a few seconds more Jerry got his breath, then reached for his hat, and finally got on his feet.

"Now listen, Muggs, you're the guy that's going to heat it," said Leroy. "Oh, that's all right, Battler, I didn't mean anything. I'm out of training." And Jerry grinned.

"Just the same, beat it."
"You sure caught me just right," Jerry continued in the same apologetic tone, "but why not be friends?" He stuck out his hand, but Leroy turned his back, as if he didn't see it, and came into the house.

Up in my own room, I didn't know what to think. It was all so surprising. I was astonished at Leroy standing to fight that huge ex-pugilist. And then even more astounded to find that he himself was a And then even more prize-fighter. Of all things. Of course there was no doubt about it. I could believe it from his manner and the way he whipped that big man. It was this that I could not get over—his being a fighter.

There is nothing like the misery of being

disappointed in a human being, especially the man you love. Now, completely, the idol had fallen and broken. Everything was changed. The ground had been pulled out from under me, leaving me nothing to stand on. The sun had gone Everything was down for the last time. dark and desperate and desolate. Finally I went down stairs, but I didn't know what to say. Leroy spoke first.
"I'm sorry that happened," he said. "It isn't my way of doing. Usually, I'm a

isn't my way of doing, man of peace."

That—from him, now! "You—" I said, sarcastically. "I am surprised. A man of peace, a prize-fighter!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I was going to tell you next I want to win the chamweek, any way. pionship, in this next fight-my last fight, on your account. Then I'm going to get into another line of work."

account,

"Well, you don't need to, now, on my account," I said, coldly.
"Don't say that, May," he pleaded.
"This means everything to me."
"A prize-fighter!" I repeated.
"It's honest," he said. "Nothing to be

ashamed of."

"Brutal, brutal, brutal!"

"Oh, you don't understand; you can't. Boxers are trained, hardened. Nothing

brutal, so long as the other fellow has strength, and can fight back. If the other man was weak, not able to fight back, that would be different.'

"Oh, it's always vicious."
"Listen," he said, "it would stop crime
When I'm champion I'd like to start boxing clubs everywhere for these young fellows that go around with guns-these gangsters. Teach them to use their fists the manly art-make men of them. There'd be no more gunmen.

Inwardly I thought of Jimmie. would not strike Jimmie. In spite of my self I seemed to feel that he was right, at least on that one point. But yet, such an occupation! All my instincts, all my thinking, all my education, made it repugnant. I shook my head. "Nonsense,"

Where's your hat?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I'm not going. You tri You tricked me, you fooled me. "No."

"Yes, it's all over."

"You can't give me the gate like this. I just want this last fight. If I win the championship I'll win a hundred thousand dollars—in an hour."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" I gasped. "I want to give it to you."

"I den't want it."

"That would buy ten houses like this

"Good Lord," I said, "and Father still has two mortgages on this place."
"I'll pay them off," he said.

"No. At least you can't say that I would marry you for your money. It's just that I can't marry a pugilist."
"May, you're crazy. After next week I won't be."

"No, nothing can change what you are."
"God help me," he sort of moaned.
"Now I don't care whether I win the cham It won't mean anything to me pionship.

I had a stab of sympathy for him, at that. The sun had gone down for him. too, but I must not give in, I thought. The whole thing was so surprising, startling. The bitter truth completely upon me. I steeled myself. "Good-bye," I said. I was afraid to say The bitter truth completely upset

And then all of a sudden he grabbed his hat and stamped out of the house.

WENT upstairs and threw myself on

my bed, and cried. I told the folks that I was through with And so on Tuesday evening when Charley Prout asked me to go riding, I went, but all the time I was thinking of some one else. At the office, during the I heard the men talking about the big fight that was coming off on Satur-That was my birthday but I deday cided not to have any birthday party; I had not the heart for it. It did not occur to me that Leroy felt much as I did, or that he only went through his training as a dreary duty, with his manager and spar-ring partners worrying about him. I never dreamed of that.

At the office on Wednesday a Mr. Harry Watts, a printing and stationery salesman who did business with us, asked me if he had not seen me out on the road with Battling Bingham? And he remarked that he was a great boxer, praised him highly,

and was sure he would win. "I saw him knock a man out once," I said, "with a poke in the stomach, knocked

the wind out of him."

"No, it wasn't his wind," explained Mr.
Watts. "It was worse than that. It was the solar plexus."

"Solar plexus-that's what he called it." ou can't. "That's a nerve center, here, just above Nothing the stomach," he went on. "It controls

the heart and the lungs. Don't I know? Oh, mama! I once got a bump there, and I couldn't breathe. I was paralyzed. If the Battler catches Pat Flynn on the solar plexus, it's good night, champion. Are u going to see the fight?"

"Of course not. Women don't go."

"Oh, yes they do, now. My sister's crazy to have me take her to this fight. We'd be glad to have you go with us."

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We'd be glad to have you go with us.'

I don't know what possessed me, but on moment I asked, "How much are the ickets? Only on condition that I pay my

"Oh, you needn't do that. But we are planning on the eleven dollar seats. I'm going to get tickets this noon."

REACHED for my bag, pulled out a

I REACHED for my bag, pulled out a couple of fives and a one, and handed them to him. "Please," I said.
"Well, Lucile will be delighted to have company," he said. I told him my address. It seems that he lived out that way and the said they would call for me.

After he had gone I told myself that I was crazy. Why should I do such a thing? I was through with Leroy—I wanted to forget him. And the last thing wanted to forget him. And the last thing in the world I wanted to see was a brutal prize-fight. However, I didn't need to go. I didn't care about the eleven dollars. I didn't care about anything. If only he adn't been a boxer—Leroy. But I must try to forget that name. He was Battling Bingham!

Later I wrote a letter to Mr. Watts, care of his company, to tell him I was not going, and to give the ticket to some ne that wanted to go. I said reel well, and that was the truth. I said I didn't

Saturday evening, at the table, the family talked about the fight. Father and Jimmie had it all figured out how the champion was going to win. Of course, Pat Flynn was champion of the world, and as father and Jimmie were running down Leroy I cretly felt that he was really very brave,

fighting the champion, and with a stake if a hundred thousand dollars.

Mother spoke up, finally. She had always liked Leroy. Now she told about the story in the afternoon paper, the story of Battling Bingham's life. It seems that the first wanted to study law. He spent he first wanted to study law. He spent one year in the law school of the University of Michigan, but he needed money. He was a good runner and football player, but he found that he could make money easily by boxing. Then, while he was at it, he decided that he would not only get enough to take him through college, but he could save a fortune that would help start him in his profession. He would fight on the level. He would get a reputation; stamp his personality on the public

"But my God," said Jimmie, "May can't marry a fighter."
"Don't worry," I said. "I'm through."

But just the same, what mother told us made me heart-hungry for him all over again—and just then the doorbell rang.

With that ring there tlashed into my mind the thought of Mr. Watts and his sister. I had written him a letter. I grabbed my bag and opened it. Sure enough, there was the letter just where I had left it. I had not mailed it. And then I realized that I had not wanted to mail it. I had been kidding myself about the whole business.

Of course, with Mr. Watts at the door, I wanted to go. It was an engagement, I said to myself, I had to go. I told the folks that I had forgotten that I had a date and hurried out. Then again, when I was out with them, I said to myself that I was crazy. I didn't want to see the fight, but just the same, I went.

There were some other fights first-pre-

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liminaries, I think Mr. Watts called them.

Finally the main bout came. I was so nervous. When I saw Leroy standing there in the ring I was secretly proud of him, even though I felt ashamed of being there. What would he think?—but he would never know. We were far enough back so he could never see me in the crowd. The champion was just as strong and as well built, only he looked more confident. He almost danced into the ring. Leroy was quiet. He seemed to be taking it too seriously.

"He looks nervous, tonight," said Mr.

"He's not naturally nervous," I said. And then it occurred to me, since he did not look happy, that maybe I knew why. I recalled what he had said—he didn't care now, about the championship. I wondered.

All of a sudden every one scampered out of the ring except the two fighters and the referee. Then a loud bell rang, and they stepped forward to start in. The champion was very aggressive. He landed first, but Leroy fought back. The first thing I knew they both seemed to be hanging on to each other.

ing on to each other.

"Why don't he let go?" asked Lucile.

"That's a clinch," said Harry. "They fight, though, even in the clinches."

They were both like a couple of cats, nimble, quick and clever. It was great boxing, Mr. Watts said. I thought Leroy was wonderful when he whipped Jerry, that day, but even I could see that the champion had the best of it, that first round. Toward the end of the three minutes he had Leroy backed up against the ropes. Then the bell rang, the two of them trotted to their corners and their attendants scrambled into the ring like a tlash and began rubbing them and fanning them with big towels.

"Oh, well," said Harry Watts, "that's

"Oh, well," said Harry Watts, "that's only the first round. He's getting started slow. He'll make up for it, you'll see."

But the second round was just the same. The champion danced around and kept pitching into Leroy, and would give him Even to me, though I didn't know anything about this boxing business, it seemed that Leroy was discouraged, or something. His friends called out to him from the crowd. Why didn't he wake up? I partly blamed myself for it, but I wasn't sure. Two or three times in that second round Pat Flynn had Leroy backed up on the ropes, and once in a corner, where he fought at him furiously, and the crowd would get up on its feet yelling, and I had to get up, too, in order to see. Harry Watts sat between us two girls, and I was on the aisle, and that helped. wanted to call to Leroy to stand up and fight and knock the tar out of him, and then the bell rang and they went to their corners again.

H ARRY WATTS was thoughtful and disturbed. "He isn't himself tonight. I mean, he hasn't got started yet. Just wait a few more rounds."

But one round after another went by, and the champion still had the best of it. Somehow I felt—I knew—that Leroy could do better, that he could beat this man, but he seemed tired. He looked discouraged, and I felt guilty. I wished I could help him. If only he knew that I was there. And then I called out to him, but the crowd was roaring, and he didn't hear. After that I called out again and again, but he never heard it.

In the sixth round a man behind me said, "Who said he could box? It's just master and pupil." And Harry Watts was really worried. "He'll have to do something quick, now, or he's gone." I was desperate. Prize-fighter or no prize-

fighter, he was Leroy, and it was all my fault. If only I could help him.

Before the round was over Pat Flynn had Leroy against the ropes again, trying to batter him down, and Leroy fighting back desperately. The crowd was on its feet, and in the aisle. And I, too, was out in the aisle, getting pushed around. But when the bell rang I was way down in front, in the aisle near the ring. Leroy's corner was nearest to me, and I called out to him, but he didn't hear. He was so near, right up there in the ring, with two men rubbing and sponging him, and two others fanning him with towels. I said to myself that I could speak to him now. But hesitated. The very idea! And then I remembered these rests were only one minute. A few seconds more, and he would be back fighting.

I hardly know how it happened, but the next moment I found myself climbing up on his corner, outside the ropes, and hanging on them, while I shook him by the shoulder and called his name close by his ear. He turned his bruised and swollen and tired face toward me and then his eyes opened wide with astonishment. He brightened up and tried to smile.

"Leroy, hit him in the solar plexus," I cried, "Get up and fight. You've got to

"You want me to?" he asked.

"OF COURSE, you've got to, for my sake. He's wide open sometimes. Watch his solar plexus."

He started to speak, but the bell clanged and he jumped to his feet. There seemed to be a clatter all around me as the four husky men, his seconds, seemed to almost tumble through the ropes and out of the ring. I dropped down somehow, but I have no idea how. And there I stood, right below his corner, with his seconds, but they were too anxious about him to pay any attention to a mere girl.

Leroy had a new heart in him. different. The champion came out confident and smiling. He was just giving this person a boxing lesson! But this time it was Leroy who leaped upon him. For the first time, Leroy looked the way he did when he fought Jerry. Smack, bang— Leroy landed on Flynn's mouth and on his eye. The champion clinched and hung on tightly. In the clinch I saw Leroy's elbow snap upward, and with it Flynn's head bounced up with a jerk. And now there was a new yell in the crowd, a fresh lot of throats breaking out. then I saw blood on Leroy's shoulder, but didn't care, for in a moment I knew it was from the champion's nose. I called out to Leroy, but so did a thousand others. The referee pushed between them, and Leroy started all over again. He slammed Flynn on each side of the head, so that it rocked from side to side, and they clinched again. There were a couple more clinched again. uppercuts. And then, after the referee separated them, Leroy had Flynn backed against the ropes, and was smashing at It was turning the tables. One of the champion's eyes was almost swollen shut, and he kept wiping his nose with his boxing glove. It all began to look quite gory, but I didn't care, now, because my It all began to look quite man was fighting his way, snatching victory from defeat. I was wild with excitement. Oh, it was something tremendous. screamed and yelled like a savage.

Finally, when the champion was making a desperate effort to fight back, Leroy caught him clean and square on the chin, and Flynn's knees just doubled up under him, and he went down on them, with a thump. Leroy jumped back to his own corner, and then Flynn got up. Leroy rushed for him, and the champion clinched, hanging on tight—and the bell rang. Back

in his corner Leroy turned round, looking for me. I waved and he waved back. I clapped my hands to show him that I was for him. I felt now that he would win. I was all eagerness.

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During the rest the champion recovered his self-confidence. He had lost only one round out of seven. But perhaps Leroy was thinking now of what I had advised him. The two of them started boxing, sparring, Harry Watts had called it. The champion was smiling, even with his swollen eye. His face was all sponged off clean. And all of a sudden I saw that spread-eagle position. Leroy saw it, probably quicker than I did. For on the very instant Leroy's whole upper body twisted toward the right and his left glove snapped squarely upon the exposed stomach.

The champion flopped. His legs popped out from under him and he went down backward and rolled over on one side. It was the same as with Jerry. He could not breathe. The referee sprang to his side and began beating time with one hand side and began beating time with one hand slowly. That, I knew, was the count. Leroy came trotting to his corner, and caught my eye and waved. And I—? I was dancing up and down in the aisle, and feverishly hoping that Flynn would not be able to get up. At the count of ten he rolled over on his back and the referee came to Leroy's corner, took hold of one arm and held it up high.

It was perhaps three or four minutes be-fore I found myself with Harry Watts and Lucile. Leroy was working his way through the crowd to his dressing room.

I could not get close to Leroy for the owd. The three of us were standing on crowd. some chairs. But I knew that I would see him soon, so I started homeward with my two friends. We had just turned a corner when Mr. Watts said, "Isn't this his car?"

WELL, who should know better than I? Of course it was, and a sudden dea struck me. "I'll just get in, and idea struck me. "I' wait for him," I said.

Of course Harry and Lucile stood alongof course Harry and Entere stood along-side and waited with me, to get a close up of the new champion. Finally a crowd ap-proached—the crowd that always follows a champion. When Leroy saw me he al-most leaped for the car, and warmly took my hand. I introduced my friends, in the confusion, as the people jammed around. "Say, fellows," said Leroy to his seconds and friends, as he took his place at the

wheel, "I'll see you in an hour—maybe one o'clock, at the rooms."

"You mean, we'll see you tomorrow," some one said, and every one laughed. Then we were off.

We drove quite a ways before we said anything. Then he spoke. "This is quite a surprise, to me."
"It is a bigger surprise, to me," I re-

plied.

"That hundred thousands yours, id. "You sure helped me to win that fight, all right."
"Oh no," I said, "but that's what I always want to do."

"Do you mean that?"
"Why, of course." And then he kissed me, with his foot on the brake. His lips me, with his 100t on the brake. His lips were swollen, probably tender, and I was afraid I'd hurt them—but he didn't mind. "This last week has been—" and he paused. "Well, to-night was like coming back to heaven, out of hell."

"I'm sorry, Leroy."

He hesitated. "Well, I'm going into a new line of business tomorrow."
I nestled against him. "Well, you don't

need to, now, on my account."

"Why, that's exactly what you said last week," he exclaimed.

I laughed. "That's right. But I'm say-

ing it altogether different, this time."



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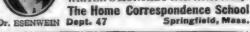


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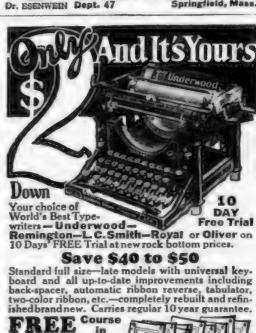
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What Gold Digging Got Me

[Continued from page 21]

Of course, Claire posed as a very lonely girl. She liked the friendship of a man of intelligence, a mature man who did big things in the world, and who could advise and help her; and she had no time for shallow young sheiks who wanted a girl for only one thing, and then often lived on them. Pleased and flattered, the man from Boston admired a girl like Claire, who never stayed out nights and who had ambitions in life. His wife was a hard, unsympathetic woman who went in suffrage, civic reform and various uplifts. A girl like Claire—so ingenuous, so gay, so innocent-made him feel young again. If Claire wanted to study he would help to educate her. At that time Claire had eight other men on her string each of whom believed he was financing her histrionic education, but so far as I know she never took a vocal or dancing lesson. He went to Europe on business the next summer, as did Claire on another boat. On her return, loaded with trunks of "loot", she moved into an apartment on Park Avenue and for several months sported a car and chauffeur. Then something happened. From what I could learn I think the Boston man's family got wise and put detectives on Claire. Suddenly his ardor cooled. Claire admitted he accused her of "cheating." When Claire saw he was easing off, being of a violent temper, she tried some rough stuff. She threw a fit of stage hysteries. She wanted money, a settlement, or she was going to tell his wife. The old game.

"What you can tell my wife she knows already," said the gentleman, politely, "and what my wife thinks of me is nothing compared to what I think of the mule I've made of myself." That for that, as Claire would have said. She had nearly a quarter of a million in jewels, but for a couple of months didn't have ready cash to pay for her Park Avenue apart-

ment rent.

"Oh, well! There are always more like him!" cheered the chipper Claire. "And I still say any girl's a fool who bothers with the young fellows. They're long on the talk and short on the cash, but take the big butter and egg man who has spent all his life in hoarding up the dough and has never had any fun. When he is fifty he begins to see young folks playing around and to think of what he's missed. When he's bald-headed and fat he wants to be a kid again! That's the time to catch 'em! They're ripe for a fling at romance, and, gee, how they fall!"

THIS Florida Drew perked up. AT THIS Florida Drew perked up. Florida was a quiet intelligent girl who had recently joined the show. She had ambitions. She took vocal and dancing lessons, and never went out nights. Each night her mother met her at the stage door. She had wisdom of her own, too. "Well, as for me," said Florida, "I think it's better to have a Harlem flat than an apartment on Park Avenue. A Harlem flat costs only forty-seventy fifty a month, and a girl doesn't have to give a duplicate

key to anyone."
"Bromide!" jeered Claire, jauntily ruffling her blonde hair. "You can't get on in this business unless you have a backer.

The time came when lovely Florida Drew was offered diamonds, too. A man from Cleveland who had made millions in the manufacture of automobiles fell vio-lently in love with her. Whether or not he as the dressing rooms. There are no sewanted to marry her at first I don't know.

Comparatively few of the men who make love to us show girls have any serious intentions. The Cleveland millionaire some Florida gorgeous gifts. She refused them. Next thing he married her. While I was on tour in a road show last year I san Florida in her beautiful Cleveland home. She was the mother of a darling baby, and was blissfully happy. As for Claire, who was the envied model of a successful golddigger in my earlier days, Claire and I fared similarly in playing the game in the

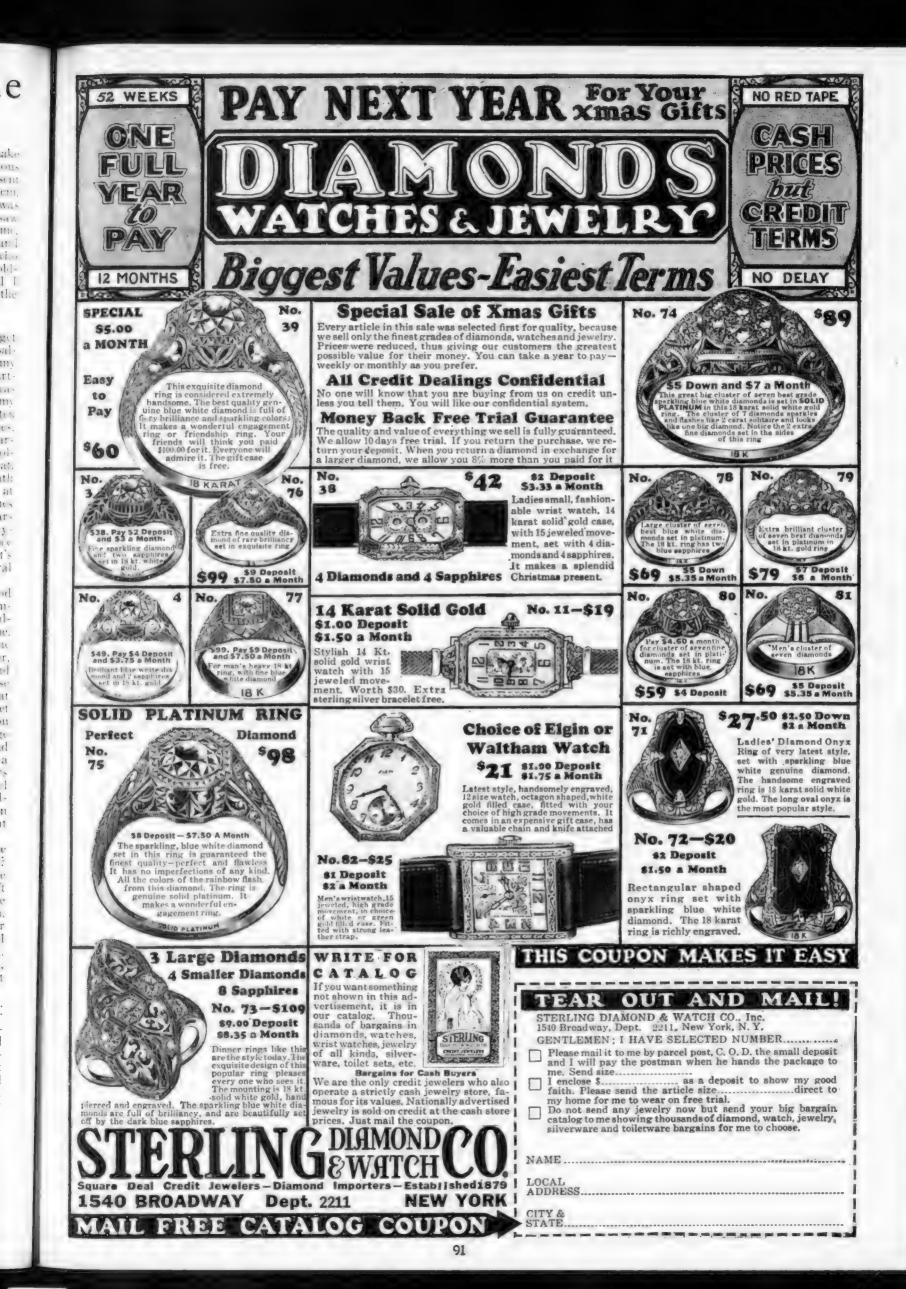
SOON found I wasn't going to get much out of life on a chorus girl's salary of forty dollars a week. During my second season I shared a shabby apart-ment with a girl, the rent of which was a hundred dollars. When I sent my laundry out it cost from six dollars to ten dollars a week. I needed new dresses, and a decent gown cost from fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars; shoes, twelve dollars a pair; lingerie, hats, a winter coat. Often I washed my laundry in the bath tub. Now and then I got jobs posing, at five or ten dollars a sitting, and sometimes made twenty-five dollars to thirty dollars a week extra. But I wasn't getting any where. It was a hand to mouth existence and I began to fret against the grind. It's that sort of thing that weakens the moral fiber of a girl.

I loved to dance. I wanted a good time. I'd have preferred to drink champagne and frolic rather than eat a sand-wich in an automat and go home alone. Unless you have genuine talent for the stage and are destined for a real career, unless you are so filled with ambition and a love of your work that nothing else counts, the lure of the night life and what men are willing to give the girls will get under your skin. Especially when you know you're as attractive as the upstage dames who high-hat you in their furs and diamonds, while you've been wearing a gown which has been to the cleaners heavens knows how many times. You feel chean and cheated. You want to be admired, and to receive the tributes of men to your charm. You can't help but want

what the others are getting. Failing to advance in our legitimate work, how can we get what we want? Are we going back home? After the Broadway virus gets in our blood we can't abide the thought of the humdrum life back home. It is a sort of contagion, this craze for luxury, for excitement, for thrills, for gowns and glitters and all night orgies of drinking and dancing. Few girls, once the night life grips them, ever do go back home. They don't want to, until it is too late.

In our chorus there were forty girls. Of that number perhaps ten took their profession seriously. They possessed talent of greater or less degree, had good voices, and were ambitious for advance-ment toward a serious career. They took vocal and dancing instructions, and found no lure in the night life of Broadway. Of the thirty others probably twenty or twenty-five enjoyed such a life as any beautiful girl can lead if she wishes to employ her charms and her arts upon men. With a demoralizing envy gnawing in my heart, I observed their variable success through an entire winter.

[Turn to page 92]



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What some of those dames got away with was amazing. Naturally, their success was in proportion to their wits. And the more callous and mercenary they

were, it seemed the more they got.

There was Dolly May. Dolly had been a ticket seller in a moving picture house in a Pennsylvania town. Dolly had married the manager of the house and used him as bridge to get to New York. specialized in elderly sugar papas. was a frivolous, garrulous girl, but with a certain shrewd wit. She said she didn't care how old they were. A millionaire lumber man from the west helped to 'educate" her. This education provided for her clothes and living expenses. could see Dolly almost every night on Proadway dragging along some ancient thing, and almost every day she added to loot. Nothing was too trivial for Dolly; she always got something, if only a pair of gloves or a dozen silk stockings. Dolly's biggest clean up on a single breach of promise settlement was eight thousand dollars. But money ran through her fingers like water. She ended miserably, dying in a hospital of a frightful disease.

OTTIE SCHAAD was more practical than Dolly. When gentlemen wished to give Lottie tangible evidences of their devotion, she made them put it in realizable securities. I think in her affairs she must have consulted Dunn's. Lottie established a record among gold-diggers when a middle aged banker, who became madly infatuated, bought a house for her on Long Island worth two hundred thousand dollars.

Nathalie Monroe, with whom I shared an apartment, was a lovely Irish girl Nathalie told me from Boston. widowed mother was terribly poor. Nathalie possessed a dark Celtic beauty, and she wasn't a gold-digger by nature. We had a stiff time that winter trying to make ends meet. Like myself, Nathalie didn't go out with men. But we went to a week end party at Lottie Schaad's Long Island place, motoring down one Saturday night in a big touring car which she sent for us.

At that week end party Nathalie met Sol Benjamin. Sol was the brother of a Wall Street broker who had figured prominently in national affairs during the war and had made millions out of contracts. Part of those millions had come Sol's way. He was an amiable, quiet man, physically unattractive, gaunt-faced and tall, with a nose like an enormous parrot. He fell madly in love with Nathalie. Practical and business like, he put his proposition frankly before her. To his credit he didn't try to deceive or double cross her. He offered to install Nathalie in a comfortable apartment, give her an allowance, everything she wanted. She refused. Sol often came around and took Nathalie and me to dinner. Shrewd, calculating and patient, he bided his time. He took us for spins in his Rolls Royce. He would sit around in our place, looking over our dingy furnished apartment under the shadow of the Sixth Avenue elevated at 110th Street with a grim, half amused look of expectancy on his face

He admitted he was a family man, that liked his wife and was proud of his ildren. But if Nathalie would come to children. her senses-

Our show closed and in a month Na-We couldn't pay thalie and I were broke. our rent, and the landlord threatened ejection. We managed to live by buying on credit at the grocer's and butcher's around the corner. We couldn't even pay around the corner. We couldn't even pay our laundry bills. We walked downtown to the agents to try to get extra work in pictures. But there was a slump everywhere.

In July Nathalie had a birthday. It was a cheerless birthday, for she had just had a letter from her old mother, Her mother was sick, her brother was out of a job and Nathalie was in despair. That hot sweltering night Sol came around and took us for dinner at the Claremont. We hadn't eaten much for a week, and I ate famishedly. Sol watched Nathalie with a look of keen appraisement on his dark face.

"We're having a birthday party and you don't eat. You look as if you were at a funeral, what?" Nathalie, the tears coming to her eyes, told him of the depressing letter she had had from her "Oi, oi, oi! Your mother is mother. sick and she must have a doctor. Sure! Now, you be a nice sensible girl. You he nice to Sol and he'll be nice to you. See, what I brought you for your birth

day."
Sol undid a package and passed over to Nathalie a modest leather bag. "But what good is a leather bag unless you have something to put in it? Open it, open it," he urged, as Nathalie regarded the inexpensive handbag with a faint smile.

if you want to give it back!"

The gloating look on Sol's face, the exultance in his gleaming eyes, filled me with a wave of suspicious resentment. Nathalie opened the bag. Her eyes dilated as she took out some folded yellow

Aghast she turned to me. I took the folded pieces of yellow paper and counted—ten one thousand dollar bills. Nathalie's face was a puzzle. Ten thousand thalie's face was a puzzle. Ten thousand dollars! Doubtless Sol and his brother had made their millions by waiting for "the psychological moment" every time. Again he had judged right. Could Nathalie part with those bills? What do you expect of a girl? And do you blame us if we get hard and callous when men, as they do when they can't get us otherwise, wait until we're at the end of our resources and all our defenses are down? Sol installed Nathalie in a suite in the Hotel Vanderbilt. He bought her antique mahogany furniture, the best made electric player piano, a runabout, and gave her all the money she wanted. He was unstintedly liberal. And at the end of two years, when his fancy flitted elsewhere, he gave Nathalie a gift of \$50,000. As for Nathalie, was it worth it? mother died a few months after she had made that step. Her sweetness and ingenuousness have gone from her. There is a hard look on her face today, and she is hard. Thousand dollar bills may come once in a gold-digger's lifetime. Nathalie doesn't hesitate to add a hundred dollars, or even less, when she can get it, to her bank account.

WENT on the road that fall. It was while playing in Pittsburg that I met Charley Hard. Charley was a handsome man of forty-five, and one of the big men in coal and steel. He became deeply infatuated with me, and when the show left he followed it for weeks from city to city until we had returned to New York. I liked Charley. The attentions of a man of his position and wealth flattered me. He offered me everything I had ever wanted. Yes, I wanted money, adequate clothes, comfort, but more than those I wanted the position and future security

of marriage.
"Sure, I'll marry you," Charley agreed, "but it takes some time to get a divorce. It's all in the hands of the lawyers," He persuaded me he had already arranged with his wife, on the basis of a settlement,

to begin proceedings.

Charley was a paragon of generosity. He sent me hundreds of dollars worth of

lingerie and bought me forty pairs of shoes. He got me dresses and a fur coat. Considering myself engaged I accepted them. There was no doubt in my mind he loved me, and that our marriage was merely a matter of time. Seriously I be-gan to make plans to retire from the stage is the wife of a multi-millionaire. I told

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the press agent of our engagement.

"Good story," said he. "It'll give the show a little publicity. I'll send it out."

Charley invited me to go on a week end party on his yacht. It was a night of A marvellous wonderful full moon. supper was served on deck shortly after we arrived at 1 A. M. of a Sunday morning. Cruising over the gleaming waters of the Sound, I seemed transported in a world of enchantment A Hawaiian or-chestra played, somewhere far off down in the salon. Charley talked, and some-thing of the atmosphere of fairyland surrounded him, too. Gifted with a persua-sive eloquence (he was one of the most popular after dinner speakers in Pittsburg) he just charmed me. Like a conjurer, his words built up fairy castles and gardens, and my whole future became a dazzling romance. We were going to get married, and take a trip around the world together. He was going to show me Paris and other cities, Algiers, Cairo. When we came back, he would star me in a show, if I wanted him to.

"Beauty—romance—I've never had it!" he said as we were walking the deck.

"Steel and coal, that's all I've known. I've

made my pile, and now I want a little girl like you. My wife never understood me. You do. She never had an ounce of sentiment in her make up. All she wants is money. Of course, I'll have to give her a liberal settlement. Two or three months more and then—" His arm stole around me. I was silent. "Our life is going to be just one grand heliday. I love you little just one grand holiday. I love you, little girl. And there's nothing on God's green footstool I won't give you. There's nothing I can't buy for you. You've had a hard road, but that's over. Why are you so quiet? You love me, don't you? Tell me you love me." me you love me."

Under the influence of the moonlight

and the champagne, the marvel of being on that magical boat, I seemed to be in a trance, dreamily happy. "Love you?" I repeated vaguely. A silver mistiness repeated vaguely. blurred my senses.

"We'll be married as soon as the decree is signed." His arms drew me close. "Kiss me." With all that he promised, all that seemed already within the pos-session of my two hands, my heart was filled to tears with gratitude. fastened upon mine, unresisted. His lips

A few days later the press agent's story was published, with my picture, in the newspapers. Charley wakened me from my morning sleep. Furiously enraged, he stormed over the telephone. "What the hell?"—etcetera. He didn't make himself quite clear as to why he should be so angry, but that afternoon the late editions carried a story from Pittsburg that shattered my world about me.

THIS brought me up suddenly, face to face with a tragic situation. My gold-digging had suddenly turned to ashes and dust. I had been tricked, deceived. Now I sympathize with girls who have to deal with men like Charley. What could I do? Could I go back and live on a chorus girls' salary? In January SMART SET I tell you how this deception influenced my life and what, as a gold-digger, I did next in my effort to live,



They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

RTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. Then, to the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.
"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

per to Arthur.

"Heavens, no," Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . ."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn. The crowd laughed merrily. Then I started to play started to play.

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound! I played on.

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions.

"Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where did you learn?"—"Who was your teacher?"

Plano Violin Organ Clarinet

The Moonlight Sonata die with a sudden reacher and the surrounded by exclaiming with rapid questions.

"I was exclaimed by the surrounded by exclaiming with rapid questions." "Where did you learn?"—"Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I

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or 5-string)

seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't playa

note."

"Quit your kiding,!' laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a

short while," I insisted. "I kept it a secret so that I could surprise you folks."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

Then I told them the whole story.

"It seems only a few months ago that I saw an ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the plano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! The method she used required no laborious scales or exercises. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"It arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study it. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. I sent for the course and found it was easy as A. B. C.! Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I could play ballads or classical numbers or lazz, with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!"

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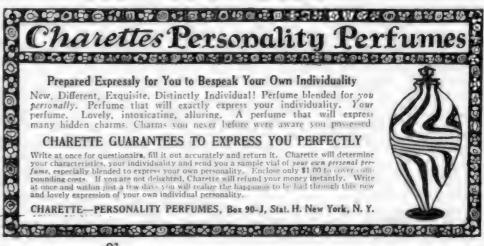
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Present Occupation

Write your address plainly in margin

Who Is My Father?

[Continued from page 55]

that I was not of this family, although in Two or three times I pressed the woman who calls herself my mother for an explanation. She is a kind, motherly, good woman but she has always evaded my questions by saying. "It is because you are the only one in the family who has any brains. You're the lady of the family."

Apparently I am a lady born; I can tell it myself, by instinct and by the many comparisons with the other members of the family I have drawn. But I would much rather be a genuine member of this happy, lowly family than to be what I am -a nameless, fatherless child.

ONLY two clues to my identity have been given me since I have been old enough to recognize my condition. One was a visit to our home about three years ago of a mysterious man from abroad. This man was an American but he evidently had lived in foreign countries so long he had acquired foreign mannerisms and almost a foreign accent. When I was about sixteen my "mother" came to the convent in which I was going to school and said she wanted me to come home with her for a day because my uncle had come to visit and he was very anxious to

My uncle proved to be a tall, handsome man of about fifty, who said, during the course of our first conversation, that he had come from Brussels especially to sec me because he had not seen me since I was When the other children came home from their work he greeted them pleasantly and chatted with them but I was the one who received practically all of his attention. My "mother" even left us alone in the drawing room for more than an hour. He asked me how I was getting along with my studies and my music and asked me to play several pieces for him on the piano and on my violin. After we had all dined together my uncle took the other children and me to a theater. He left New York by an early train the next morning and I have not seen him since.

I am convinced now that this man who was called my uncle is really my father. All my make-believe mother would ever

tell me about him was that he is my uncle.

"He travels all over the world, dear," she said. "He'll be back again one of these days."

Certainly, anyone with half an eye could see that he is not the brother of either my supposed mother or father. He looks nothing like them. Their conduct toward him was deferential. But he has passed out of my life as mysteriously as he came

About a year after my "uncle's" visit I became so tortured with worry and curiosity about myself that I went to the woman who is called my mother and demanded that she reveal my identity to me. I told her of all my suspicions, what I thought about my "uncle," how I regarded the members of her family and everything that had burdened my mind since my doubts were first stirred.

I am of an emotional nature and sometimes I have difficulty in controlling myself. My "mother" proved adamant. She said there was no foundation for my suspicions. She said it was all imagination. She pointed out that the nature which gave me these misgivings was the same nature which made me superior 'to' the other members of the family. She repeated that

this was the reason why I had always been favored and given advantages which the others never received because they all realized that there was something about me, something in my make up and temperament, which did not exist in the others

She did not convince me for a second but I became so upset that the interview ended in hysterics and I was put to bed to rest. Since then I have tried to learn nothing from my supposed mother. She has been kinder than ever to me since this experience but I know she will never divulge the secret of my birth or parentage until she receives instructions or permission to do so from the proper source.

The other clue I spoke of was a letter 1 intercepted and from which I gleaned the only information I have been able to get about myself. It came from Germany about five months ago, and it was the third letter which had been received from foreign land at our home within about two years. My "mother" was away for the week-end and I was at home with a friend when the letter came. in English and since I read it and destroyed it I am the only one who know. that it ever reached its destination. It was a carefully written letter, penned by a highly educated man, and in it were two sentences which mentioned my first name and made reference to me.

Evidently my own suspicions and misgivings about myself had been learned by the writer through correspondence with my "mother" because he said in one men-

tion of me.

"Do your best to carry on as you are for a while longer. Myra must be told soon all about herself but it cannot be for the present. I am devoting my life to making amends for the fact I could not marry her mother but I cannot arrange my affairs to come to an understanding with her immediately."

In another sentence he said, "If neces sary I shall arrange to send Myra abroad within a year or so. The fact that she is an illegitimate child will not work against her in Europe." The letter bore the signature of the Christian name I had been told to call my uncle, "Harry.

There it was in plain language. There was in all its naked horror There it was, a confirmation of all of my

fears and suspicions.

HIS letter dazed me, stunned me. I Teannot recall that I experienced any mental process after I had been struck with the full force of its meaning. stupor I tore it into small bits and threw the pieces into the fire place where I watched them burn. It seemed as if my soul was burning with them.

Then the reaction began within me. Surely the fury of a woman scorned cannot compare in violence with the overwhelming desire which suddenly came to me to wreak vengeance upon every man who crossed my path. My desire for vengeance was too strong for expression. Had my real father been present in the room I am sure I would not have betrayed feelings toward him. I am sure would have treated him pleasantly and encouraged him to be friendly to me. I would have waited until he was asleep or otherwise off his guard and then I would have done some horrible thing to him which would have caused him suffering for the rest of his days or brought him to a slow, tortuous death.

For days I was in this mood and during all of this time I was so outwardly tranquil that other members of the family remarked that I was looking unusually bright marken and cheery. I don't sun. I can't explain. I don't know what made me

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During this period of my reaction I conexceed plot after plot to accomplish my desires, not only against my father but gainst all men. I was going to become blackmailer and rob every man I could come in contact with of his money and his ther out, whoever he is, and wherever was and kill him and then kill myself. Still this did not suit me as being sufment vengeance against men for the a rong a man had done me so I plotted e extensively. A thousand schemes methods of retaliation entered my Possibly it is well they did because the imaginary accomplishment of them gave me certain relief and this mood eventually burned itself out.

In a few weeks I regained my sanity .. ithout having done any of the things I entemplated doing. I must have been comporarily insane to have entertained such Edeous thoughts. I began to reason, as I am now trying to reason, and to find a solution of this problem without sacrificing the splendid body and brain with which God

has blessed me. Sometimes, yet, I have depressed mo-ents. These usually come when I am th my music or am wandering in our rden, looking at the flowers and enjoying the beauties of Nature. I sometimes wonder if it is right that I should play sweet music. I get to thinking may-be I am too unclean. When the flowers attract me I sometimes feel the same way Jout them and then I am persuaded by my own powers of reasoning that maybe I, too, can spread beauty and happiness.

On the wall of our drawing room there is a picture of me taken when I was about eight years old. I was a dainty, sweet untroubled little girl then. I wore a fluffy white frock and my hair was tied with a luge bow. In my arms I held a pet kitten. Surely if this little girl had been taken out of the world at the age when this picture was taken she would have had the same chances in the hereafter as other innocent little girls. Surely, if there is a God, he would not have held her to account for the illicit love of two people who let their affections carry them beyond the barriers of propriety erected by what we call society. Surely, then, this little girl who has only crown older and wiser, not more wicked, can find a place in God's world which she can occupy with the same sense of security and decency which is afforded her more iortunate sisters.

I hope to learn soon who my father is because if he is the man I think, he is a much more learned and accomplished man than any with whom I now get an opportunity to associate and as his daughter I may be able to receive assurance on some the questions which beset me.

If he should read this story he will recegnize me and if he does I want him to know that I pray nightly for him to come and tell me, "Who is my father?"

LUTHER SPECK loved me and he was clean and loyal. But in spite of that I left him and in New York I met Frazer Foster, a free-living persona sculptor. Something new and beautiful stirred in me and I asked myself "Could This Be Love?" Then Luther came and all my new, bright world-but you will want to read my story as I have written; it for you in SMART SET for January.

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The Cad Who Told

[Continued from page 33]

him after he was dead and couldn't know it. But, speaking in confidence and seeing nobody will know who I am or who Mr. Trelayne is, I must say that after three years in his service he was not a hero. Likeable, he was, and a most pleasant and agreeable man, even after drinking hard. He could bring you around, with his goodnatured talk and his ready yarns, but he had no principle. He was a great one for laughing, that I must say, and ready to pay any price for his little joke, as I will Most folks thought him handsome, and he was, though my liking isn't for such dark men, and moreover in the morning before I'd done with the hot towels and the ice, and the egg pack and all, he looked a bit seedy.

WELL, as I have said, we had plenty of the opposition sex around, always, but such a lady as she was he had never had, and I saw that from the very first For there was one as was a lady. seen her like when I was with Lord Ashburton, and she reminded me some of the young lady His Lordship was engaged to when he went out to France.

She was so sweet and gentle and lovely,

in a ladylike way, that I said to my wife, "What she's doing around the like of him, I can't tell. It makes me fair sick."

But my wife says, "There's no telling about love, Cox, me man. 'Tis my idea the Lord has a system he hasn't yet revealed to us, but 'twill all work out in good time."

I'll call this lady Mrs. Garland, though that's not her name, and she come out to the studio first with her husband, and they was introduced to Mr. Trelayne. I saw quick enough by the turn of his eye that his fancy was took by her. He likes them slim and dark-eyed.

I never could see my way to blame her. She was so gentle and innocent and easy She was one of them believing deceived. women, and Mr. Trelayne had made himself believed by some women that was hard-boiled as they come. So when he started making love to her and putting his best into it, it's not surprising that she thought he meant all he said and all he looked, and that she was the one great love of his life.

THEN, there was her husband. I never got on to how that come about, but she must have been a mere babe when she married him, for she had a little boy five years old, and she was still a slip of a girl to look at. Her husband may have been an imposing looking old bird, when she took him, but he was old now, and getting bald, and he had a mean eye and a harsh tongue, I can tell you. He treated her in a way, even before the likes of me, that showed how little he valued or under-stood how fine she was. Some said she married him for his money (he had mil-lions all right) but I could never bring myself to believe it. I expect she thought he was a great man.

I don't know when Mr. Garland began to suspect that his wife was in love with Mr. Trelayne. Naturally, being what he was, he suspected her of worse than was true. Mr. Trelayne never concealed anything from me, in these matters, having no delicacy anyway and me being necessary to his plans as a rule, and I swear that lady was innocent of anything except being in love with a man that wasn't her husband and that wasn't fit for her to

wipe her shoes on. She thought it was a grand romance, and that justified her actions as they was in her own eyes, like it's done many a good woman before, but sin she never did.

Well, anyway, just how or when Mr. Garland hired detectives to put a dictaphone in Mr. Trelayne's dressing bungaow out on the lot, we never knew, but

they did it.

They got the thing in all right, but Mr. Trelayne caught them when they was trying to take the records out. He'd gone to sleep on his couch after working at night, me having gone home, which was most unusual. So when they broke in, he was there. He found out quick enough what it was all about, and he bought the record off of them for a good price, they being like most private detectives, for sale to the highest bidder.

I don't think at the time he intended anything wrong, but was just protecting his own reputation and maybe giving hers a thought, though I doubt it. soon the idea come to him, devilish ideas coming easy any time to his brain, that he'd like to hear them. So he got the boys at the studio to rig him up a ma-chine. He said he'd never heard himself making love and it would give him a kick.

Well, of course when he'd heard it and had his big laugh, nothing would satisfy him but he must have some of his pals in. and run those records for them. the first time I ever spoke to him, personal like, but I up and said, "Mr. Trelayne, you'd ought not to do that. They'll know the lady's voice, and it's dishonorable. It's worse than showing a love letter." Which it was, a thousand times.

But he had them in just the same, and they all laughed.

I KNEW something was brewing about that time, between them. They was figuring for her to run off with him to New York. Then she could get a divorce. But I don't suppose he'd told her he had a wife, hale and hearty and living in England, that wouldn't divorce him for all the money there was, being as how she hated him too much to accommodate him.

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I used to wish she could just see him like he was. But it never occurred to me I could do anything until one day she come to the studio in the afternoon to meet him and he'd been called out on location unexpected. I was pressing his dress clothes, and I asked her to come in and wait, and she sat down, looking as sweet as a flower.

And then I got the inspiration.
I said, polite, "Maybe you'd like for me to put on some records Mr. Trelayne has been running. He made them himhas been running. He made them him-self, and he's been running them for his friends and it's caused a lot of entertainment around the studio."

I turned it on, and I got one look at her face, and then I went out and left her alone. I couldn't bear to see her. When I come back she was gone and I'd left the electric iron on and burned a hole in Mr. Trelayne's best dress pants, and I never saw her again and neither did he.

But the other day I saw a picture of her and her little boy in the society page of the paper. He's a fine boy. I expect a woman could devote her life to a son like that and be happy. My wife says, "In the end. Cox, me man, a woman's son is more to her than any other man that ever lived." I hope she's right.

[Continued from page 37]

found him walking up and down in front of the little station, and when he saw me, he came up at once and led me off down the street, looking about as though terribly afraid someone might see us. But there wasn't anybody about, except a couple of taxi drivers, and I didn't know

a soul in the place.

We stopped in the shadow of some trees, and Bert asked me, very roughly, what I wanted. I think he must have known, though, because he was frightened.

When I told him he swore.

"What do you want me to do about it?"

he said.

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"I don't know," I told him, and I didn't. "I thought you might suggest something."

"If you mean marry you," he growled, "there's nothing doing. I haven't the money to support a wife, and anyway, the old man won't take me into the business if I get married before I'm twenty-five. He doesn't believe in kid marriages." Then he took a roll of bills from his pocket and

put them in my hand.
"This is all I could get together. I suspected what you were after when you phoned, and don't bother me any more, or write me any more letters. I'm through." Then he looked at his watch

and walked away.

THE next day I sent the money back to Bert by registered mail, without a word.

After the way he had acted toward me, I hated him. Then I began to lay my plans to go to my sister in Pittsburg.

I knew I couldn't go until after Christmas. Mother would want me home, then, and anyway, I could not expect to stay away so long. The family would have away so long. The family would have thought it queer, and my sister might not have wanted me all that time. I thought I would be able to stay home until some

I would be able to stay home until some time in February.

The weeks that came after that were a nightmare. No matter what wrong I had done, no matter what sin I had committed, I believe I paid for it then. The suffering I went through, the agony of remorse, the fear that someone might find out, almost killed me. Most of all I thought of my mother, of what discovery would mean to her. I knew I looked worn and haggard, and she noticed it, and wanted to know what was the matter. wanted to know what was the matter. Poor mother! I felt I would rather die than tell her. It would have broken her

heart.
So I pretended I was just run down, needed a change, and told her I would like to go out and visit my sister in Pittsburg. This was in January, and mother wrote a letter about it right away. The answer came back that I would be more than welcome, so I packed up and left

at once.

As soon as I got to my sister's I told her everything. I knew there would be no use in waiting. She was furious, at first, use in waiting. She was furious, at first, and said I might as well be dead, but afterwards she agreed to help me, on mother's account, she said. But she insisted on telling her husband. He would have to know, anyhow, she explained, because in a few weeks it would be necessary for me to go to a hospital.

I will say for my brother-in-law that he acted splendidly and was much nicer to me than my sister was. I heard him

to me than my sister was. I heard him tell her that I was only a child, who had been made the victim of a man who deserved to be shot, and that the thing to do was to help me, not blame me. But

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that didn't stop me from blaming myself. I wish every girl who thinks she can play with fire could know what I went through. They wouldn't be so ready to make fools of themselves.

My sister told everybody that I was suffering from a nervous breakdown and couldn't see anyone. So when callers came I stayed in my room. But other nights my brother-in-law would sit and talk to me just like a real brother, and a great deal more kindly than my brother Tom had ever talked to me. He never referred in any way to tribe had made to used to tell me about trips he'd made, to He is an South America, and abroad. engineer, and his work takes him all over. He'd bring me books to read, toolove stories-I guess he knew I wouldn't care about that-but travel books, stories about China, the South Sea Islands, and such places. If it hadn't been for him I don't know what would have become of for my sister, while she tried to be kind, never forgave me. She felt I was a disgrace to the family.

REMEMBER once my brother-in-law said to me:

"We all make mistakes—terrible ones, most of us. If we're honestly sorry, they ought to be overlooked." That was as close as he ever came to saying anything about my trouble. Then he went on to tell about a man he knew, a doctor, who'd made a mistake in an operation on one of his patients and the patient died. He said the doctor began to drink, after that, took to drugs, and ruined his life. It was a great pity, my brother-in-law said, because the man was a fine surgeon, and could have helped many people if he had only had the courage to face his mistake and live it down. He told me this story, I know, just to cheer me up, and he ended by saying that society was very unjust to women and usually made them pay for their mistakes far more heavily than men had to pay, even when the man was the one at fault.

couldn't help thinking of Bert, having a good time at college while I was going through the tortures of hell, and it didn't seem right, because no matter what I had done I was no more to blame than he was. Not as much, in a way, because he was older than I was, and knew more about I was just a stupid little fool. the world.

At last, after what seemed centuries of iting, I went to the hospital. My went to the hospital. waiting, brother-in-law was fine, made all the arrangements and insisted on going along when I went, to cheer me up. My sister was along, of course, but I could see she felt the humiliation of it. She couldn't get away soon enough.

am not going to tell about my stay in the hospital. It was something I try to forget. Not but what everybody was very kind and nice to me, but for a girl in my position it couldn't be anything but dreadful, no matter how kind people tried to be. At last my suffering was over and I went to sleep. When I woke up and I went to sleep. When I was dead.

suppose it would be hard for anyone to understand-anyone, that is, who had not been through the same sort of an experience, how terribly I felt when I heard that. Even though I was unmarheard that. Even though I was unmarried, even though a child, in my case, would have been utter disgrace. I longed for my baby, and cried bitterly when I learned it was gone. I suppose nature provides for all that-puts in a mother's heart an instinctive love that nothing can

forgot all about society's rules, about such things as marriage, or disgrace, and thought only of the little soul to which I had given being, the tender and innocent life so quickly snuffed out. My sister, when she saw my grief, told me I was a fool, that I ought to be very glad I could go back home with no one the wiser for what had happened. When she said that almost hated her, even though I lowew she was thinking of me, and of me is r and dad.

I was really little more than a child then, but I was a woman too, with woman's instincts, and something told me that nature hadn't made the rules that my sister was going by, and that in wishing for my baby I was following instincts very much deeper and more important than all the laws that society has the made, put together. My brother-in aw understood, I guess, for he made me wall My brother-in ... that he grieved with me. Not many were would have done that.

It was three weeks before I was alle to go home, and when I did go I paler and more haggard looking that I had been when I came. Just before I left Pittsburg my brother-in-law browning a young man to the house, an assistant engineer in the New York office of the company for which my brother-in-lex worked. I met Donald, and liked lim very much, and he seemed to like ... too, for he said that when he returned to York he was going to look me up. My brother-in-law said afterwards, with he had gone, that he was one of the nespromising young men the company had, and would surely make his mark.

I took a train, when I left, that would bring me home late in the evening. thought that if the family noticed I look tired and drawn. I could blame it on the long trip. Dad came to the station to meet me and drove me home in the car. He was terribly glad to see me, and 1 " his arm about me and kissed me, the wa he used to do when I was a child.

I didn't go back to school that spring in fact, I had stopped going right after t'. Christmas holidays, saying I did not feel well enough to keep up. So when I go: home, things were very quiet. There was nothing much to do. I went out, occanothing much to do. went out, occasionally, with some of the girls, and the club, now and then, but I still felt too badly to play tennis, or swim in the club pool, the way I used to. I told everybody who asked me about my illness had a nervous breakdown, and it had affected my heart. I to lie all the time but there was nothing else I could do. It is astonishing how many lies you have to tell, once you begin that sort of thing.

WONDERED if I should have to keep on deceiving people all the rest of my life, especially if I happened, some day, fall in love. I began to see how far from real love my affair with Bert had been. Whenever I thought of him it was with disgust at his selfishness, his lack of consideration. He did not even take the trouble to ask how I was, although for all he knew I might have died.

Mother was a good deal worried about me, and wanted me to see a specialist, but I laughed at her and told her all I needed was a good tonic, which was true. A month after I got home I began to feel much better, and pretty soon I was all right again, physically. But mentally I was very different and I knew I should never feel as light-hearted and gay as I had before I met Bert.

May I was very much surprised 133 one Sunday morning to get a telephone call from Donald. He said that after call from Donald. He said that after leaving Pittsburg he had been sent to call from Chicago to look over some work and had had only just returned to New York. He wanted to know if he might come out that afternoon and call. I told him he

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could, that I should be mighty glad to see him, which was true. I had only seen him that one night, when my brother in-law brought him home, but I had been thinking about him ever since, and won dering if he would remember me and call up, as he said he would.

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I had told mother about him, and when I introduced him to the family I could see at once that they liked him a lot. Even my brother Tom, who thinks himself grown-up and a man of the world. seemed impressed, and took us over to the club for tea. Tom's idea of tea was the club for tea. Tom's idea of tea was cocktails, of course, but while Donald took one, I could see he wasn't wild about them. My brother-in-law had told me what a responsible position he held, for a man of only twenty-four, and I figured out that he didn't drink much because he was trying to make a record with the company for careful work and had to keep his head about him. But he wasn't a bit up-stage about it, just told Tom that synthetic gin upset his stomach if he took much of it.

I KNOW he was surprised when he saw me. When I met him in Pittsburg I had just gotten out of the hospital and looked terribly pale and drawn. But my weeks of rest at home had brought back my color, and I had gained over ten pounds in weight, and looked better than I ever had before in my life. Less like a child, I guess, and more like a woman.

At any rate, he spoke of it when we were alone that evening, and of course I was very much pleased. He said I was twice as pretty as he had thought I was, and he was coming out to see me when-ever he had a chance. He also wanted me to meet him in town some time and have dinner and go to the theater. He even promised to bring me home but I told him that wasn't necessary, that all he need do was put me on the train and would have someone meet me.

I would have someone meet me.

In fact, I said, by making arrangements in advance, I could easily fix it to spend the night in town at the home of one of my friends. There were two girls I knew very well who lived in New York—one the wife of a man who works in a publisher's office, the other an art student, with a studio down on Eighth Street. So it was arranged that I was to come in the following Wednesday afternoon. He spoke to mother about it, before he left, and I think she was greatly pleased at and I think she was greatly pleased at the idea that some worth-while young fellow had taken an interest in me.

It had worried her a lot to see me sitthad worried her a lot to see me sitting at home so much, but so many of the young men in our town were like Bert, just looking for a good time and not caring who they hurt in getting it, that I preferred to stay at home and read a book, rather than go out with them. And they were younger men, too, around nineteen or twenty. The older these those of Donald's age thought me ones, those of Donald's age, thought me too young to bother with, I guess.

saw Donald continuously, after that, all during the late spring and summer. He would come out to the house every Sunday, and during the week I went in to meet him quite often, and we had some wonderful times. Of course, I am not a feol. and I knew that Donald liked me a great deal—was really in love with me. And I felt the same way toward him.

You can't exactly explain such thingsdidn't feel the way I had with Bertbut somehow Donald and I were just—well—happy together. We liked the same things, had the same ideas, felt as though we had known each other all our lives. It is a very comfortable, and at the same time a very wonderful feeling. Whenever we met, even if we had seen



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each other the day before, it gave me a glow of happiness all over. And don't think that we were solemn and sedate about it, either.

Donald, in spite of the serious way he took his business, was just as gay as any other young fellow of his age, and I knew, irom a lot of things, that I appealed to him but he respected me, and even when he kissed me, which he did at times, I could tell that there was real love back of his

In July, almost a year after my first trip to the beach with Bert, I gave a little party, on my seventeenth birthday. Donald brought me the loveliest presenta chain, with a carved medallion hanging from it, all made of real tortoise shell. He didn't give it to me when he first came, but later in the evening, when we were sitting on the porch, and everybody It was a Saturday, and mother had gone. had asked Donald to spend the night, instead of going back to New York on a late train, so when the party was over Donald and I sat in the swing—the same swing in which Bert and I had sat that night a year before.

Donald surprised me by saying that in a few days he would have to go to Chicago again, and might be there for all the

rest of the summer.

Then, before I could tell him how surprised I was, and how sorry, too, that we were to be separated, he leaned over and whispered how much he loved me, and would I marry him, when he came back in the fall.

I honestly had not expected him to ask me this, and I don't think he meant to ask me, either-at least not then, because when a man makes up his mind to propose to a woman, in advance, he usually comes

prepared, with a ring and everything.
As for me, I had just been going on, week after week, knowing I was falling in love, yet not daring to admit it, even to myself. I was afraid to admit it. just wanted my happiness to continue, and so I kept putting the future in the background, thinking I might live in my fool's paradise forever. When Donald asked me to marry him I must have shown the terror I felt, for he drew back and seemed to feel hurt.

WHAT was I to say? Of course I loved him. And wanted to marry him, too. But the moment he spoke of marriage all the dreadful past came back to me, and I felt ready to die. If I told him all I knew he would go away and I should never see him again. Donald was old-fashioned, in a way. He had often said that he liked me because I was different from most girls-didn't drink and carry on the way so many of them did. So of course I knew that if I told him the truth he would have no further use for me.

On the other hand, how could I deceive him? It had been bad enough lying to It had been bad enough, lying to mother and dad. And if I did deceive him, by saying nothing, wouldn't he be certain, some day, to find out? Bert might say something, make some sneering remark. He was that kind. I felt sure I could trust my sister, and I guess nurses in hospitals are pretty careful, but somehow it terrified me to know that my life would be

founded on a lie, that I should be like a person living on the edge of a volcano, never certain but that some day I might wake up to find my whole world destroyed, swallowed up in mud and ashes.

I had made up my mind, while lying in the hospital at Pittsburg, that I would never marry. But I did not know then that inside of six months I would be in When Donald turned away from me with that hurt look in his eyes and said he thought I loved him, I knew that I did, that I would always love him. And the thought that he was going away, in a few days, and that, if I told him the truth I might never see him again left me weak and faint. It would be no lie, I argued. to tell him that I cared. I could do that, even if I never married him. So I put my arms around his neck and kissed him.

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70U know I love you, Don," I said. He was so happy it almost brought tears to my eyes to see it, when he heard that, and he took me in his arms and kissed me over and over very tenderly. He said he would bring out the ring, the next time he came, and we would tell mother and dad. before he went away to Chicago for the summer.

The next day, which was Sunday, was one of the happiest in my life. I thought I would have one day of happiness, anyway, before I told him. I kept saying to myself that I would tell him, before he gave me the ring-before anything had been said to mother and dad. But Don was too happy, himself, to keep our secret. That night at supper, before he left for town, he announced everything, to the whole family—explaining about his having to go away, but that, if dad approved, he wanted us to be married around Christmas.

Dad and mother were delighted, of course, as I knew they would be. Any girl's parents would have been glad to see her marry a man like Don. I saw I was My plan to meet Donald in town the next day, tell him the truth before we went to pick out the ring, was useless, now, for I would have to explain matters to mother and dad as well, and that was something I felt I could never do. I was willing to break my own heart by sending Donald away, but I was not willing to break mother's. Still I felt like a criminal at the very time when I should have been happiest. And all the while fate was working to put me in an even more terrible position-a position in which I either would have to tell Donald the truth, or outrage one of the deepest emotions and instincts of which a woman is capable.

From the time that Donald asked me to marry him, on Saturday night, to the following Monday afternoon, when I met him in town to go and pick out my engagement ring, my conscience never gave me a moment's peace. No matter how I tried to forget, no matter how I said to myself that I had not been at fault, that I loved Donald with all my soul, that I would be a true wife to him and never let him find out about the past-no matter how hard I tried to smooth things over, my conscience would not keep still. Way back in my head a voice kept saying. "You are in my head a voice kept saying. "You are a bad woman. You have no right to dea bad woman. ceive this man who loves you. the truth.

IFE was fast becoming a complicated business. At the very time when I L should have been happiest I was miserable because I could not bring myself to tell Donald the truth. At last I was forced into a situation where I had to choose between telling him everything or violating one of the deepest emotions of which a woman is capable. Even now it is painful to recall those tragic moments but I have set myself the task of telling you my story and you shall have the truth in January SMART SET.

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[Continued from page 70]

journalist and as a published's reader, but my income was uncertain and precarious. I had all I could do to live.

The winter was unduly prolonged, and light and warmth were two insatiable monsters who devoured most of my resources. There were moments when I longed to have the responsibilities of life lifted from off my shoulders, to be taken care of, and—most of all, to be able to afford the luxury of a headache without trembling lest it should prevent my working, or that it might even be the prelude to some more serious ailment, for I was mow troubled with headaches, blinding, devastating headaches and I occasionally fainted.

fainted.

I was, besides, terrified of Life, terrified of its cruelty, its hardness. I felt unutterably alone, and I vainly tried to beat off the black wings of thought. Then, suddenly the stress of life overcame me. Something snapped, and for days I lay unconscious until the alarmed caretaker com-

municated with my mother.

Her "chance" had come at last, and she took complete possession of me and my home. My few friends were denied admittance. I was wax in my mother's hands, but, although my mind was clouded, I had moments best described as shutters which lifted awhile, and then descended,

leaving me once more mentally confused.

During one of these "breaks" I found myself at a specialist's, whither my mother had taken me after a consultation with the late Dr. Ferrier. I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday, the window boxes gay with daffodils, and the rumble of traffic outside. I did not understand that in an adjoining room a friend was urging my mother to take me to her home and let me die in peace. I was "practically dying of exhaustion" he told her.

This proposition made no appeal whatever to my mother, who flatly refused to consider it.

"She could not possibly cope with insanity. Couldn't the doctor see for himself that I was as helpless as a baby? And why" she demanded, "why on all the earth was I insane?" There was therefore only one course open. As nobody consented to look after me, I must be certified as insane and removed to an Asylum.

"But." said my friend, "I will send your daughter to the only man in the world who may possibly save her." So, while I sat awaiting deliverance, my fate was sealed. My mother quickly completed the necessary formalities, and under the promise that I was to be taken to see a friend, I was driven away—to oblivion.

ONCE more the mental shutters closed; again they lifted—we were crossing a bridge. "Where—where are we going?" I cried desperately, and once again I visualise my mother's set face, its shocked, yet satisfied expression, her instinctive shrinking, yet sinister possessiveness. The cab stopped; lines of small white

The cab stopped; lines of small white houses faced a road riddled with bus lines. I had no knowledge of it.

Then reason penetrated my submerged intelligence and I read the words over the entrance where we stood awaiting admission.

"Why, when Douglas went mad, he was taken here," I cried. "Oh Mamma, it's a lunatic asylum!"



101



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Then I fainted, and I remember nothing more until I found myself in a suite of roems in that part of the asylum reserved for the use of paying patients. With hideous irony, my well-to-do aunts had decided to spare no expense. The money which had been denied me, and which would have kept me happy, healthy, and sane, was spent lavishly in order to save the family credit, and silence any accusations of neglect which might be laid to their charge.

My "suite" was well furnished. My mad-house bedroom opened into a sitting room, and in both rooms, wide bay windows looked out on the busy thoroughfare. But the windows of my cage only opened a few inches and there were heavy bars. I lay on the narrow iron bed, mercifully unconscious during most of the first

terrible days.

At regular intervals during the oppressive hours measured footsteps sounded in the echoing passages, keys clanked, doors were unlocked, and slammed to, and at last an obscure streak of light from a dark lantern revealed the night nurse, whose duty it was to dispense sleeping draughts, administer medicines, and make a general report. I think she pitied my distraught misery, accentuated by sheer bodily weakness and dawning conscious ness of my piteous plight. I was ship-wrecked on an uncharted sea.

My mother had allowed me to keep my rosary; it hung over the knob of my bed, and I held it close to my heart; but I could frame no prayers, my soul throbbed with one supplication-childish and insis-"Oh God, please take care of me, The hours passed, and my days with the Living Dead totalled a week. Then, one Living Dead totalled a week. blessed morning, I felt that a friend was sitting beside me; my hand was taken in a kindly grasp, I opened my eyes and my gaze was held captive, by other eyes, steel blue, penetrating, and all compelling. Thus I first made acquaintance with the doctor who saved my life and my reason, and I also gained the friend whose lovalty and kindness have never failed me from that day until now. My visitor was the Medical Superintendent of the house.

ON THAT never-to-be-forgotten morning he talked to me like a brother. He explained that I had been very ill, in fact I was hardly off the danger list. But I must try to help myself as much as possible. "Your future lies entirely in your own hands," said he. "Of course you must now be aware that you are not in a hospital."

I told him that I fully realised I was in an asylum, but I couldn't face staying there indefinitely. I wanted to begin work again, to go home. My pleadings only called forth one reply, "Patience, have confidence in yourself and trust in me."

Like most private asylums this one possessed picturesque surroundings; the gardens featured park-like trees, dense shrubberies, velvet lawns, and curious "alleys", where (at this time) discolored statues peered through the dark foliage. One of these dingy gods was held in particular esteem by a poor girl who believed it to be her lover, and every morning she brought little garlands to adorn his pedestal, unconsciously happier than most women, since her idol at least did not possess feet of clay.

I never saw, except in this instance, the romantic side of insanity. To the man in the street, insanity is casually dismissed as sad, humorous, or repulsive; but to the experienced it is indescribably tragic to watch the transformation of a human being into a soulless mass of ageing flesh. It is only comic, when delusions happen to be humorous, and it is impossible to

describe the horror of insanity when unspeakable and obscene forces dominate the brain, and the "possessed" become lower than the beasts.

I saw many patients who were victim of heredity, in particular, two nieces of a lawyer whose name is world-renowned. He had escaped the family scourge; they

never would do so.

Thus I passed my time, a sane patient in an Asylum for the Insane. I was allowed to bathe once a week in a primitive wooden washing tub placed in a cold remain the basement, and I changed my I is a under the merciless scrutiny of two nurses.

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I OCCASIONALLY took my meals with the other patients and whenever I did so one fact always impressed itself on me. This was the curious "odor" of insanity which pervaded the atmosphere, and clung to everything and everybody. The is no smell like it.

We supped off bread, doubtful butter, and hard cheese, a curious meal to give gentlewomen who, in their reasoning days, had fared differently, and who were paying for their existence on a scale which admitted the provision of nourishing and plentiful food. We were not allowed to use knives. Inevitable, I suppose, but it certainly served to emphasize our whereabouts. Occasionally the more intelligent patients complained of the diet, but as they had been certified insane, their complaints naturally fell on unbelieving ears.

The average nurse mistook harshuss for firmness, and was usually careless, thinking that "it didn't matter when people were mad. They didn't know" and in were mad. They didn't know" and in consequence believed that an occasional shaking wrought wonders with obstinate or childish patients. I remember a shaking I received during that first week which aroused fierce resentment within me, afterwards reducing me to abject terror consequent on my own helplessness, and increased my dread of my environment ten-Yet, in justice to mental nurses it must be admitted that unless they are "keen" on their job, theirs is exceptionally trying work which requires infinite per tience, tact, and will-power, coupled with much sympathy and tolerance. But alas, as I became familiar with the routine of a private asylum, I was painfully aware that the generality of relations and friends of the patients looked upon insanity as a stigma, something to be ashamed of, never in the nature of an illness, and that whenever any patient "received", her visitors seemed unduly anxious to say greeting and farewell.

I discussed this attitude of the same towards the insane with the doctor, who was intolerant of it, and deplored the lack of ordinary intelligence which could not grasp the fact that the brain is just as liable to illness, as any other part of the body. "Why should it be immune?" he said. He advocated the institution of "Half Way Houses," a happy medium between the home and the asylum, where recovery was possible in happier and less "alarming" surroundings, as "Visiting Days" in any asylum seem always more or less fearsome ordeals for the visitors!

or less fearsome ordeals for the visitors!

Two cases of "Banishment through In sanity" came under my notice during my sojourn. One was that of a well-connected and charming young woman, the victim of a sudden brain storm which resulted in her removal to the asylum. She made a complete and rapid recovery, but her home was barred forever against her. Her people were too nervous to face any possible recurrence of the trouble. So she was given a handsome allowance, and advised to make the best of her life in a quiet hotel.

We became friends, and after we left the asylum we met and corresponded during her interminable wanderings. My poor friend told me how she longed for her lost home, and the mother and sisters who were now so "nervous" of her and she could not reconcile herself to the altered conditions of existence as a "men-tal pariah." The "taint" of insanity weighed too deeply on her sensitive soul, and three years after our first meeting she drowned herself. She was tired out with "allus movin' on".

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\nother interesting acquaintance was a handsome Spanish looking girl who declared that she was the object of family avarice which had culminated in a certificate of inspirity. tificate of insanity. She was an absolute fatalist, hopeless, and embittered; "they never mean me to inherit my uncle's money," she said. One day, she was suddenly removed to another asylum. She afterwards committed suicide on the railway whilst enjoying the privileges of "parole" which allow patients a certain

amount of liberty outside the asylum.

A month passed, and I had received no message from the outside world, which was not surprising, as I heard later that all letters that I wrote were sent on to my mother who suppressed them; she did not intend any news of me to transpire, and at last, apprehensive of her attitude towards me. I confided in the doctor.

My fears unfortunately proved well grounded. It was no use disguising the fact that mamma's detestation of me had reached its height and her fixed idea was to consign me to some kind of Bastille, fo consign me to some kind of Bastille, (represented by a convent or an asylum,) from which I should never emerge. She regarded my illness as undeserved shame which indirectly reflected on her, and anathematized my father beyond hope of redemption. Believing and hoping that I should not recover she had accepted the sole responsibility for me, and had given up the tenancy of my flat and sold my up the tenancy of my flat, and sold my furniture (acquired at treinendous sacrifice) in order to render me homeless and preclude me being independent, should her plans for a "lettre de cachet" miscarry.

The doctor explained that as my mother had accepted all responsibility, and as I had no where to go when I left the asylum, she was the only person who had the legal right to take me away. She could of course, urge that she dared not risk the consequences of letting me fend for my-self, especially as my husband (who was on the point of leaving for Italy when I was taken to the asylum,) had disclaimed was taken to the asylum,) had disclaimed any practical interest in my fate in a laconic telegram expressing his regret, and advising the services of a priest if I were "in extremis." I was thus completely at the mercy of Tiberius—but perhaps Tiberius would have been more human than this mother, who knew neither pity for affection for the daughter for whose being she was responsible.

"You are perfectly sane," replied the doctor, when, horrified at mamma's plans for the future, I asked him what would become of me, "and a way of 'escape' remains, never anticipated by her. A friend who knew what had happened has been here several times: I've told her a little about your mother, and she proposes that you should go and stay with her when you leave here. She'll undertake to look after you. So, fortunately this will provide you with a home for the time being, but, let me warn you—your mother to me if you feel ill, or find yourself in any kind of trouble. Good luck to you."

is coming tomorrow; don't display the slightest animosity towards her; be as affectionate as possible, and give her no grounds for saying you are excitable or unbalanced. Then your friend's offer coupled with my opinion, will not give your mother any pretext whatever for keeping you here." keeping you here.

I followed his advice, but I met my mother with mixed feelings. She gave me a frosty kiss, and then sat as far away from me as possible. Every line of her was condemnatory.

was condemnatory.

"Well, Maude, you don't express any regret for all the trouble you've caused," were her first words.

"I couldn't help going mad," I faltered, a silly answer, but I was at a loss what to say, and I listened in silence to a long discontainty of my failure in every well. dissertation of my failure in every walk of life. My constitutional delicacy as a child, my stubbornness, my independence, my unfortunate matrimonial experience, all were crimes in her eyes. But to my

mother's intense surprise, I indulged in no recriminations. I was as gentle as a dove.

"Are you then utterly lost to all sense of decency that you still wish to mix with people, as if nothing had happened," she said, and her face was a mask of hate.

haven't committed a crime," swered lamely, "what do you mean, mamma?"

"This. Don't you realize that women

like you ought to be shut up for ever. You would then give no further trouble, you would be virtually dead. Oh, why were you born? I have always disliked you. I never wanted a child. Now you know my candid opinion . . . It is terrible to know that you are in your right mind once more, but if you do not agree to disappear and enter a Convent, I shall not interest myself in your future. What are your plans? Have you any?"
"Work," I said firmly.

Mamma rose from her chair: she wasted no more words. She felt that I was delivered out of her hands and she

was delivered out of her hands and she bade me good-bye more coldly than any

A FEW days afterwards, the doors of my cage opened, and I was free. I was hopeful and unafraid; the magic of spring was in my blood, but it required all, and was in my blood, but it required all, and more than the magic of spring to gild my future. My slender allowance still remained, but I had lost my home, and much of my literary work. However, the stubborn fighting sprit of my North Country ancestors came to my aid, and I haddly arround myself project life. boldly arrayed myself against life.

I had spent seven weeks in a lunatic asylum, and my soul bore scars destined never to be effaced. I had passed through a hitherto wholly unimagined phase of Life, one which haunts me still, but one which has given me understanding and tenderness for those who wander in the tortuous mazes of mental twilight, or are lost forever in its darkness. I had seen the torch of reason extinguished by excess, heredity, drink, or acute mania, and with me, as with many others, by sheer illness of the brain illness of the brain.

As I stood in the sunlight, I remembered the doctor's words to me on the previous

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Why Married Folks Seek Adventure in Love

[Continued from page 23]

cause other men-no better than he are doing all these exciting things while he is tied to a wife's apron strings.

The second reason is a desire for adventure.

know a romantic-minded husband, a chubby-faced chap with a wife and three children in the suburbs. I see him frequently at the theater with beautiful women, and I know he has a habit of leaving his office early to keep dates with To him I put the question bluntly:

Why?"
"The element of danger makes it interesting." he replied with a shameless grin "That's what gives zest to forbidden fruit." he replied with a shameless grin.

M ANY others I suspect are influenced by this motive, for all men are adventurers at heart. They inherit their desires from countless generations of hardy male ancestors who through the centuries have had to fare forth in the face of all sorts of perils if they were to exist. The hunt. the chase, the struggle with danger, and the desire for it is the common heritage of every male. Look how eagerly and ly our young men rushed into the It is the same zest for adventure blithely that they showed then that makes of every husband a potential Lothario.

I know one staid business man, apparently a happy husband, the father of a family, a church trustee, a director in several companies, who often at his luncheon hour wanders along the docks looking longingly at the ships that sail the seven seas. Once I found him there gazing with

a far-away look at a grimy old hooker. "Sometimes." he confessed to me, "I am seized with an almost irresitible desire to chuck everything, to slip onto one of All my life these boats and disappear. I have been grinding away at a desk. I want to get away from civilization, to wear rough clothes, to see the far-off places and have adventures.

I doubt if there is any man whose life has been spent at a desk who at times does not have the same sort of impulses. Civilization is artificial. Every man in his heart is still a savage. The restraints that society and business have put upon him, at times irk him terribly. He craves He craves adventure, and the easiest way (almost the only way) that ever opens up for the average husband is in the pursuit of a In most cases the woman in-esn't matter. The woman he romance. volved doesn't matter. really cares for is the woman he married. The other woman to him is merely the adventure that his whole being craves for.

The third reason is a sense of neglect. All men at heart are really just little boys. They like to be coddled and petted and made a lot of. They are just as avid for flattery as women are, and possibly more so. Most husbands, when they are first married, get plenty of petting, and plenty of flattery and are happy and then the children come.

Every man, however strong his sense of fatherhood, with the arrival of his firstborn, experiences a feeling of neglect that seldom is wholly obliterated by his pride in being a parent. Up to that time he has been made to feel that he was the whole thing in his wife's life, and suddenly he finds himself supplanted. No longer is the dominant thought of the household for his comfort, his likes, his whims.

Home no longer revolves around him. His throne is gone, and presently!

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Naturally he is proud of his children, and boasts about them. All fathers do. But, after the children come, he misses the little attentions from his wife that mee were his exclusively. The woman comes not live who can mother her chellen properly and at the same time moth: her husband as much as he would like. his children grow up, a man find his plight becoming worse and worse, inch day his place in the home becomes a little more insignificant. When he wants the living room for a poker game, he talk that a young folks' party has een planned. Just when he has decided that he needs a new golf outfit, there comes a demand for new gowns for Caroline.

Presently he begins to nurse a feeling of resentment against the way he is being neglected. He may combat the feeling, but deep in his heart he is conscious of it. Then one day there comes into his life a sweet young thing with a cuddly manner, who looks up into his eyes and tells him how wonderful he is, and he enjoys it.

The fourth reason is the thirst for romance.

Women have always been described as much more romantic than men, but the credit is entirely undeserved. They have acquired their reputation entirely by skillful advertising. In girlhood, romance is part of their capital. Men on the other hand, learn to conceal their romantic tendencies. A mooning boy becomes the family joke, and learns from bitter experience to mask his sentimental nature.

M OST girls, once married, drop their masks and quit being romantic, quickly revealing their practical nature. Husbands, on the other hand, continue to be incurably, but secretly, romantic.

A man marries a slim sweet thing, and in a year's time finds he has a fat wife on his hands. He adores his fiancee wavy hair, and before the wedding trip is over begins to realize how much it costs to keep it that way. He loves the athletic red of her cheeks, until he discovers from what drug store it comes. In his courting days, no matter when he saw her, she was always neat and chic, but after being married when he sees her at breakfast in a dressing gown with her hair stringing about her face, well, if romance doesn't die, it at least has a bad chill. Failing to find romance in his home, he goes abroad in search of it. The fifth is a search for the ideal.

Perhaps science some day will discover what it is that attracts individuals of At present We may different sexes to each other. most of us know little about it. have observed that tall husbands generally marry short wives and thin men fat wives. Probably experience has convinced us that blondes are frequently attracted by their opposites and vice versa, but man, even though he may have created in his mind a picture of his ideal mate, has available no scientific tests by which he can check up on the woman he marries.

Men when they become husbands are under the impression that they have found their ideal. They get married, and dis cover that they were mistaken. Some times the fault is the husband's in making

a careless selection, but in other instances you can hardly blame him for not seeing through the camouflage by which he was captured, for women are naturally good actresses. When a girl makes up her mind to capture a man's affection, she pretends to be what she thinks he would like her to be.

"Before we were married," one young husband complained to me, "you would have thought my wife was Glenna Collett; she talked golf all the time, and had me buffaloed with believing she was crazy about the game. She hasn't had a club in her hand since our wedding day and she tells me now she loathes golf."

"My wife and I," another husband told

him.

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"when we were engaged used to spend a lot of time talking about my business I thought she had a good head for business and would be a great help to me in my career. After I married, 1 som discovered, that it was all put on. All she cares about my business, or any business, is spending the money that comes

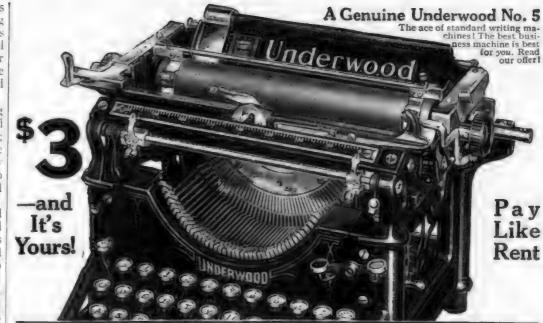
So frequently, husbands not finding in marriage what they had anticipated, con-tinue their search for their ideal. It often happens that men who have married in the twenties, and have in the twenties, and have been faithful husbands for a score of years, as they reach the forties and realize that life for them is probably more than half over, begin to wonder if they have not been in some way defrauded. Maybe their ideal of a wife really exists somewhere. Hitherto they have been busy earning a living, laying by something for the future. As they reach that period when they have money to spend, and can take time from business, the idea comes to them to begin a search for their ideal, before it is too late. So you see these prosperous men in the forties-looking, looking, looking for their ideal.

The motives of women in seeking love adventures after marriage are not so easily understandable. Women are more secretive in their romances, and the percentage of adventuring wives from whose conduct observations can be made is much smaller, for a woman given a square deal in the matrimonial game, or at least what she chooses to consider a square deal, is much less likely to seek further romances than is a husband under similar circumstances.

HIS is stated as a fact and not as a Compliment, for I am not at all sure that women deserve any particular credit for it. They are much differently consti-tuted from men. Moreover, the pursuit of amatory adventures after marriage requires no small degree of courage and in the human species, as in all others, boldness is a natural characteristic of the male and timidity of the female.

There is still another major reason, the lack of opportunity. In all civilized society women's lives are still much restricted by custom. Even the invasion of the business world by femininity has not yet given women the same freedom of action that men possess. The average action that men possess. The average American wife, whether she stays in the home or whether she is employed has far less independence of action and much less chance to escape observation than has her husband.

The good opinion of the community is also a much more effective force in influencing the conduct of wives than of husbands. Even in the smallest hamlet, where everyone knows every one else's affairs, a husband may have his romances and, unless he is too open about it, retain his good standing in the community. In the larger cities, where no one knows any-



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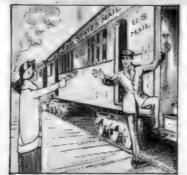
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thing about his neighbors, a husband may do about as he pleases. A wife's rela-tions with other men, innocent though they may be, whether in village or city, always a subject of comment.

Religion, too, plays a much more vital part as a restraining influence in the lives of wives. Furthermore a wife who has children is held in line by her love for them. Few mothers will toy with love adventuring at the risk of losing their children's respect. On husbands the effect of children in the home appears to be just the opposite.

It is, of course, a presumptuous thing for any man to undertake to analyze the motives underlying woman's conduct, yet a newspaper man like myself with years of experience has many opportunities for From talks with divorce observation. litigants, from an acquaintance that includes lawyers, doctors, priests and policemen, he gets intimate contacts with life. So that the conclusions here advanced have at least a background broad enough to give them some semblance of authority in explaining why married women, some of them at least, seek further adventures. And the first reason is their vanity.

No matter how worn and aged and

wrinkled a woman may become she still secretly believes that she is attractive in appearance or at least has some points of good looks. Not long since an old lady of eighty whom I knew became engaged to marry a sprightly beau of seventy-two. Would you believe that she postponed her wedding day twice, until she got some new false hair and new false teeth?

WHEN women are young, when their freshness of youth is still theirs, their vanity is apt to be even greater. At first a wife's vanity is satisfied by the bridegroom's frequent compliments, but husbands have an unfortunate way of getting tired of saying pretty things. Most men marry at a period when a business career is opening up before them. While they may be just as much in love as the day they were married, they begin coming home in the evenings with their heads filled for tomorrow's business. plans Sometimes, exhausted by the day's routine, their minds are on troubles of their They forget to tell expectant brides the pretty things they are waiting to

A young architect whose marriage had been wrecked by the usual triangular affair with a friend of the family, explained

it to me thus:
"Elsie, you know, thought herself beautiful. She was not content merely to have me agree with her. She wanted me to be telling her all the time how very beautiful Now when a chap has his head she was. full of plans for the wonderful building that is going to bring him fame and fortune he forgets sometimes. I was working hard, trying to get ahead, bringing home drawings from the office to mull over, and I just couldn't be kissing Elsie's feet all the time and telling her how wonderful she was. So she found another man who would, some one who flattered her con stantly, and that was all there was to it.'

Beautiful women generally are de-anding. The husband of one of them frequently finds it hard to give business the attention it needs and his wife the attention she craves and expects. It is remarkable how many men who succeed in business have had unhappy marriages. The big business organizations of today require the utmost of young men who forge ahead, and the higher up they go, the more completely is their time absorbed. Many a wife, as her husband climbs upward to success, finds herself left more and more to her own resources. more and more to her own resources. If she is pretty and vain, and especially if she is childless, she often begins to amuse herself by letting other men feed the flames of her vanity.

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All over the land, especially in the big cities to which the successful migrate some will find these vain wives putting strike-breakers in their husbands' places to teel them the compliments their systems crave You will see them with their men friends tea-men, tame-cats, lounge lizards, danc ing partners, bachelor beaux, call them what you will, thronging the fashing able restaurants at luncheon-time, dancing in the hotels at tea time, and if war husbands happen to be busy or out of town, in the promiscuous crowd at the night clubs, victims of their vanity.

The second reason is a desire for luxury.

VERY woman is so organized mentally E that she instinctively regards that she instinctively regards other woman as a potential rival. thousands and thousands of years a store man's ability to obtain the luxuries of life has depended mostly on her finding in or in some man's sight. In all ages the were a most adorned have seemed to be the as a successful in attracting the attention of men. So a desire for pretty clothes, 1 r soft furs, for jewels, for silk garments. for paint and powder and perfume, i.s. become instinctive with women. No ran can comprehend what clothes mean to a woman.

Most women marry with the expectation of achieving the means to acquire the pretty things their hearts crave for, presently some of them discover that the men they married are not and never will be money-makers. When a woman tool to a plodder whose utmost earnings give her barely the necessities of life, some in automobiles, and buying new hats and gowns, she grows unhappy, and it becomes her problem to find out how she, too, can Many women have acquire luxuries. solved the problem by deserting their homes and becoming wage-earners, and infrequently acquiring with their economic independence the opinion that they are entitled to freedom in other matters as well. But there are other wives with a distaste or unfittedness for wage-earning, who feel that their attractiveness entitles them to a greater share of the luxuries of life than they are obtaining. When they discover that their husbands will not or cannot provide them with pretty clothes and theater tickets, they set out delil rately to find some man who will.

The third reason is a desire to get square.

Personally I never have been able to decide whether women are more inclined to be revengeful than men, but I do know this, that the sexes have entirely different methods of getting square. A husband disapproving of something at home is very likely to express his feelings by staying away. In pre-Prohibition days he frequently resorted to getting drunk, and sometimes he does so still. Or else he "blows up" about it and that is the end A woman, feeling herself aggrieved. either nags indefinitely or takes her ven geance in secret.

Many wives find marriage disappointing In fact it would not surprise me if this was true to some extent with all. The marry lovers and find themselves hooked up with husbands, who even before the honeymoon is over reveal their cloven hoof or at least their clay feet. Instead of two hearts with but a single thought most brides quickly discover that husbands have other absorbing interests be-

sides them and home. Every man has his work, his men friends, his sports and his pastimes, things in which a wife seldom if ever acquires more than a courtesy share. Many wives, fortunately, adjust themselves to this situation and learn to entertain themselves in legitimate ways, but there are others who persist in feeling neglected and grow resentful. When a wife feels neglected there generally is trouble ahead.

This feeling of being neglected, whether real or imaginary, inspires wives to all sorts of follies. It is especially likely to develop where a girl marries a man much older than herself. When a young wife wants to be dining out, going to dances and the theater and her middle-aged hus-

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band prefers a book and slippers by his own fireside, discord follows.

Wives who are neglected, or feel that Wives who are neglected, of they are, frequently turn to other men demanding of them the pleasures of which they feel they are being denied. And there is a certain type of wife, who takes a malicious satisfaction in the idea that she is getting square with her husband. It she knows or suspects that her husband is interested in another woman, her satisfaction is doubled.

The fourth reason is curiosity. It is a notable fact that when a wife is taken out of her usual surroundings there is frequently a marked change in her attitude toward life and in her conduct in general. In the home the opinion of her neighbors and the fear of losing their respect are as effectual as a high-walled harem in controlling her actions. But put her on a ship at sea, or in a summer hotel without her husband, with none of her neighbors about, and she acts much dif-

Not long since a United States Senator's daughter, who since she left college has been devoting herself to sociological work, told me she had been conducting an investigation for a steamship company.

"THEY have been having so much trouble with the lax conduct of women passengers on their ships," she explains, "that they invited me to make an inquiry into the matter. It really is amazing the difference there is between the conduct of women in their homes and women at sea. I suppose there is something disturbing to the emotions about travel.

I am inclined to disagree with her that these variations in the conduct of wives are due to emotional disturbances. It probably is merely their first good oppor-

tunity to satisfy their curiosity.

Men when they marry generally know everything that life has to offer but women seldom do. They lead restricted lives in girlhood and after they are married custom limits their intimate association to one man, their husband. It is only human and teminine to wonder what kind of lovers other men would make. Most of these wives know that they have not been the only women in their hus-band's lives, for husbands have a foolish habit, before marriage, of confessing their affairs, and after marriage of boasting a bit about them. What is fair for one, is fair for another is the feminine way of looking at it.

And the fifth reason is that sometimes

they can't help it.

Right here let me forestall feminine wrath, by hastening to explain that I have no intention of intimating that women are

weak.

Women are strong. They have vastly more will power, more endurance, more courage than men. If men had to bear children the human race would have perished long ago.

In countless other ways, too, women manifest their courage. Witness the brave examples everywhere of widows battling with poverty to keep a brood of helpless little ones together. Would men do that? What happens when a wife's death leaves a husband with two or three little children on his hands? Does he try to care for them and keep them with him? Not he. In most cases he turns them over to relatives, or if he is in humble circumstances, to some institution. Family pride may make him provide for them but generally from his actions he seems to care little what happens. To the male the all-important thing in life is his own comfort, and presently you will find him making another home for himself with another wife.

T TAKES far more courage for a wife to go adventuring than for a husband, but each woman that lives is a complexity, an assemblage of nerves, of instincts of emotions, of feelings beyond her control or understanding, a perpetual puzzle to herself. She pictures her ideal of a husband and marries some one entirely different. She is governed, not by her

head, but by her heart.

A man is a much simpler piece of machinery, a more primitive creation. goes through life on a much lower plane, spending his time and effort trying to satisfy his cravings, the various hungers that possess him, for food, for money, for excitement, for a home, for feminine companionship. So long as he gets what he wants for himself he cares little about what happens to others. In the last analysis he is a pretty selfish sort of a creature.

Women are differently constituted.
They have sympathy, pity, thought for others. The very qualities with which Nature has equipped them to make them admirable as mothers and incomparable as wives, sometimes betray them into ad-

venture with other men.
"What," a worried wife once asked me, "can be done with an adventuring husband?" Discovering one of her husband's romances, she had succeeded in breaking it up, and for the sake of the children had

forgiven him.
"But," she complained, "all my women

friends despise me for taking him back."
"Why should you care about that?" I said to her. "All husbands are alike. You've got it all over the other women. Now you know about yours and they have

still to find out."

Husbands, romantically inclined, I am afraid, are hopeless propositions, but fortunately for American civilization's ideal of monogamy a wife kindly treated and occasionally complimented, a wife who gets a fair share of her husband's earnings, a wife who cheerfully carries out the job that nature planned for her and has a family of youngsters, seldom, far more seldom than in the case of husbands. sets forth in search of new romances.

AN a mother's love be too inclusive, too possessive? I had never thought of I this until a girl showed me what my mother was doing to me. It takes a girl to bring a man to his senses. That's really the story of How I Cut Loose From My Mother's Apron Strings. But there's more to it than that—there was a distinct surprise for me and there'll be a surprise for you, too, when you read my story in SMART SET for January.

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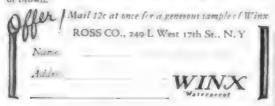
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Men Who Have Kissed Me

[Continued from page 60]

"Yes. I understand what you mean." stay at the Summerhouse after all, I My experienced eyes took in all the may get a song and a few lines. And wrong things in his attire, his hair, his Archibald will be what I make of him for jewelry. I nodded thoughtfully.

Did you find out my name

"I never tried. He seemed relieved.

spose you want to know who I "I s'spose you want to know who I am?" he went on rather consciously.
"Not in the least, but I should like you

to send me home in your car. It's getting fairly late."

He got up and looked at me narrowly. I was used to being looked at. I gazed over his head at an engraving on the wall, the cigaret burning away between

my fingers.
"I like that, Miss," he burst out. "I'm from Vermont. I want to make a hit in New York. I've got the cash and this flat and the car, but I can't get any fur-

ther. You know the ropes; will you help me? I'll make it worth your while."
"In New York," I said, again carefully, "the people you want to meet, and can't, don't say to a girl 'I'll make it worth your while." They may take her out to dinner, or give her a bracelet, or even pay a few of her bills, but they don't talk about it. They let it seem the natural thing for them to do. They even imply it's a privilege

His cheeks flushed, for he was barely

twenty-four, but his jaw set.
"I'm here to learn," he said grimly.

"Go on.

I drew delicately at the cigaret. "They don't go to your tailor. don't wear fairly heavy gold watch-chains, either, or opera hats. There are about two places in New York where you can really get your hair cut. I think you buy your shirts ready made, don't you? And if you had your dress shoes built for you, they wouldn't hurt your feet.'

I smiled into his eyes. "Shall I go on?"

"No, but you and I can do business together; that is, I shall be happy,"—he minced his words—"I shall be happy to have the pleasure of taking you to dinner and the privilege of paying a bill or two if you'll (what do they call it?) introduce me into good society. Is it a bar-

I threw away the cigaret end.

YOU may motor me back to where I live and take me to lunch at the Claremont to-morrow at one. We shall meet there. Book a table or you won't get one. If they're booked up already, give the head-waiter some money, tactfully, and say you must have one. That's all at

present, Mr.——?"

"Mr. Archibald Dawson, of Vermont."

"And my name is April Rogers."

"Very well, Miss Rogers," said Archibald Dawson. He rang.

"Tell Richards to bring round the car."

"Richards is waiting, sir."
Mr. Dawson picked up the battered opera hat and flung it across the room. Then, bareheaded, he accompanied me to the waiting limousine. We travelled in silence through quiet streets to Netta's Just before the car drew up he

turned to me in despair.
"If I don't wear an opera hat, what, for heaven's sake, can I wear?"
"A derby. Good-night!" I murmured.

With a flutter of slim legs I had gone. As I crept up to the flat on the top floor I

'Thank God!" I said softly. "I may

a long time, oh, quite a long time."
On a sun-kissed morning a few weeks

later, Mr. Archibald Dawson awaited in my sitting-room the coming of his lunchcon guest. Eventually I entered from my bedroom groomed from head to foot with the faintly exaggerated care of the chorus girl. The little hat accentuated my slightness; the jingling tangle of cigaret case, a match-box, vanity-box, purse and what-not daugled from my hand. I buttoned new gloves with thoughtful precision; my gown came from a Fifth Avenue shop as did my shoes and stockings. Archibald Dawson knew, because he had paid for

HE ROSE quickly to meet me. I ran a wise glance over his exterior and nodded imperceptibly.

"Have I got it at last then?" he queried. smiling yet faintly anxious. "Could you tell me from the next rich man you ran

"Hardly. Not from your clothes anyway. Of course these people have a man-Never mind, Archie, you'll do very Take me somewhere jolly, there's

a dear."
"We're going through the whole bag of tricks to-day—lunch, tea-dance, and sup-per after the show," he announced, carrying an irreproachable cane to his left arm-pit almost like a soldier.

"But I don't know that I want to."
What I had christened the "Vermont look" darkened his clean-shaved face.

"My dear, we'll do as I like for once. Think a minute. You've got a scene with a song and dance in the show now because I paid for it to be put on. I pay for your clothes and your hats and your taxis and your meals at flash restaurants. I'd like a little amusement in return for the outlay, if you don't mind, and it amuses me to-day to go through the whole bag of tricks,"

"Very well," I assented. His manner took me back swiftly to the days of my childhood wherein the almighty male almost hallied the female and had his ways hallied the female and had his ways

ways bullied the female and had his way. Life runs in cycles.

"The tea-dance." he went on with satisfaction as we descended the stairs, "is at Mrs. Cecil Johnston's place. You remember I helped her over the Fund for Ex-You remem-Service Men. She's got a big house in Washington Square."
"I hope it's a decent floor."
We climbed into the car, matching the

season with its grey cord upholstery and massed violets in the flower vase. It brought us noiselessly to a restaurant where the foreign omnipotence waved beatifying hands over me and forced himself to be polite to Archibald, a type of young man he disliked to encourage.

I nestled into my chair and gazed round with a little, greedy sigh at a symphony of the perfect life. I loved the well-bred, well-dressed people, and their clear-cut voices. Archibald fell sadly short of the standard in personality; clothes are not everything. Still, as he said, he paid. I gave a little shrug, smiled gaily at Hilary Clegg, lunching opposite and began the

pretty girl's game of earning her lunch.
"Talk to me, Archie. I'm so happy. I
love it all so."

"You're rather a dear kid, April, only you always want your own way. We get on pretty well together, but I hate that



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girl-pal of yours. Wouldn't you like a little flat of your own? There's a delightful little place to let near mine. What do you say

He finished his cocktail and looked at me steadily. His eyes were small, and held a calculating, covetous expression. I could never get away from the business instinct in him. He had made a business of life and he would make a business of me. He had laid out his capital and now he waited for the interest.

I shrugged faintly.

"I hate flats, Archie, that I can't afford myself. I like to live on my own, and be independent. Awf'ly nice of you to suggest it, though."

"Independent!" he laughed rather poisi-

"Independent!" he laughed, rather noisily, and a couple of sleek, burnished heads turned curiously. "Why, you've hardly got a thing on I haven't paid for. Independent! Why stick at a flat after all I've bought you?"

I T WAS the old, recurrent story raising its hideous head. Let a man have how-soever little and he demands everything, but I only smiled and played idly with

my wine-glass.
"One has to draw the line somewhere. And I don't think the obligation's all on my side. You wouldn't be here if it wasn't for me. There wouldn't have happened to be a vacant table, that's all. I pened to be a vacant table, that's all. I sent you to the right shops and I certainly engineered the Soldiers' Fund business. It was I who suggested you should subscribe to the fund. Also I'm teaching you how to look after a woman. You may think you're perfect, but you've an awful lot to learn. You still throw presents in my face. I have to amuse you at lunch instead of you amusing me. And, honestly, there are a dozen men I could be lunching with who were taught how to lunching with who were taught how to amuse women from their cradle upwards."

He flushed a dark, sulky red because he

knew I spoke the truth.

"You've no instinct, Archie dear. I can't give you an instinct for the right thing. I can only send you to the right shops and the right restaurants. You do follow, don't you?"

"Then why bother with me?"
"I don't quite know." I laughed softly and gazed at his ill-humored face. "Perhaps because, if you only knew, I'm giving

haps because, if you only knew, I'm giving you more than you can ever give me. I'm more than independent, really. You're in debt to me and you always will be. I like my independence. That's all."

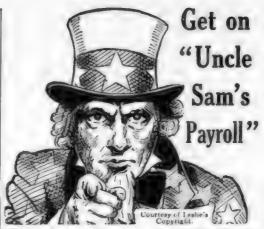
Deftly I coaxed him into a brighter mood. I behaved very sweetly to him all the afternoon, shepherding him through the tea-dance with imperceptible tact because he always became awkward and ferocious in society. In the end we driftferocious in society. In the end we drift-ed back to Netta's flat, so that I might change into an evening gown.

I left him in the sitting-room with a cigaret, a weekly paper and an arm-chair, while I went into my bedroom. I took off my hat and pitched it onto the bed, dropped into a chair before the dressingstared at myself in the glass with a

weary sigh.

"Oh, men, men, what pigs, what bores, what intolerable animals they are!" I murmured. "Why can't he see I'm tired, exhausted, longing simply to lie down and rest before the show. But no-he bought me a frock or two and wrote a check for the management of the theater and now he imagines I'm his, body and soul. What a price they put on us, don't they?"

I rose and slipped out of my frock, took a little, soft, restful dinner gown from the wardrobe, laid it on the bed, and began brushing my hair. Suddenly I remained motionless, still looking in the mirror, one



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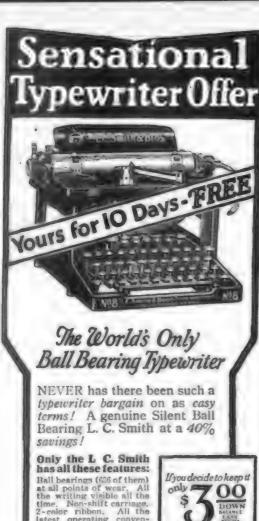
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I stared at him more in surprise than annovance.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I want a little value for my money. You look very nice in those silk things cami-knickers or whatever you call them. paid for them; I s'pose l've a right to see them. After all it's not much more than hundreds of men see of you on the stage every night for the price of a ticket."

He took a step toward me. I crossed

over to the wardrobe, took out a light dressing-wrap and put it on.
"You don't appear to understand that no one has any right in a girl's bedroom unless she invites him. I haven't invited you.

ou. Please go out."
"Oh, rubbish!" he said irritably. "We aren't children. You're a chorus girl. You needn't play at innocence. What do you take me for? Why do you suppose I Why do you suppose I spend money on you? Come here; I want to kiss you."
"I wouldn't let you kiss me now if you

were the last man in the world." I said. "You don't even know how to kiss a girl decently. I've taught you what few things you do know, but even I can't teach you One can always tell what a man's like from his kisses. I think we'd bett end our acquaintance here. Please go. I think we'd better

"You seem to end with a balance on the right side," he sneered.

"If there's anything of yours you can see that you particularly fancy, please take it," I answered. "I'm not having answered.

supper with you."

He would have liked to say many things but he could think of nothing to say. He went out of the room like an ill-tempered child. I heard the sitting-room door and later the front door slam. Then I flung myself down on the bed and cried. Life seemed so cheerless; and somehow he had managed to cheapen men, and even me, in my own eyes. For a whole hour I lay face downward in sheer misery. Then I bathed my face, drank a cup of tea and egan mechanically to dress for the

For a fortnight I heard nothing from him. The girls at the theater commented covertly, sympathized openly or laughed as their dispositions drove them, and in a vague, impersonal way I felt the eye of Hilary Clegg dwelling on me. Then there came a mass of violets to the theater accompanied by Archie's imploring note. He was a brute, an outcast; I had been perfectly sweet to him once, would I be sweet again and forgive him? He would be nice always, like one of the men I was used to. His luck was out; he had been ill and miserable. Couldn't I forget and be his friend again?

GIRL never forgets; each emotion A leaves a spiritual phonograph record on her subconscious mind. But, twisting the note in considering fingers, I decided to let bygones be bygones. I missed being looked after, fetched and carried for, taken about, advertised. That evening 1 taken about, advertised. sent a messenger boy home for an evening gown and went out to supper and a dance with Archibald. The improvement in his dancing astonished me.
"I've been having lessons all the time.

Went to a physical culture fellow, too. They pulled me together no end. I wanthe explained in gratied to surprise you," fied tones. His vanity was singular. compliment about his dancing put him in the best of tempers. I began to enjoy

life.
"You must come to a party with me on Sunday," he went on. "It's rather wicked

and exciting, I believe-something to make the eyes of the other girls stick out a mile. I got onto it through a man l met after we quarrelled. Fearful nut he is—got some frightful nutty relations, You'd love him; you don't love me, do you April? I'm a beastly, bullying, money-hoarding tradesman, aren't 1? But I'll give you a good time yet.'

Sunday brought the big car round at the unpromising hour of six-thirty. had to dine before the wicked party and we dined alone in his flat, served in the impeccable Jackson. I loved the solid comfort of a man's rooms. It so med more permanent than restaurants.

A party being too wicked for the car, 'It left us at an a taxi bore us there. unpretentious, respectable-looking blod of houses converted into flats. Within the conventionality lapsed; we encountered rooms distinguished by weird, maca re decorations in black and gold, full of divans and coffee stools and other properties that suggest the East to Western'rs who have never been there. A nurler of curious, subdued guests flitted to and fro like souls wandering up and down the banks of the Styx. The outstanding the banks of the Styx. The outstanding personalities seemed to be Lois Windermere, a dark girl with a white camellia face, dressed in Turkish trousers and a swathe of silk about her figure, and the man with queer relatives.

ARCHIBALD DAWSON pulled me nervously onto a divan, brought c i-

fee and cigarets, and fidgeted.
"It's rather a rag," he exclaimed with a ghastly, frightened smile. "Dope, opium ghastly, frightened smile. "Dope, opium you know. You needn't be scared; it's a quiet little place, absolutely safe, 'n all that. Thought I'd go one better than you at last."

Presently the pipe began to circulate. Archibald put it to his lips, shuddered, with beads of sheer fright standing on his forehead, and passed it to me. I made a pretense of inhaling and pushed it round the circle of devotees. The rest seemed to be habitues. They were now as content as they had been obviously bored.

"Let's get out of this; I'm fed up," I said, and half rose, but he dragged me back. Just then from the entrance hall came sounds of commotion, and a tall, dapper, uniformed person entered the Quio

For I

Dept.

room.

"Damn you!" I murmured very bit-ly in Archibald Dawson's ear. "This terly in Archibald Dawson's ear. is your aristocratic friend's doing, I s'pose. How much money did he take from you: My dear Archie, I'm through with you. You're too big an anxiety for me. Our You're too big an anxiety for me. names will look well in the papers, won't

"My God!" he exclaimed, "what will my dad say? This is what comes of taking up with a light girl on the stage!"
Finally, after explanations and identifi-

cations, the officer let some go, Archivand me among them. Safe in his flat I and me among them. lav back in one of his deep armchairs, utterly contemptuous.

"For my own sake I'll get you out of it. Archie," I said bitterly, "but to do it I've got to ask a favor of a man I'd rather die than ask anything from. Ring for Jackson and ask him to get Hilary Clegg on the telephone. He knows everybody: he can arrange anything."

went away to the telephone cabinet

the hall and came back wearily. "He's in a good temper for once. needn't be frightened, Archie. You can sleep in peace. But this is the end, Good-

Then he broke, he raved, he would not let me go. I stood eyeing him almost with pity.



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Jacksonville, Fla.

"I've learnt a lot, and paid to learn, but I won't pay for you as well," I said slowly, "Tell Jackson to get me a taxi, slowly. please."

And so I left him.

Again I faced life alone. Again the girls sympathized or laughed. Again the discerning eye of Hilary Clegg seemed to note my loverless condition.

There broke in on this strained period of waiting the letter from Messrs. Pether & Wells, Attorneys at Law, asking me

to call on them.

I CALLED. I knew instinctively the letter signified evil rather than good, and dressed simply in a little frock, with

and dressed simply in a little trock, with a round, babyish opening at the neck.

The old jackal was out after its whelp. Old David Dawson, of Vermont, had heard, through a blackmailer, of his son's presence at the opium party. Private detectives, ferreting out the young man's life in town, attributed his downfall to me. There was no actual evidence against me. There was no actual evidence against me. Mr. Dawson senior had instructed Messrs. Pether & Wells to pay Miss Rogers two hundred and fifty dollars on the understanding that she never saw or communicated with Mr. Archibald Daw-

"I'm never likely to. He needs a nurse more than a friend," I commented. "You may pay the money to the Young Women's Christian Association, and send me the

rcceipt.'

At the theater I found a note from Archibald Dawson, incoherent, wild, unbridled as ever.

I tore it into the tiniest fragments.
"He was hopeless from the start," I murmured. "He comes from my own sort of people. Our men always want a woman to lean on and to blame for any trouble. In our class we have to bear men and then prop them up all their lives. I think God hates us!"

During the first interval Hilary Clegg

sent for me.

"Miss Rogers," he snapped. "I'm not satisfied with you. You aren't here just to go on and come off, and sing a little, and dance a few steps. You ought to know that chorus girls either fill the seats or get out of the chorus. What's the matter with you?"

"I've just struck a bad patch. Men

"I've just struck a bad patch. Men don't fall into one's arms every minute, you know, Mr. Clegg. Often they're the wrong ones too, and I hate being pawed about, and kisses tasting of drink, and having my hair rumpled."

Hilary Clegg's face, as before, shut up like a rat trap.

like a rat trap.

"This is a theater, not a Sunday school.
We have to think of our shareholders, many of them women with small incomes who depend on their dividends for a livelihood. We are taking the show to England in a fortnight. You will go with the rest of the chorus but see to it that you change your methods."

I did not yet know of the existence of the man who regularly occupied the right-hand stage box in our London House. That knowledge was to come a little later.

Archibald had been hopeless from the start but his attentions and his checks had kept me from Hilary Clegg's disfavor which saved my job. Now with Archie gone and a trip to England waiting I should have been thrilled but I only wondered if Englishmen were any nicer than, or different from Americans. I soon found out as I shall tell you in January

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Shall I Take My Husband Back?

SYMPATHY and the desire to help are strong characteristics of the American reading public. The appeal for advice by the wife who wrote "My Little Boy Cries for His Daddy," brought a flood of helpful, brave letters.

The majority of the letters come from warm, understanding women who say—"give him another chance." Here are three of the best letters SMART SET received.

Santa Monica, California

Editor of Smart Set: I have read the story of "My Little Boy Cries For His Daddy" in the September Issue and, as my own experience in life is similar, I would advise the woman, who is in doubt, that she may not make such a mistake, in the crucial moment of her life, as I did.

To use her own words, the little boy's interests are first to be considered. He is the innocent victim of the unhappy situation and the one who will suffer most through an unwise decision. He will suffer most from the effects of a broken home, the home which is the foundation on which to build his ideals. Before he is yet old enough to have opinions he will have lost the inspiration of youth, its undisputed right and natural heritage.

As the family ruptures were always over trivial matters and your hus band has given proof of the sincerity of his purpose, is it not time, is it not necessary to allow calm judgment and reason, with a little bit of the milk of human kindness to lead us back to the place we should be—Home!

Sincerely, M. E. GELDORP.

Chicago, Ill.

To the lady who wrote, "My Little Boy Cries For His Daddy", September Issue:

This probably will be of a little different nature from most of the answers expected. I am a young man twenty-three years of age but I feel that what I have experienced, you may be able to profit by.

When I was seven years old my mother and father were separated. The reason being liquor on my mother's part. I was placed in the custody of my father. My father was in a position to give me most everything my heart desired. He did this but there was that one essential thing lacking—"A Mother's Love." When I was fifteen, he died and I was left alone. Then my mother became anxious to have me with her but as you see, "I was a stranger to a mother's love," and could not do as she wished. After several years I was persuaded to live in the same town with her and we saw each other frequently. I am beginning now to appreciate my mother but it will not be with the love I might have had—had the separation not occurred.

From my own experience, I wish you would take him back. I hate to think of your boy going through life without the love of a dad.

Now, dear lady, look at this from the angle of a boy who was placed in a similar position to that of your son. I hope your decision is in favor of a reconciliation.

Very sincerely, S. D. W.

McKees Rocks, Pa.

Editor Smart Set: I have just read, "My Little Boy Cries for His Daddy" in the Smart Set for September.

If she is careful of her son's training and companions, when he is a little older she can explain matters to him. Talk to him not as though he were a boy but as a man. I feel sure he will understand and will hold her in the highest respect.

I don't believe this boy's mother will ever have cause to regret if she does not take back her husband. He has been away long enough for her to prove to herself she really can get along without him and I can't see that by taking him back she would benefit.

I feel she will be very sorry that she took him back if she does.

Yours truly, MRS. GRACE TILLY.

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His Second Choice

[Continued from page 46]

"Not enough, at any rate," I said. Phil sat frowning, his eyes on his glass. "I wonder if it was that cable that decided it."

I waited for him to explain. I hadn't heard anything about a cable.

You see he cabled her that he was sailing from Southampton today. He'll be home in six days. She got the cable about half an hour before I called to take her away with me. It was the first message she'd had from him in three weeks.

"She said her husband's cablegram made her realize how he counted on her, how he needed her. There was no way for her to reach him by cable, and you can't cable such things anyway. She said he was coming back to her, and that she couldn't let him come back—without any warning—and find her gone for good, find she'd been gone for six days."

"She might have thought of that sooner,"

"Of course, she might. Of course, she ought." Phil spoke bitterly, with such a ought." Phil spoke bitterly, with such a flame of anger in his face that I was shocked, but next moment I wondered if he realized how shamefully she had treated him? Already the anger on his face was

giving way to tenderness.

"And yet," he asked, "how could she? It's only a week since I told her I loved her." I thought to myself: "Doesn't the poor boy know that she made him tell her he loved her, that she did it all." I smiled to myself as I realized his utter innocence. Seeing my smile, he said hotly

"Oh, I know! You think she's a flirt, any girl would. But she isn't. She's real."

"Of course, she'r real," I said.
"She's the realest thing," Phil cried.
He paused and smiled esstatically, reliving the evening before.

HATED his giving one thought to that woman but I knew that it was up to me to sit and take it.

At that moment the muted violin began a lovely waltz. For a moment I listened. Phil listened. We looked into each other's eyes and then without either of us saying a word we rose and walked toward the empty dance floor within.

Phil held me tenderly, as if I were a fragile flower, and as we danced I seemed to move in a kind of vague but delicious dream, without past and without future was scarcely conscious of thinking or feeling; only of being in Phil's arms.

We paused, as the music stopped, in the

middle of the floor.
"Do you know," Phil whispered, with his arm still around me, "that a woman is like a vase, a living vase of flowers? Frieda is a vase of roses, red roses. But ou," he hesitated, hunting for the right ords, "you are a gardenia."

I knew then that I was really doing my you," words.

The violinist picked up his bow and began the Kreisler waltz again, the waltz he had played earlier in the evening. He played it poignantly, as if he loved it. We danced again, and as we danced Phil held me as if we were both in a dream, a warm, caressing sea of dream. In the last measure Phil's cheek touched mine. With-In the last out volition I turned my face up to his. He

bent and kissed me. The dance was over. Hand in hand, we walked back to the table on the terrace, Address.....



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where the candles flickered in the little wind from the river. Phil ordered another Scotch. I sipped my wine. Phil leaned forward and laid his hand on mine.

"I don't know where I'm at, Anita," he "I'm beginning to think it's you I love and not Frieda-that perhaps I've been in love with you all the time

been in love with you all the time."

"You're a darling boy," I said, because I felt that was what Mrs Remington would say, though I was rather shocked to hear myself saying it. "But I'm afraid," I added, "that you are just unhappy over being thrown down."

"Oh, no," Phil protested. "Don't say that. Don't try to spoil it. It's quite too beautiful to spoil."

"I'm sorry," I murmured. Phil squeezed my hand.

"I don't mind your saying it's Frieda." he said, "because I'm so sure it's youjust you, Nita."

I glanced at my watch. It was just midnight and I wondered if father would worry about me. Still, we were only an hour and a half from home. Surely father wouldn't worry.

"It's early yet," Phil assured me.
"There's lots of time. There's time to have one more dance with you. I can't bear to think of not having one more dance I looked over my shoulder at with you.' the dance floor.

"Oh," I cried, "the violinist is going home." I could see him snapping the case I cried, "the violinist is going shut on his instrument. The pianist was gathering up his music.

"There's a phonograph," Phil assured me. He rose to his feet. "Come," he said. "let's dance. Let's have a last waltz together.

We walked slowly across the terrace into the dim, empty room, our shoulders touching at every other step. The head waiter appeared

"We want to dance." I said to him. He smiled benignly on us, adjusted a record on the machine, and retired. put his arm around me, tenderly, caressingly. As the music began, we moved again in that vague but delicious dream which was all delight. After a few steps

Phil paused, his arm still around me.
"It isn't a waltz," he said. "It's a "It's a fox ot. We must have a waltz."
"We must," I said gravely.

Phil went over to the machine.
"That's not a waltz," he said accusingly.

"That's a damn fox-trot. It won't do.

LAUGHED. It was absurd of him to hold the machine responsible and yet it was funny. Everything was so absurd and everything was so lovely.

Phil seized the record under the needle and sailed it out of the window. I clapped my hands in approval. Phil bent to select

another record from the rack.
"That's a fox-trot, too," he grumbled, as he read the title. He sailed that record

after the first and hunted for another.

"All fox-trots," he said and sailed the third record. It turned as it left his hand, described a sharp arc, and went through the next window which didn't happen to

be open.
"Phil." I protested at the crash of glass, but I couldn't protest seriously. his reckless mood. The more reckless he was the quicker he'd get over being in love with Mrs. Remington. On second thought it seemed altogether fitting that records should be thrown into the river, and what were windows for if not to be broken when one felt like breaking windows? The

head waiter appeared. "Monsieur." he asl he asked, as Phil sailed fourth record through the window, "could I be of assistance?"
"Yes," Phil said sharply, "Get me an-

other Scotch high-ball.'

"I regret," the head waiter said, "that the cellar is now locked. We have to be so careful nowadays."

Phil smiled at him confidentially, "Let's unlock it," he suggested. head waiter pursed his lips gravely and

shook his head.
"Impossible!" he said.

Phil straightened up and looked at the

head waiter with severe disapproval.

"Impossible? On a night like this nothing is impossible." The head waiter

raised his eyebrows deprecatingly.

"I regret," he began, "I regret most——"

"Just keep your regrets," Phil said.

"There are too many regrets in the world now. I don't approve of regrets. I don't believe in regrets. I won't have regrets."

I giggled. I hadn't intended to giggle,

BUT, Monsieur -" the waiter began again impatiently.

"Buts are just as bad as regrets," Philaid severely. "I don't like buts either." said severely. He laid his hand on the head waiter's arm.
"My dear fellow," he said, "forget your buts and live.

The head waiter signalled to me, with one eyebrow. I realized I must help him

"Phil dear," I said, "I have to go home.
Won't you take me?"
Phil bowed. His mood changed. He no longer felt like cutting up. He said he would be charmed to take me home.

He drove gravely, without speaking, but as we came to the brow of the first of the series of hills over which the Million Dollar Highway winds toward Rochester

he stopped the roadster.
"Anita," he said, "will you answer one question?"

"Of course," I said.
"Nita, darling, Nita, will you marry e?" Phil said.
"Dear boy," I said, "why?"

Phil became very serious.
"Because I love you, Nita," he said. "You do believe me, don't you? I love you. The other was just a dream, a foolish dream. It's you I've always loved.
You Nita. Will you run away with me?"
"Of course," I said.

Phil kissed me. In fact, we kissed each other. We kissed each other I don't know how many times. I felt as if I'd never really been kissed before.

We sped down the hill in the cool moonlight, the head-lamps making long paths of yellow light into which the car rushed.

I felt as if I were on top of the world and to judge by what happened later guess Phil did too. I felt absolutely reck-less and happy. I felt equal to anything.

less and happy. I felt equal to anything.
As we came to Brockport, I saw there had been a fire. An engine still pumped beside the plug at the corner and lines of hose lay across the street. We should have gone round, but Phil drove on.

It wouldn't have mattered in the least if policeman hadn't seen us and called a halt. Phil paid no attention. The police-man blew his whistle sharply. Phil drove on. Again the policeman blew, a shriller,

louder blast.
Phil's answer was to step on the gas The maneuver might have been successful if the hook and ladder truck ahead hadn't taken that moment to turn. The way was taken that moment to turn. The way completely blocked. Phil had to stop.

The policeman came running up, shouting angrily at Phil,
"Tut, tut!" Phil said to him.

for

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The policeman reached for Phil's coilar. Phil swung his fist. I got a hard blow under my left eye from an elbow. A fireman came to the policeman's assistance. I heard a thud as the policeman's stick descended on Phil's head. The policeman and the fireman dragged Phil head first

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Never a Marcel Wave

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair is ever-curly, with never a Marcel wave. And it always has a glow. The reason lies in a hair dress made exclusively for me. It was perfected for me by great experts when I had my long hair bobbed. Now all toilet counters supply it under the name Edna Wallace Hopper's Wave and Sheen. The price is 75c.

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out of the car. I got out them to the police station. I got out and followed]

At the sergeant's desk the policeman used. The sergeant turned the pages paused. of his blotter and picked up his pen.
"Charges?" he asked mildly when Phil

had given his name and address.

"Disorderly conduct, vile and abusive language, driving when drunk, resisting an officer, and—" The policeman paused for breath while the sergeant's pen scratched across the pages.

The next moment I realized that they were leading Phil down a corridor.

I sank down on the hard wooden bench against the wall.

"What about me?" I asked.

"You'd best drive home," he answered

"And leave Phil?" I cried. "I want to telephone to Rochester." The sergeant pushed the instrument on his desk toward

It took me ten minutes to get the Rochester operator but father answered so promptly that I knew he'd been waiting

up for me.
"Father," I cried, "Phil's been arrested and you've got to help me get him out."
"Where are you?" father asked.

"In Brockport, in the police station."
"I'll be there in thirty minutes," father

When he got there he took care of

everything.

"Might as well leave Phil's car here and take him home with us for the night," he He loaded us into the car and I sank back against the cushions and closed

A FTER father had taken Phil upstairs to bed he came down to talk to me. I was lying on the couch in the living room.

"Father," I said, "will you bring me a

Father brought me a mirror. I looked at myself with awe and consternation. I had the worst black eye I'd ever seen in my life.

Father looked at me quizzically. "It isn't permanent," he said. "Never mind."

I burst into tears.

I burst into tears.

Just now I especially harrible." "But I do mind. Just now I especiall want to look beautiful and I look horrible.

"What does it matter whether you look beautiful or not for a few days?" father asked.

"Because I'm engaged to Phil," I cried. Father stood off and looked at me very gravely. "I suppose you think you are going to reform him," he said.
"I've already reformed him," I cried.

"He isn't going to elope with Mrs. Rem-

For some reason father seemed quite agitated. He walked up and down the

"Well," he said finally, "if you'd just re-form each other it would be a great relief."

The next morning we got to talking of what father said about reforming each other and then Phil said he wasn't going to be cheated of an elopement. So he had his elopement after all, but it wasn't with Mrs. Remington. It was with me.

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The Prince Who Stole My Heart Away

[Continued from page 28]

"Oh, pardon me. So careless! I was christened Broderick Leopold Rupert Albert William.

"Oh, Your Highness! How can I ever call you all those names? May I call you Prince?

"For the present yes!" He looked me over from my blue slippers to the fluff of my head. I think he didn't quite understand me yet; for he said: "Would I seem

inquisitive if I asked you more about yourself Sweet?" I laughed. It was so delicious. "There isn't much more to tell, Prince. I'm just a little poor relation, a detrimental, Aunt

Martha says. Oh, how his eyes danced! "Tell me

And I told him. I read in a novel that there are some men a girl can feel acquainted with from the very first minute. And here I was talking to the Prince just like a brother! Yet not exactly like a brother. "Father and mother and I live in a little country parsonage. Father gets in a little country parsonage. Father gets it rent free and a hundred dollars every year." I told him how Aunt Martha had invited me, and how I had wanted to see him so much!

"And why did you want to see me,

I looked into his deep eyes and spoke low. For a miracle had happened. All fear was gone. "I wanted to see a real live Prince, but, when I saw you it was just like seeing a fairy Prince, and I knew that I would always love you."

He made a quick move toward me. thought he was going over the rail, and his face turned ruddy in that starry light. Then he drew a deep breath.

"How would you like to be my Princess, Sweet?" he asked. "Because a fairy Prince must have a Princess."

He was not laughing at me. I knew it must be make-believe; for how could a Prince fall in love with me? But it was real make-believe. The fairy Prince was there, and he was waiting:
"I'd love to be a fairy Princess."

I thought he was going to make another move toward me; and my heart stood still. "What does the fairy Princess do when she meets her Prince? I've travelled so much, seen so much, lived so much, I've travelled

I've forgotten about the fairies."
"She makes a deep courtesy, so! Prince! And she clasps her hands before her and says: 'I thank you Prince. Now I am savs: married to Your Highness, and I will do as Your Highness commands."

HE GAVE me that steel blue flash that sends a thrill through me. His face had reddened again. "Princess, my Princess now! I command that you sit close and talk to me. Tell me things I used to know, before I was so weary." And a ok, tired and sad, came into his face.
"What can I tell you, Prince?"
"Much, my Princess! You can show me

all the wonders of the world!"

He leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes. I wanted to sit there like that always with my Prince!

But I couldn't think of a thing to tell him. So I said: "We're ten million feet above the world, Prince. We're up in Heaven among the stars. There's no one Heaven among the stars. There's no one in our world but us. It's like being on a Desert Island."

"I'd like to be on a Desert Island, alone,

Sweet! On a night like this. It would be superb. No dinners, no engagements Just the wide stretch of sand and shining Sweet! water."

And me. Prince!"

I was sure that he was going to grah me that time. I caught my breath gaspingly. I would have died. But he sank back in his chair. "You make me forget

myself! Yes, Sweet! You, too, of course."
"Would you like to hear about two
people who lived like that, with a cave
for a house and seaweed for clothing: Because you'll want to know if you're going to take me there.

He gave me the strangest look. wind blew across us and spread a cloud over the stars. We were shut in. It was over the stars. We were shut in. It was our world to-night. "I would love to hear about those two people, Sweet."

FELT very bold. "Then lean back and close your eyes, because it's a story."
The Prince did as I bade him. And I

told him this story:

"It happened in the middle of the big ocean. The great ship struck an iceberg and went down. A Lady was on board and a Gentleman. The Lady had her cook, Maggie. She was very rich and never went anywhere without Maggie. When the Ship went down the Gentleman swam to the Lady and caught her by the hair of her head. It was long and golden and it twined around him like a net of Gentleman caught up a The life-preserver and put it on Maggie, the You see he wanted to save the

cook. You see he wanted to save the Lady all himself.

"They swam until dark, the Gentleman keeping hold of the lady's golden hair; and Maggie holding the Lady's hand When it was night Maggie began to cry, but the Lady did not cry. She loved the Gentleman and was happy to be with him can land or see. The stars came out; but on land or sea. The stars came out: but still they swam on. By and by, the Gentleman saw a dark spot on the surface of the sea. He swam for it. It was a Desert Island. They landed there in the night and the Gentleman found a cave where they could sleep. Maggie and the Lady slept in the cave, but the Gentleman lay outside it, for he feared that savages might come, and he loved the Lady dearly.

"Next day he caught fish; and he found a banana tree far in the Island, and a Maggie cooked over a cocoanut grove. fire of dried wood from ships that had been wrecked and tossed up on that Island. In one old wreck the Gentleman found a cabin full of tinned things, plenty to eat.

"They would have been very happy but they were lonesome. The Lady lived in her cave with Maggie; and the Gentleman lived in a cave right back of her. Every night the Lady would climb the rocks over her cave: and the Gentleman would climb his rocks. They would sit and hold hands until very late. Then they would go back to their separate caves, and the Lady would cry. Maggie would hold her in her arms and say: 'The poor lonesome lamh! Oh, if there was only a Priest here.'

They wanted to get married so much, so they could live in the same cave. gie used to watch the seas and pray for a Priest. Every night the Lady would kiss the Gentleman good night, and cry on Maggie's shoulder until morning. She wanted to be with the Gentleman so ter-

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"The Gentleman made a flagpole from a banana tree. He tied his shirt to it, and he waved it whenever a dark spot came on the sea. One day a ship came sailing up to the Island. There was a Priest on board who married the Lady and Gentleman, and all the sailors danced at the wedding. They wanted to take the Lady and Gentleman away with them, but they wouldn't leave their Desert Island. They wouldn't leave their Desert Island. They were so glad to be married, and it wasn't lonesome for the Lady after that. The Gentleman built a big stone house right in the rocks, and he and the Lady lived in it. And Maggie was happy, too, because one of the sailors had married her, and the sailor did the cooking and she and the sailor did the cooking and caught fish.

"The Lady and Gentleman had nothing to do but sit out on the rocks and love each other. One day the Lady cried dreadfully. And the Gentleman was so sorry. She was crying to think how dreadful it would have been—if the Priest hadn't come. Because they would have had to live apart always, of course. They were so pleased that it turned out that way for

them.
"They had twelve children, then. And they were happy ever after!"

The Prince opened his eyes. I thought he had been asleep. "How old are you, Sweet?" he asked.

"Nearly seventeen." He kept so still "Nearly seventeen." He kept so still that I was afraid he did not realize how mature I was; "And I'm very old for my age, Prince. I was always old. For one whole year when I was thirteen I used to

"And what did you cry about, Sweet?"
"The sorrows of the world, Prince! I used to cry about the Lady who wanted to be with the Gentleman, and the Priest who was so long in coming.'

THE Prince sat up and looked around. His color looked deeper in the night. He gazed at the stars, the distant sea; "Does there happen to be a Priest around here, do you think?"

"Prince!"

"Or a minister; or even a justice of the peace?"
"Prince! Are you really going to make

me a Princess?"

The Prince got to his feet because the clocks were striking eleven. "My time is up," he said. He held out his hand to me. up," he said. He held out his hands. My lands were icy cold. Yet they felt hot. It was too much to touch my Prince. "Let me take you down the Tower stairs, Sweet." he offered.

Sweet." he offered.

But I dared not take a step because my slippers would drop off.

"Will you come up here to-morrow night, Sweet? At ten?"

"Yes, Prince."

He took a step and all the stars in Heaven stood still. He put his hand upon the little Tower door and I trembled. I shaded my eyes. The glory of his face was too much was too much.

"Tomorrow night at ten, Sweet. I want to talk about that Priest!"

I could hardly wait for ten o'clock the next night to come. An hour earlier I stole up the Tower stairs. I wanted to sit out on that little balcony and dream about my Prince, and the Priest. Oh, could it be all a mimic world when it was so real to me! I had on my same little blue dress and the slippers

real to me! I had on my same little blue dress and the slippers.

The clock struck ten, and the Prince stood there! He looked just the same, only more glorious! He carried a steamer rug. "It's raining, Sweet," he said.

I looked up. The stars were gone. I

wanted to cry, but the Prince knew a way: M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist
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"I think we can sit out, Sweet, if we sit close to the Tower wall, with this rug



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over us. That will keep us warm and dry."

We sat up close to the wall, side by side, in our chairs, with the rug pulled up to our chins. I hadn't even noticed the rain, and the Prince pretended not to notice. We sat there, our heads close to-gether, the rain pattering on our faces, the rug keeping us warm! I felt his the rug keeping us warm! presence, as I had not felt him last night, so darling and so close. And I knew that I loved my Prince. Of course I had to I loved my Prince. let him speak first.

"What are you thinking about, Sweet?" he asked. Then he corrected himself, "My Fairy Princess

"The Priest, Your Highness!"

He looked at the flagpole that held its beacon light toward Heaven: "The signal hoisted. We're ship-wrecked, but the Priest will come." And he did not laugh.

WHEN he does not laugh I know that my Prince is telling the truth. I pulled the rug right up to my chin: "This s the way mother and Aunt Ruth went to China on a sailing vessel, to be missionaries, Prince.

He closed his eyes. I knew what a day he'd had, polo; receptions; everything! "Is it a story, Sweet? Then tell it to me, but don't move away. I can hear you better when you turn your face this way!

And I told him the story of how mother and Aunt Ruth went to China years ago. to carry the Message. And how Aunt Ruth was kidnapped by the savages and died. And, after that, mother came home and lectured about missions. "Then, she and lectured about missions. "Then, she met father, Prince. They were married met father, Prince. They were married right up at Cherry Vale, and they've lived there ever since. Mother was forty years old. And, when I was born she named me Edna, after father. His name is Edward. And mother knew she could never have another child. And, that's all.

The Prince opened his eyes: "How did she know she could never have another child, Sweet?"

The Prince asks such strange questions, when he knows everything in the world, but I had to answer:

"God told her so, Prince. God tells people all the great things in life. And God tells when God does not tell them God's Appointed tells it to them."

The Prince's eyes were liked deep sapphires, and his voice was low and waiting, as if he really wanted to learn: "And who is God's Appointed?"

"God's Appointed is her husband. Once I asked mother something. And father shook his head: "No. Wife! That is for

God's Appointed to tell her."
"I see, I see," said the Prince. And his

voice was like whispers in the night.

The Prince's eyes were dancing, but he turned the subject. "What do you do all day, Sweet? What do those pretty hands find to do?"

I laughed right out when I thought of my hands. "I love to work in clay, Prince: to model images; heads of people I love!" I did not mean to be bold, but it slipped out. "I modeled a head of you, Prince, It's in the rocks, down by the lily pool."

The Prince sat up: "Where is that lily pool?"

pool?

I leaned over the railing and pointed to the long path: "Beyond the arbor." "Will you meet me there to-morrow af-

ternoon at three?"
"Yes. Prince!"

He had to hurry for the clocks had struck, and there was a grand ball on

Part way down the stairs he called back in half whisper. "That signal is upon the flagpole, Sweet. The Priest is coming

I took off my slippers three sizes too big and went softly down stairs. I met the Prince at the pool next day at three. I wore a little checked dress and They were patent leather bemy pumps. fore the shine wore off, but I hoped the Prince would not notice that.

He was on time but I was working on the clay figurine and did not see him until he gave a soft "Hello!" And there he stood in polo togs. He stepped on a looked and leaped, and stood beside me. He looked my shoes; "Why down at my dress, my shoes; "Why Sweet!" His face expressed astonishment, He was like a laughing boy full of pranks; and he walked around me, flecking things with his riding stock, inspecting me as Then he sat though I were a prize pony. down on the rocks, right close to me, and leaned back his head and laughed; laughed until the trees rocked and the lily bells I knew he was laughing at me, but rang.

I wasn't going to cry.
"It's your feet, Sweet! Your little feet! And I thought you had feet like an ele-phant. Come Sweet! Don't be angry. But you don't know how funny you looked last night with those great big slippers and you so slight and dainty. Let me laugh, Sweet! I thought you were an angel. But you're just a girl after all, angel. But you're just a girl after all, and you wore those slippers because they matched your dress. They must have been made for a big powerful girl. Where can one buy slippers, Sweet? And stockings to match?" He paused abruptly.

Aunt Martha stepped through the brush.

She stared at me at the Prince His

She stared at me, at the Prince. His Highness did not flicker an eyelash as he Aunt Martha stood there, listen-What else could she do? She had to spoke. smile, but her eye as she glanced at me

was terrible. The Prince saw that look; "My dear Mrs. Townsend! Your coming is most opportune. Indeed I could not have wished for anything more timely. I was crossing your charming estate and chanced to see this delightful lily pool. I descended and here, so fortunately, I found your talented She had been modelling a clay figure of me. I am sure my mother will want it. She is an amateur sculptor. She will show you, when you visit her inform-

Aunt Martha began to wriggle with joy, but the Prince would not permit her to

speak.
"Your niece has told me about her home up the Hudson, (I questioned her) and about her reverend father, your brother! I would like to motor her home tomorrow

Aunt Martha choked. Father driving old Miriam! The little parsonage with pigeons in the chimney! The marble center table, the family Bible! Mother bringing out the tea tray! Everything shabby!

Her face was as good as a play.

"Impossible Prince! I could not permit

THE Prince turned to me, "Would you like to have me take you home, Sweet?" We saw Aunt Martha gasp and wilt, but the Prince had it his way. He was to motor me home, next day.

I went back to my room, trembling, but Aunt Martha did not come near me.

Only, next morning, when the Prince and I were seated in his car, she came out and kissed me effusively. We had tele-phoned ahead to mother. I was afraid she would be scandalized to see me driving with the Prince, only the chauffeur and a footman, and behind us a trailer. The Prince always had one for fear a tire would blow out. I wondered if Mother would have anything in the house. Suppose it was one of the lean days! I prepared the Prince for it.

"Prince, father isn't rich like Aunt Martha, and sometimes there isn't very much. One night we had only a ham bone



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gave father two dollars because they were

gave father two dollars because they were poor, but father went out and bought a wedding feast, cake and everything."

The Prince stopped the car: "I've just thought of something, Sweet. It's most bothersome, but someone has sent me a present. I can't refuse it." He motioned to the trailer; and spoke to its chauffeur. It sped away. Up, in the city, it passed us, loaded to the top. The Prince looked bored. "Such a nuisance; your mother." bored. "Such a nuisance; your mother will have to take these packages off my hands." I thought of mother and I could have caught him to me and kissed him,

and he knew it.

Then the Prince said: "Now we'll drive to the stocking shop, Sweet."

I looked straight ahead. Father is very severe to men who buy stockings for girls. He said to mother: "Wife, I tell you! When a man buys stockings for a woman, he expects to put them on!"

AND mother said: "Edward! I am amazed! Edna is present!"

Father went around like a whipped dog. So when the Prince mentioned buying stockings for me I looked straight ahead. Mother says that is how to manage embarrassing situations. I pretended I had not heard. I held my chin high and sniffed the air.

After a minute the Prince said: "Forgive me, Sweet!

Of course a thoroughbred forgives instantly. So I replied: "Don't mention it!" and the Prince choked as if he was swallowing his tonsils.

A jolt in the road threw us together. When we were righted again the Prince's hand lay on my knee, palm up, fingers partly curled. His wrist was brown, blue veins like enamel on bronze, and the cup of his hand looked warm and strong as though it could protect me. I turned my eyes ever so cautiously to him. He was looking at me and waiting: "I love you, Edna, but I will wait for you to come to

I laid my hand in the open cup of his hand. He let it rest there not moving. If he had stirred or touched me, I think I should have fainted, for that queer feeling in my breast. And, by and by, after heavenly hours, we came down into Cherry Vale to the parsonage.

Father and mother were waiting for us. The Prince helped me out. Father met The Prince helped me out. Father met us at the foot of the porch steps. I was so proud of him, with his silvery hair and white beard. The Prince shook hands with him, all smiles. Mother was at the head of the little steps. She wore her black silk; and her hair was parted on each side of her face like the folded wings of a white dove. We all went into the house, the Prince holding fast to mother's hand like a hov. hand like a boy.

We sat down in the parlor and mother We sat down in the parlor and mother went out to get the tea tray. She and I brought the things in and served. And such a tea tray! Cake and sandwiches: and tea and clotted cream. Where did mother get it all? But, before we could eat father had to say Grace. He prayed for those in High Authority.

We couldn't talk much, there was such a stamping in the barn. Father explained it to the Prince: "That's Miriam. She detests automobiles, Miriam was a colt before automobiles came in, and she can't

before automobiles came in, and she can't get used to them."

Father got up to go out to the barn; and the Prince and mother and I followed. The Prince motioned to the chauffeurs and they backed the cars down into the road. Miriam was in her stall, her ears back, her hind hoofs cleaving the air.

in the house, but while I was singing 'The Lord Will Provide,' at Family Prayers, a couple came to be married. The man only Records



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Father reasoned with her; I picked her some grass and mother brought her a lump of sugar. Father took her halter off so she could go out and see for herself that they had gone. "She'll be all right that they had gone. now," said father.

The Prince looked down the road: "I'll

have to leave you that trailer, Dr. Flower."
But father shook his head. "It would hurt Miriam's feelings, and she's been a good horse to me.'

WEWENT back into the house and finished our tea. And, when we had eaten, father looked at me. If the house was on fire Father would say a prayer at the close; "Daughter, lead us in prayer." I was so happy I couldn't think of a prayer for the Close so I folded my hands. The Prince bowed his head. I said: "Oh Father, who hath so mysteriously ushered us into an unfinished world, help us to do our part in the great work before we fall asleep.

The Prince said "Amen," but father looked surprised as if I had suddenly grown up.

And then the Prince said, "That's what want to talk about, the great work Edna tor. She must study in Paris, in Lausanne."

But father shook his head. "We ar humble workers in the Vineyard, Prince." "We are

l've thought of all that, Sir," the Prince oke in. "There are scholarships, monthe Prince broke in. Edna made a figure of me, eved prizes. someone will buy it. I'm selfish in wanting her to go over."

Father looked at him and said: "You are a good man. Prince.'

But mother had a strange look, as if

God were telling her something.

Then the Prince said: "There is a Then the Prince said: "There is a church on my estate. Would it interest you, Sir? It carries a high endowment."

Mother answered: "Our work is here,

Prince. Our poor would miss wo.
While they were talking about sending me to Paris a great barking rose outside. Father got up! The Prince looked at everybody to see what was going to happen next. Father explained, "That's old Rover. He wants to come into the house."

All that time I was sitting close to the Prince. Mother motioned me away. It looked too familiar. But the Prince saw

her and said:

"It is time to speak out, Mrs. Flower.
I love Edna. We have said 'Yes!' to each

Father stared: "But Edna is only a child

"She's nearly seventeen Dr. Flower, My grandfather went up out of the Balkans and brought back the Princess Ingurtha when she was seventeen. And my father found my mother, the Princess Onna when she was sixteen.

"But Edna is just a simple little American girl and you have known her only a short time! Are you sure you love her with the love that endures?"

There was silence. Quite shamelessly the Prince held out his hand, and I laid

my hand in his.

Father said: "Prince we are old fashioned people, wife and I. And Edna has been brought up in innocence. She knows

nothing of the world, nor of men. Our creed is from the old Bible, that a woman shall be subject to a man, a wife to her husband. That throws a great responsibility upon you, Prince. You'll pardon me if I speak plainly before I give you my little girl."

The Prince rose to his feet and stood in ont of father. He took a blade from a front of father. He took a blade from a sheath in his belt; "I have carried this It was given to me by my grandalways. father, the great king of battles with the command that I use it only in defence of my love. Now, therefore, I take it in my two hands so!" He bent it double and my love. there was a flash and the snapping of metal. "And may the Lord do so to me and more also.'

Again there was dead silence. The Prince threw the broken metal upon the table. Father bowed his head: "Enough!"

HEN mother gave us a look, that look of understanding; "Would you like to take the Prince outside, Edna, and show him the flower beds?"

Darling mother, and what a look the rince gave me. We went out and down Prince gave me. We went out and down the steps. In the front yard is an oak tree with a seat underneath. We sat down and looked at each other. We were so and looked at each other. new that there seemed always something fresh to see at a turn of the head. We understood each other's hearts; for so a

man and woman are made to understand.

I felt his arm about me. The light from the front door touched his head. Mother stood in the front door with Rover, but over us the oak branches bent low shielding us with their pagoda of leaves, and I leaned against the Prince's arm.

"I come of a hot-blooded race, Sweet,

and I must not frighten you.

and I felt my-"But if a woman loves—" self leaning to him, forgetting that I was

afraid. We sat so until mother called us.
We found father pacing the floor, "I
want Edna to sing to you," said mother softly. I went to the piano and sang the song mother sang to father the night he proposed to her, sang it as father likes it: "Oh fair dove, oh fond dove,

:1

1.1

Oh dove with the white, white breast— To think I have come to this your home And my heart is full of rest.'

The Prince and I stood together. Rover watching solemnly. Then father put out his hands: "Defend, oh Lord, this Thy child with Thy Heavenly Grace. And grant that he may grow in wisdom more and more.

Rover went "Woof, woof," and father opened his eyes and saw that his hands were resting on Rover's head. looked at the Prince and the Prince lifted up his face: "Oh Lord, watch between Edna and me while we are absent one from another." He took a charm off his fob and put it in my hand. It re "Mizpah!" He stooped and kissed me. It read

Then the Prince drove away! I stood at the gate and watched as long as I could see his waving hand.

And, now, I'm going to Paris. And to

Switzerland! All over the world! For I'm going to be a Queen some day! And I must be a splendid Queen! Queen Edna, the noblest Queen a King ever knew.

H, I know what it is to go down into the shadow of great suffering, to be dazed and numb with pain. I went, I tried to go gladly, for my mother. For her I was making the supreme sacrifice. But there are miracles about us and a great change comes into the heart of a man. That's how a light shone about me in the darkness and I came to "My Wonderful Christmas Gift". Oh, I cry now when I think of it all and you will know why when you read my story in January SMART SET.

Thought She Meant Love

[Continued from page 50]

inlyise him about things that concern us

"Little jealous girl with the brown cycs." He pulled me down on his lap and swayed back and forth in the rickety r king chair as he crooned the silly love that I adored to hear. What a crazy

durling boy, he was.

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. . . jealous eyes. Big brown eyes that snap. Funny, those little spots like ald in the brown part of your eyes. Just like particles of gold in the brown. Must be like the extra special stuff that Captain McTavish is bringing on the Comet for Vera. She was telling me about it and she says that it is sort of amber colored with flecks like little bits of gold leaf in it. Let's see, what did she call it? Eau it. Let's see, what did she call it? Eau de Vie de Danzig. Some name, that. I like to say it; it sort of runs off your tengue. Try it, baby. Eau de Vie de Danzig. . . Eau de Vie de Danzig. It's a cordial . . . you know, a drink they serve after dinner. Vera says, there isn't bettle of it left in the whole United serve after dinner. Vera says, there isn't a bottle of it left in the whole United States or Canada. Those ten cases that McTavish has for Vera will be all that there is of it, and she can demand what she wants for it and get it too. Just before Christmas as it is, there will be a lot of people who will jump at the chance of buying a few bottles. They'll like boasting to their friends about having something rare. Funny how people like having smething that no one else has. That's mething that no one else has. That's one reason I love my girl so, I guess; kam's own girl, little girl with goldspotted eyes like Eau de Vie de Danzig."

No, I couldn't be angry at him for

"Get your coat and come on down to the boat. I'll be back tomorrow morning terly and you're not to worry, understand?" He swing me " He swung me up in his arms

and kissed me.

"I must fix the fire and change into a narmer dress. It's cold this morning. I'll be down in a few minutes."

"I'LL RUN on then. I want to see Vera. Have to put up my share of the shipment. She is giving me the cash to pay for the stuff. Trusting me with a lot of

money. Pretty nice of her, all right."
"Don't forget that she's sending Red louie with you. That crook! He'd sell

louie with you. That crook! He'd sell his soul for cocaine. He's afraid of Vera and he'll watch you for her. She isn't trusting you so much."
"Don't nag, baby."
"Oh Rann, I don't want to nag you. I suppose I should be happy that it isn't Cress Devlin who is going with you. He hates you, Rann. You must stop flirting with Vera. He's crazy about her."
"Oh now, Cress doesn't bother me, See you down at the beach."
I watched him swing off towards the

I watched him swing off towards the iny group of houses that made the vilhurried about my work and into a warm dress. I pulled a hanged into a warm dress. red tam down over my dark hair and threw my red cape about my shoulders as I went out.

I hurried through the pine grove that ordered the water. As I stood at the edge of the trees I saw Vera Trafford and Rann ahead. Scarcely knowing why,

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You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonies, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the surface skin and never even get to the never even get to the roots, the real source of trouble. How could they ever possibly grow new hair?

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stopped and watched them. Vera was talking earnestly and suddenly she went close to him and threw her arms about his neck. After an instant I saw my husband laugh and draw away from her; he pointed to the beach and I saw Vera shrug her shoulders and follow him reluctantly.

At the small boat wharf a few people had gathered where Rann's launch, the Jazz Baby, tugged at the rope that held

Cress Devlin and shifty-eyed Red Louie nodded a curt good-morning as I approached. Vera Trafford came forward approached. and smiled pleasantly at me.

You are out early this morning, my ar." She spoke with a cockney accent dear. but her voice was low pitched and not unpleasant.

Devlin's cobra-like eyes had Cress watched Vera's every movement; whenever she spoke to Rann a film seemed to make colder their pale grayness.

The boat was ready now and just as Rann stepped to the edge of the wharf Vera came close to him and leaning suddenly forward kissed him on the lips. know that my eyes flamed. I watched Rann with his good-natured laugh, pat the woman on her shoulder and turn to call an embarrassed farewell to me. I glimpsed the glare in Cress Devlin's eyes and caught the quizzical half-smile in Vera's gaze when she saw the effect of her action. No, she hadn't forgiven Rann for not responding to her overtures.

The engine coughed and spit; the small boat turned out into the Straits. I walked slowly back to my cabin. Rann would be home by tomorrow's daybreak but in between would be hours of anxiety . . . tor-tured hours. It wasn't fair that I should be made to suffer like this. It wasn't worth it.

The damp chill in the room drove me near midnight to remake the fire. I had not eaten. Somehow a terrible dread, a premonition of evil seemed to hold me in its grasp. For hours I stared into the darkness. Rann had told me there was nothing to fear; surely he would come at dawn.

WHEN the new day showed an even gray sky there was no approaching spot on the broad expanse of the Straits. By afternoon I was tramping the beach in a frenzy of anxiety. Twice I went to Vera Trafford's bungalow; she appeared much perturbed by Rann's delay in returning and she was kind and sympathetic to me. Cress Devlin, in his halting way, tried to comfort me. Vera should be pretty worried too, he said. She would be out

twelve thousand dollars if the revenue officers had stopped Rann. He probably would show up all right though; nothing to be worried about yet.

I stopped at French Andre's shack for a while; these poor fisher-folk seemed my only friends. Try as I would I could not trust Vera and Cress. It was only the loss of their money that would disturb them.

The night and the second day passed in a cloud of black despair. Just before dusk a fisherman from Sidney towed in the Jazz Baby. He had found her adrift near the American shore, he said; her deck was spattered with blood, her crew and cargo gone.

I felt as if my heart were being torn

in shreds. Rann. Rann. My boy!
"Hijackers," the villagers murmured.
They were a bad lot, those arch-criminals who preyed on the rum-runners; they never gave a man a chance. My Ram and Red Louie probably had fallen victims to those sinister parasites.

The fisherman who had found the

launch was to make a report of the whole affair to the Dominion police in Shrews-bury on the other side of the island.

Desperate, I determined to go to Shrewsbury with the man. I wanted to get away from this place, wanted to see the authorities and make an effort to find some trace of Rann. I ran all the way to my cabin to get a handbag and a few clothes, but when I returned to the wharf, the old trawler was well on her way down the Straits of Haro.

RESS DEVLIN standing on the dock assured me that the man must have He had given the misunderstood me. fisherman careful instructions about reporting the matter and sending a government patrol boat to scout the Straits. The patrol he thought, would put in to the village on the following morning. He would advise against mentioning that Rann had been rum-running; it wasn't a popular profession with the police. reason why the rest of them should suffer because my husband had had hard luck. He was right sorry for all the worry I must be going through. It looked badly for Rann, still you never could tell.

The patrol did not arrive on the following morning, but it was only when French Andre who had agreed to take me to Shrewsbury that afternoon, found that the engine of his trawler had been tampered with and would not run, that I began to have a suspicion that I was being

Somehow I had to get away. I had a feeling that Rann was still living, but where? For the third time I started toward Vera Trafford's bungalow. At last I had arrived at a decision. I wasn't afraid of them any more; I was going to demand that I he taken to the mainland.

It was past the dinner hour; the day-light was gone; Vera and Cress still were at the dinner table. The whole room seemed in confusion.

The two were startled for an instant when they saw me standing in the doorway. Vera glanced more than once toward a door that led into the back of the house. She smiled and motioned for me to sit down.

"I won't sit down," I told her, "Please. Mrs. Trafford... please won't you let me go to the mainland or to Shrews-bury? I've waited too long now. I'm sure that fisherman didn't report to the police as he promised. I must do something. I must go. Perhaps Rann is need ing me somewhere. Oh please, Mrs. Trafford send me to Shrewsbury tonight.

is not far and I must go."

The dark eyes with smudges of blue heneath the lids gazed thoughtfully at

me.
"I think you are right. Tomorrow, I'll send the boat off with you." She picked up one of the bottles and regarded it a moment; then she poured out some of the contents into a small curved glass. My eyes followed her movements. "Cress's hoat is still uncertain," she went "I should hate to have it break down in the Straits at night, though, Cress will take you." Tomorrow

I felt something snap in my brain. A

wave of red anger suffused me.
"It is always tomorrow. You have some reason for wanting to keep me here. You are afraid that I will tell the police about you and your gang." My voice shrilled high. I was desperate. "You let me go, do you hear. You can't keep me me go, do you hear. You can't keep me here any longer."

Vera Trafford refilled the curved glass.

She looked at me while she did it and while she drank its contents. She did not answer my wild outburst.

My anger There wasn't any use.

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slumped into black despair. I stood quietly, my dull eyes tracing along the ornate Vera was labels on the tray of bottles. reaching out toward one when I turned and went out of the door. No use. They had me beaten. And Rann, my dear boy, perhaps he was alive somewhere, needing me.

In the desolate cabin I lighted the wall mp. In the mirror I caught the refleclamp. tion of a haggard face with staring eyes. How I had changed in three days. How terrible my eyes looked. Rann always loved my eyes. He'd think I was ugly now. Brown eyes, he used to call me. Even on that last morning when he had held me close in his arms and kissed me had called me Brown Eyes. he had called me Brown Eyes. And what else was it he had told me? I tried to recall every dear word he had uttered. Golden fleeks! Oh yes, that strange rare cordial that he said my eyes were like. He had repeated it again and again. Golden flecks! Eau de Vie de Dansig! Why that was what Vera had just been drinking.

In a flash it had come to me that be-yond a doubt the two at the bungalow knew what had happened to Rann. At last I had the proof

Now I had a real reason to escape. Somehow, anyhow, I was determined to

get off the island.

It was nearly eleven when I started to French Andre's cabin. My heart jumped fearfully, but I set my teeth and stumbled along the uneven path. The waves pounded loudly on the beach, the wind howled through the trees and whipped my coat about me.

I NSIDE the shack I told Andre of my plan. The Jazz Baby was anchored to a buoy before his cabin. If we could obtain gasoline, the launch would carry us to Victoria or Shrewsbury after the Do-minion Police. We must break into the store after it. The store keeper was one store after it. The store keeper was one of Vera's crowd and would not sell me the gasoline. If Andre would help me, if he would go with me to get the police, I would give him the launch in payment. It was all that I had.

The young Frenchman's eyes shone avidly but he hesitated. There was danger as Madame well knew, he said. The rum-rumners were a bad lot. Still, a fine heat was worth trying for and of course

boat was worth trying for, and of course if our plan worked out and we reached the authorities, the rum-runners would no longer be where they could harm him.

It was after twelve when we emerged from the house and stole down to the store

A back window that opened into the big room where surplus goods were stored seemed our best means of entering. Andre loosened the lock and it finally gave with his prying. I knew where the tins of gasoline were kept. There would not be many of them; four, perhaps. Only that afternoon I had heard the store-kepter complain that he had only twenty keeper complain that he had only twenty gallons of gas left and the supply boat not due until Saturday, four days away.

not due until Saturday, four days away. But they were not there.

Together we searched every corner. The marks of the cans were visible in the dust on the floor. Someone had taken them. Only Cress Devlin's boat and the Jazz Baby were here. Vera and Cress must be getting away. The confusion in the house when I was there in the early evening. That meant packing. They must have filled the tank of Cress's boat after I had had my seene with Vera. after I had had my scene with Vera.

Maybe they had already gone! Oh God, if they had. All trace of my dear boy would be lost if those two had made their getaway. The sudden thought of the shadow against the curtain at the Oh



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bungalow came to me. One of them was there. Whoever it was, was going to be made to tell me what they had done with my husband.

"Go down near the wharf," I whispered Andre. "If the launch is gone come to Andre. back to the bungalow for me. If it isn't, try and stop them someway . . . if they start to leave. I think that one of them is at the bungalow. I'm going to do something. I don't know what yet.

was running through the darkness. Fear had left me. I was going to make somebody talk. I didn't care who. A lamp was lit in the living room of Vera's bungalow.

I slipped across the porch and tried the door; when it gave I entered softly. fore the table a man whimpered like a sick animal over a case that held some bits of glass and shiny nickel. He turned bits of glass and shiny nickel. He turned a little toward me. When I glimpsed his face, my hands flew to my lips to still

the startled cry that would have come. Red Louie! Here! The one man who could tell me where Rann was!

FLATTENED myself against the curtains of the doorway to marshal my forces. The man steadied his trembling form against the table. He was so weak that he hardly could stand. They had been keeping the dope from him, I guessed; they wanted to keep him weak.

Back of him the open door of a small all safe told its story. Not for nothing wall safe told its story. Not for nothing had Red Louie spent his years in the underworld. Weak as he was, he had found his cocaine even though the others had locked it away from him.

The man's eyes brightened a bit; he started a dragging shuffle across the room to where a thermos bottle of water stood on the buffet. His back was toward me for a moment. Here was my chance. When he turned back to the table again the case with its contents of relief was

Across the room I faced him. I felt as if I would kill him if he did not tell me what I wanted to know. He staggered a

few steps.

"Gimme it, gimme my needle."

"You can't hurt me Louie." My voice was low. "You aren't strong enough.

"" hid your layout. I'll not give you I've hid your layout. I'll not give you your stuff unless you tell me what they've done with Rann."

The man made an effort to steady him-

"Gimme it." he whined. "I don't know nothin' about Rann, 'pon my soul."

"Tell me Louie. Tell me the truth.

Think how good a shot would feel."

Cress'll kill me."
"He's gone. Tell me. Where is Rann?" "He's gone. The man's hands twisted in endless cir-

cles. Finally he whispered.
"They ain't gone. They're coming back before they go for good. I'm goin' with

"Tell me, Louie, where is Rann?" had to make him tell before they returned. Any moment they might come and it would be too late.

Finally he broke under my questioning. "Cress caught us that night out in the Straits." The words poured out. "'E put out from 'ere after dark. I don't know whether the young 'un is dead or not. Anyway, 'e's over on the Birthday Cake among the islands. 'E didn't know 'oo did fer 'im, I guess. 'E was catchin' a nap when Cress came aboard. Now fer Godsakes, gimme it, gimme it."
"Did Vera know? Tell me that, Louie, did Vera Trafford know?"

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That's 'ow it is.''

My heart was beating in slow pounding thumps. The Birthday Cake. Perhaps Rann was there unhurt. Oh, these devils were going to be punished for what they had done to him. For nine hundred dolhad done to him. lars that woman had been willing to sacrifice my boy. The money and the shel to her vanity, had been reason enough. The money and the slight

The open door of the safe attracted me, Red Louie paid no attention to me; I had thrown him his case; he breathed heavily as he mixed a small pellet in water. I crossed swiftly and drew a box from the safe. It was locked but it was easy to force it open with a paper knife. Vera would be back, all right. I stared in astonishment as I saw the value of the rolls of bills and the gold that the box held. Thousands of dollars, there were. And nine hundred of it belonged to me. folded that amount in bills into a small roll and tucked it down the front of my Then I went out into the darkness

I was not sure just what to do. It was up to me to get those two away from the launch. I held the revolver which Andre had given me at arm's length and pulled the trigger. After that I ran toward the wharf.

What if the noise of the wind had drowned the shot? I was almost at the wharf. The pounding of running feet along the planks, told me that my ruse had worked. Vera and Cress were on had worked. their way to the bungalow.

I crouched in the blackness until they had passed. Lights shone out suddenly in a cabin or two; the village was astir. I called to Andre. He slipped out of the shadows and together we ran down the wharf to where Cress's launch was tied.

A lantern glowed in the cabin, but no one was aboard. We jumped down into the cockpit and cast off the line; it was a minute or two after Andre started spinning the engine that the motor coughed hoarsely and started its steady pound. At the wheel, I turned the nose out into the Straits and headed for the San Juan Islands. Vera and Cress couldn't try to stop me in the Jazz Baby because there was no more gasoline. I had won on this cast of the dice. If only on the Birthday Cake I'd find my boy unharmed.

It was daybreak when we came to the Birthday Cake. Dense undergrowth covered the rock that rose sheer from the waters of the Straits. A few fir trees set far apart lent the effect of candles on a cake and gave the island its name. There was no sign of life here; a dead stillness, a dank smell of rotting leaves, that was all. We cruised about the rock again and again before we discovered the tiny scrap of sand that seemed to promise a bit of shallow water and a means of landing. Andre nosed in the bow until it rested on the sand.

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T SEEMED unwise that we both should go ashore. I crawled over the bow and jumped down to the scrap of beach. My heart heat high in my throat, my feet seemed to be weighed with leaden shoes as I started through the underbrush. My blood flowed faster after a moment or two; for here were indications that some one had come through the close grown bushes.

I pressed on, the branches tearing at my clothes. Near the center of the island stumbled out into a bit of clearing. At the edge of it I saw a rude shelter, a sort of lean-to of boughs. I had to force myself to go forward; I knew that here I would find Rann, but how? Fear sank its claws deeper. Six more steps, five

more, four.

He lay very still on a pile of boughs.

A blanket covered him. When he heard

me cry out, he turned and opened his eyes.

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"I didn't think you'd make it, Baby."
He broke down and cried from weakress. Just because he was so darned glad
to see me, he told me later. There was
a pretty bad gun-shot wound in the calf
of his right leg. As I dressed it with strips torn from my clothes, he told me in broken snatches of the fight in the Straits.

Cress Devlin evidently had sneaked out of the village after dark and had returned before dawn. Rann had thought that tress's boat was a revenue boat. It was tot until Cress and another man had come aboard the Jazz Baby that he knew that he was in for trouble. They had fought when Rann had resisted being taken aboard Cress's launch; it was during scuffle that he had been shot.

FTER that he hadn't remembered much until they were near the Birth-y Cake. Cress Devlin must have thought that straight murder was going a little too i.r. A wounded man wouldn't cause much trouble marooned on a deserted speek of land. After they had left Rann in the shelter with a little food, he had trud to make his way to where he could attract the attention of the crew of the passing motor-ferry; but the path led the undergrowth on the other side had leen an unsurmountable barrier.

"You were right about Cress, Baby. You were right when you told me to look

out for him.' I was almost as exhausted as Rann when Andre and I finally settled him on the long seat near the wheel. I turned the launch toward Andre had backed it away from the treacherous

rocks about the Birthday Cake. "Go back to the village, Baby." Rann pointed toward the island.

"We are on our way to Anacortes." I

"We are on our way to Anacortes." I held my voice steady.

"Now listen, hon. I must see Vera. She'll be wild when she knows what Cress Devlin pulled and what he's done to her. Hijacked twelve thousand dollars worth of liquor that belonged to her. I'll bet she never sees him at the village again. We'll find the stuff in a cache on Lummi Island. I heard Cress say they would take the Jazz Baby there and unload her and then abandon her in the Straits."

Straits." I kept my eyes straight ahead, the bow of the launch held steadily toward Ana-

cortes.

"We're not going back to the village,
Rann." I paused for a space. "As for
our money. I got that away from those
crooks. And after this, I am going to
have something to say about what we do. We are going to be partners, and I'm to be consulted about things. You are through with those crooks back on the

"But Vera? What about Vera? She should know what Cress did. She should know that he hijacked her shipment of liquor and that he almost did for me."

"She knows it, Rann. She knew from the first. She planned it, drove Cress to it by making him jealous of you. And all for nine hundred dollars."

"My hundred laughed weekly."

My husband laughed weakly.
"Don't be silly, you jealous kid. Don't ever try to tell me that Vera Trafford would stand by and let Cress do for

me."
"For nine hundred dollars she was will-

ing."
"Vera's straight. I'll bank on her." His jaw was set stubbornly.
"You want proof, Rann? Well, I'll give it to you." I held my voice steady.
"Last night I went to try and get her to

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let me leave the island. They had been promising for two days. Vera and Cress were still at the table when I talked to She was drinking something out le curved glass. I watched her I saw the bottle. But it wasn't of a little curved glass. watched her until I had gone back to the cabin that I suddenly remembered something that you had told me. It was about that special bottled stuff, Rann. That cordial that you said there wasn't any more of in this country. Well, that was what your this country. Well, that wa friend Vera was drinking."

Rann's quick exclamation of disbelief I saw his form stiffen. did not stop me. "It came to me like a flash after that, that name on the bottle. Eau de Vie de Danzig! A cordial with little gold flecks

in it. And she smiled, Rann. Vera smiled when she poured it there before me. Cress had brought it in to her and she knew where he got it. Eau de Vie de Danzig. That was how I knew that they had done for you.

Rann lay very still. I watched him from beneath my lashes. He seemed to he thinking deeply. After a long while

he spoke.

"You've changed, Brenda. Somehow, I

hardly know my baby doll."
"I'm not a doll. That is just it. been through hell these last few days. I've been almost mad with worry facing those devils there alone, getting the best of them.'

Another long silence. Then, Rann's voice, low and earnest.

"I guess you're wiser than I ever gave you credit for, Brenda. I guess I don't know so much as I thought I did. After this you take the wheel, will you? Be Captain, I mean. I'm going to give you all the nice things I dreamed about for you.

but it will be your way, see? We'll le like you said. Partners."

I felt a wild desire to cry, to put my arms around his neck and tell him how I adored him. No. I must wait a little for that. Rann musn't think me the easily led youngster. I had been. Married exects led youngster I had been. Married people must respect as well as love one another. I had earned his respect, now he must earn mine. I leaned forward and held out

my hand.
"Fifty-fifty, from now on, Rann." I smiled at him. "Partners."

No One Will Ever Know

[Continued from page 53]

want to go some place with someone gay and sweet and forget my misery and

longing."
He looked at me entreatingly and my heart melted. He was lonely too now. And he was the only person who had made life at all tolerable since my coming to Carstens. He had been a kind and sympathetic friend when I needed just that very thing. I would no more have had the heart to "turn him down" than to refuse aid to anyone in need of it.

had the best time that afternoon that I had experienced since coming to Carstens. And that was only the beginning of gay times that endured all summer. did I know loneliness. The pl The pleasures of Milledgehurst for which I had pined paled into insignificance compared with the diversions I now enjoyed. I learned to swim, to drive the then not so common automobile, to order delicious dinners at attractive restaurants, to dress to please the observant eye of Blake Wallace.

His wife was due to return in September, but before that time came he had explained to me some of the circumstances of his life with her.

"WINNIE is a good woman," he said to me of her. "She is still attractive, and I suppose she is still fond of me. When we were first married she liked to go places with me, seemed to enjoy my company when we were alone together, or took delight in entertaining in our home, but when our two children came I seemed to cease to exist for her. She is an out-standing example of the wife having died in the mother. She is so wrapped up in in the mother. She is so wrapped up in the children that she is scarcely aware of anything else. I have pleaded with her, have tried to make her see that while she owes a great deal of herself to the children she still owes something to me. She thinks me heartless for that attitude. I reverence a good mother, myself, but she is fanatical on the subject. Two years ago I gave up on the subject. any hope of ever making her see my side of it. I concluded I must seek my pleasure

and companionship outside my home."

In September an epidemic of typhoid fever struck the town. Winnie wrote that fever struck the town. Winnie wrote that she thought it best not to come back until

it had died down somewhat, it would be wrong to run the risk of the children's getting it. Her parents thought it very un wise for her to take a chance on her own health. Since Blake had his business in Carstens that was a different thing, it was vital for him to be there.

"A year ago this would have disheart ened me," he commented as he finished reading, "but now I scarcely care a whit. You and I have had such good times together that my life has been completely altered. I shall write Winnie telling her to stay as long as she wishes. Occasionally I'll run up to see her and the tads (they really are fine youngsters, you know) but you and I will have more time in which to play now; it simply means an extension of our mutual gayeties.

S UDDENLY Blake put his arms about

me and kissed me.
"You're so sweet, Marcia."
It was just for a second that I let him

His kiss was undeniably sweet hold me. on my lips, and in my heart I longed for it to last longer, but I broke from his

"You mustn't." I said, "or we can't have any more good times together. Promise

me you won't again."
"I'll try not to," he answered humbly, "but Marcia, you're nearly irresistible, you know, and I think I've done pretty well never to have let temptation get the best of me before.

Now if my daughter Coralie found herself in such a situation she wouldn't blink at it at all. She would face the facts, would argue with herself, like this:

"Look here, Coralie Gordon, you're approaching a crisis in your friendship for this man Wallace. If you go on, you're likely to get into deep water, or hot water. Do you like him enough to take such a chance? Are you willing to pay the

price?
"If so, proceed. "If not cease at once."

And either way she would take any

blows standing up.
But I, what knowledge I possessed I had gathered here and there, some of it was reliable, some distorted out of all

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true proportion. Yet I will not excuse myself. As I have said before, woman possesses an invaluable sixth sense, called intuition. And that sixth sense whispered to me a warning, which I did not heed. Indirectly I denied it, following my inclinations which were to avoid the bitterness of loneliness and seek gayety with Blake.

And when Winnie returned in November, we both found it unthinkable that we should give up our companionship.

Blake raised my salary considerably, and

then one day said to me:

"Marcia, why don't you take one of those little two-room apartments that are going up near Ridley Park? Then I can come to see you now and then. We can read together, and have little suppers. Just to be with you, my dear, and observe your sweetness and your beauty is a great joy

to me.
"Besides, we can't go about quite so openly here in town. These little trips we've taken have been entirely safe, but if we go to theaters or to dances, word will come to Winnie, and our good times will be at an end."

If I must give up all the gay larks we had had through the summer, surely it would be harmless for me to do as he suggested. I moved in within a week.

Every Saturday night and every Sunday afternoon and evening after that we spent together in my apartment with occasional sallies out to a neighborhood picture show or a dance or nearby restaurant.

I would prepare delicious little suppers which Blake seemed to enjoy keenly. And sometimes he would help me in the tiny kitchenette. His arms would stray about me, and not always now did I push them away. As time went on I let him kiss me occasionally, and each time I found it harder to resist his undeniable charm.

Then he was taken sick with a heavy cold which just escaped being pneumonia. had charge of everything there at the office and was constantly busy. Yet all the time the thought haunted me.

"If anything should happen to Blake what would I do? How dull and cheerless life would become!"

MY HEART leaped with joy on the day he came into the office.

He looked haggard and worn. I thought

of myself in such circumstances, ill and alone. To whom would I turn first for comfort? Why, to Blake, of course!

He came out to the apartment for din-

ner that evening. I prepared just the things I knew he liked, and then he settled himback on the sofa.

"Winnie was like you once, Marcia," he commented, "she was a dear wife at one

I could catch the note of regret in his voice. He could still love her if she would but give him a chance.

After that I was more tender with lake. I had seen what it meant to us Blake. not to be together, to be afraid of losing each other. He came oftener to see me.

And then one night as we sat on the sofa, he pushed the hair back from my face, looked hungrily into my eyes and murmured:

"No one will ever know."

And I persuaded myself that it was

I knew I did not love him completely, nor he me, but that each of us supplied something the other lacked. No doubt by that time I could have made the acquaintance of some young man who would have been glad to take me out. No doubt Blake have found some other girl who could would have meant fully as much to him as (what has happened since leads me to KOSKOTT LABORATORY F-217, Station F, NEW YORK, N.Y. | believe the latter), but we were thrown |



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together so much in our work that nearness played a great part in our entering into the relationship we did.

And so we took up our secret life to-

We saw each other no oftener than before, but now it was all changed. winter Blake went away often on business trips and I went with him. We travelled to many of the large cities and there we went to theaters, or danced till late in the mornings in the hotel ballrooms. We enmornings in the hotel ballrooms. We enjoyed ourselves as we had the summer before. Sometimes misgivings would seize me, and I would protest to Blake that all must end between us.

'No one will ever know, Marcia dear. Why do you distress yourself unnecessar-

Time sped on wings. Two years passed. Perhaps our association was becoming just a little bit casual. The novelty had worn oft in that time. We still liked each other very much, but we could scarcely help feeling a little matter-of-fact about each other. Yet I still told myself there was no one I had ever liked as I did Blake.

TO ONE will ever know," Blake used to reassure me. And I felt myself

He now had a second stenographer and I was his private secretary, occupying a desk in the same office room with him.

One day there came into this little room a new client. Blake happened to be out and since now I knew the routine of the work so well I was able to give this Philip Gordon the information he wanted. He was a very pleasant young man, quiet, good looking, and self-possessed. Within few minutes after his entry into the office I knew myself strongly attracted to

That night Blake was to come to see me but I put him off with the excuse that I went home to my I had a headache. apartment and all the evening I could think of nothing else but Philip Gordon.

'He is the kind of man I have always wanted to know. It is as if I had been waiting for him all my life. And now-

But he would never think of me any-I was just a part of his lawyer's machinery. Why should he give any office machinery. thought to me?

He came in the next day when Blake was there. When I saw him I felt the hot blood rush to my face. My hands began to tremble so that I rose and walked to the window and stood looking out.
"What could be the matter with me?

Here was this man who had met me in only the most casual business way, yet upon his second visit to the office I was thrown into a panic at sight of him? turned to look at him stealthily and found his eyes fastened upon me. He stopped suddenly in the midst of his speech. looked and looked at each other while Blake sat there in amazement. Then I Blake sat there in amazement. recollected myself, made some excuse, and left the room. I went into the library and there among the rows and rows of heavy, leather-bound volumes I pressed my pressed my

hands to my whirling head.

In love! Madly, bewilderingly in love with a man who had no interest in me, a man whom I could worship, adore forever

and forever

I stayed there until I knew it was time for him to have gone. Then I went into the room where Blake Wallace sat at his Then I went into

desk.
"My God, Marcia, you don't need to tell me!" he cried. "I saw it in your face and I saw it in his. It was bound to come. You never loved me, you only felt sorry for me, and cared for me as a playmate, and now you're in love."
"Yes, I'm in love." I cried. "I'm in

love, and I shall pay for it over and over. I am not worthy of the love of a man like that.

"Hush, hush, child." he came over and took my cold hands in his." I saw him look at you. There was the same expression in his eyes as in yours.

'Always I have told myself that when your chance came, when you fell really in love I would step out of your life. And I do so now. You have given me some of the happiest hours I have ever known. I shall be everlastingly grateful to you

I shall be for it."

"Blake, I must leave you," I man obbed. "I can't work here any more. I have any more. Philip Gorbut I shall always belong to him, though I should

never see him again."
"Don't talk nonsense, my dear. course you'll see him again. Couldn't you divine that he is as mad about you as you are about him? He was talking at random all the time he was here. He had no real business with me to-day. His visit was only an excuse to see you again."
"But if he knew!"

"Marcia, dear Marcia, I have told you no one will ever know. And no one will."
I left his employ the next day, adjuring

him not to give my address to Philip Gordon. I found another place to work and I tried to shut out from my mind all thought of the man who had so changed the face of the world for me, but my days and nights were one constant yearning for him. His face floated before me in my work, haunted me in my dreams. I heard his voice in every sound. I grew thin and I must give up this new position, go away to some other town.

And one day after many weeks he ap-

peared before my desk.

"I have hunted you everywhere," he said simply. "I have even hired detectives to find out where you could be. Why did you run away :

Oh, the sound of his voice, how en trancingly it fell upon my longings ears.

rose half-blindly.

"Let us go some place where we can talk." he said.

THERE was a little park across the street from the office. We sat down on a bench, and looked and looked at each other, saying no word for a long time.

Then he broke the silence.
"Marcia, when will you marry me?
Won't you do so today?"

"Oh, not today, not today. Perhaps never!" I struggled with my tears. "And why not, my dear. I've loved you

from the moment I saw you, worshipped your purity, your loveliness. "Oh, don't say that!"

I brought out

brokenly.

"It's true, though," he replied, misunderstanding my protests. "That first day I saw you I had all I could do to keep from asking you to marry me, and you loved me, too, didn't you?

"Oh. I can't tell you anything now. But just give me a few days-to-to think it and perhaps I can answer you-

"Promise me faithfully that you will meet me here day after tomorrow at the lunch hour, or I won't consent to part from you now."

"I promise! I promise! I won't fail

I did not go back to the office that iternoon. I called Blake on the teleafternoon.

phone and asked him to come out to my When he arrived, he exanartment. claimed at once at my pallor and thin-

Sitting down beside me he took both my hands in his and spoke to me very seriously.



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very happy.
"And, Marcia, I don't want to see you wreck your life. What has been has been. And no one will ever know. Do you hear me, my dear?
"No one will ever know."

He leaned over and kissed me on the forehead, donned his hat and coat and walked out. He never came to my apartment again.

Two days later I told Phil I would marry him.

"Right away, dear?"

"Yes, right away."
"Let's have Blake as a witness," he cried, ovishly eager. "We owe everything to hoyishly eager. him!"

I had no excuse to offer.

And so he was at our quiet wedding.

We took a six months wedding trip. How I loved Phil! More and more and more. His joy in me was unfathomable.

WE CAME back to Carstens. He was smiling broadly to himself as we alighted from the train.

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"I have a lovely surprise for you, Mar-

He gave the address to the cabman and we whirled away. Out to the loveliest suburb, newly developed, where we stopped before a charming house set in a plot of unusual beauty.

It was as lovely inside as out. There were two maids already engaged, my suite was exquisively furnished, and blooming with freshly cut flowers.

"Do you like it, my dear?"
"Oh, Phil, how could I help it?"

"Oh, Phil, how could I help it?

"And a dear friend of ours is to be our neighbor," he contributed enthusiastically.

"You mean—Mr. Wallace?"

"The very same! That will make it pretty nice for you and me, won't it?"

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed. How kind you are to think of everything, Phil."

No one will ever know!

Of course the Wallaces came to call on us soon after our return. For the first time I met Winnie. She seemed a rather colorless, over-maternal person just as Blake had described her. I still think she was largely at fault in her attitude toward him. He was more or less to be pardoned for his wrong doing considering his temperament and her neglect of him. (Since her children are grown she seems more aware of his existence. She has no inkling that he ever had any affairs outside his home, although there were two girls after I knew him.) At his first opportunity Blake managed to get me off by myself.
"Happy?" he queried.

"All but for one thing."

"Don't be a silly girl. Your secret is safe with me."

I know he has never told anyone. could I say no one has ever known? No, a thousand times, no!

know! And he knows!

I have carried this knowledge in my breast for twenty years, a sad and heavy burden.

Every time I see him I am reminded of it afresh.

Every time I look into my dear Phil's eyes, I know, and the knowledge weighs me down, robs those moments of some of their sweetness.

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Jealousy Will Never Wreck My Marriage

[Continued from page 43]

And yet in spite of all my young cynicism there were times when I wondered if it wouldn't be better to be cherished violently and briefly and exclusively for a season

than not be cherished at all.

Matters dragged on until one evening l met a man, an amazing creature, who began things by telling me frankly that I wasn't pretty but that I showed signs of possessing a brain. My contours, or my lack of them, did not seem to interest him one iota, and he assured me that pro-tection would be the death of me. Love was something more than kisses fluffed up under a moon, and marriage was a matter of two viewpoints trotting amicably side by side and not this whale and Jonah business of one being swallowed by the other. In other words, it could be a companionship which would open up vistas and not close them.

My brain ran more than half-way to meet this philosophy, but my feminine vanity resented it a little at first.

One day I said to him as archly as I

You don't seem to mind the fact that I'm seeing a good deal of Chaddock."

"I love you enough to want to see you get on, and if talking to that young Englishman is going to develop you—go

"But he tries to make love to me," I persisted.

don't blame him."

"He kissed me the other night." "How do his compare with mine?"

"Can there be love without a bit of jealousy?" I probed, forgetting completely in my pique the lesson I had learned at Jack's expense.

Yes-and jealousy without love," answered matter-of-factly. "And let me tell you this," he continued. "If after we are married, you feel you need a wider experience than just living with me, please feel free to have it. If you get into trouble, call on me."

I REGARDED this strange animal thoughtfully. Every word he uttered seemed to increase his permanent value. Being tied to a man with ideas like that would be a synonym for freedom far be-yond my wildest dream. I could wing out as far as I pleased, conscious that there would always be the warm certainty of a nest to return to, if I broke a wing.

Before the week was out we were driving romantically up and down the country roads in an old buggy drawn by the world's slowest horse, and were discussing everything from Havelock Ellis's view on sex to the width of the wedding-ring.

I few days before the wedding, I called on an old friend who had been married nine years. After the customary con-gratulatory exclamations she settled plump ly down in a Morris chair and began radiating advice.

"My dear," she said sagely, "husbands must be watched and trained. They don't respect you if you allow certain things."
"What things?" I asked feebly.

"Well, smoking up the curtains and nights out, for example."



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"Doesn't your husband ever go out," I hazarded, "or smoke?"

"One night out a week and one cigar after dinner. In the summer he smokes it on the front porch and in the winter he does it in the basement, not in my living room."

ek

One night not long after this conversation we saw her husband in an expensive restaurant enthusiastically buying cigarets for an obvious lady in tight satin and loose furs.

We have been married ten years now and whether nights should be out or in has never been discussed between us and cigaret stubs litter everything from the lustre saucers on the tea-table to the wash-bowl in the bathroom.

WE DRIFT in and out of the house separately and together and the returning one is never bombarded with embarrassing questions.

Occasionally I pack up and go to New York. When my husband meets me at the station he is never inquisitive about what I may or may not have been up to in that tempting metropolis. He does not lugubriously remind me that he had indigestion while I was away or complain that the laundress bestowed his silkiest socks upon her erring son; nor does he darkly hint that during one of my unwifely hegiras to Babylon, some other Jane will get and appreciate what I so ruthlessly neglect.

He greets me more affectionately than I deserve and we go to a restaurant, have a bang-up dinner, and over the coffee I tell him everything, from the successful or unsuccessful interviews that I have had with editors down to the laughable attempts on the part of he-flirts to annex a married woman temporarily at large in Manhattan. I tell him that I dined with Hal because he is always amusingly full of literary scanlal; that I went to the theater with Roger because he writes plays; and that I danced with Terry because he dances better than any man I know.

My husband retaliates by telling me that he took Margaret to luncheon and Edith out to dinner; that athletic Sallie spent a week-end with him at our place in the country; and that Dora sought his advice at midnight about a wrecked love affair.

Occasionally at first a friend meaning the worst would take me aside.

"My dear," she would whisper, "I have your best interests at heart and I think is my duty to tell you..."

"That my husband took Edith to dinner and the Follies while I was in New York? Or that Sallie motored to the country with him? Or that Dora has been confiding in him again?"

And the poor girl wobbles out of my life completely deflated.

Or this happens to him.

"By the way, old man, Adam got a glimpse of your wife in New York. She

"Talking to Hal Winton about things that matter and painting the town red with Terry Banning, and flirting her head off with everybody. I know all about her tricks. She's a great kid."

Then we have to contend with the unmarried old cat who is infuriated at the sight of a woman like me having her cake and eating it. She shuttles back and forth between us trying to start something, but she doesn't realize, poor dear, that my husband knows things about me that she wouldn't even have the vocabulary to suspect.

Even assuming what is conventionally known as "the worst," that would disturb me less than to wake up some fine morning and find that as a permanent arrange-







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ment my husband preferred to talk to some other woman. The one thing that would make me inconsolably miserable would be to have him think me a stupid person. For I feel that sex isn't everything. Marriage ought not to be based upon that, simply because it is an integral part of it. Marriage, to my husband and me, means companionship. It means living with a person with whom one can be unreservedly oneself against the whole suspicious world. My husband is not only the man who slipped a gold ring upon my finger and therefore has a periodical right to my person. He is the friend to whom I can babble anything and who responds with chuckles or advice as the case merits. I could even confide in him the fact that I had grown tired of him and be absolutely certain that he would understand and get my point of view!

Sometimes my husband and I quarrelbright-edged affairs that clear the air and leave us standing more solidly than ever on our mutual patch of ground. Our dif-terences never leave us blindly resenting one another. We say it and then smoke an amicable cigaret, cook a dinner together, or take the dog out for a walk.

I have had my married friends say wistfully or wrathfully as the case might be: "Why can't I be married like that?

Yours is an exceptional case."

It isn't necessarily exceptional. It ought be possible for any two intelligent people to have the requisite common sense not to allow their hearts to do all their premarital thinking for them, to give the old brain a chance at regulating the affections, for heaven knows they need it.

If in a temporarily insane moment my husband took it into his head to forbid me to talk to Mr. A. because he has an unsavory past and might propose to make me part of it, that moment would perhaps find me mentally powdering my nose for action. And if I fussed about his penchant for the amusing society of Dora, his interest in her might go further than listening to her disillusionments over a tray brimming with cigaret stubs.

In other words, a chastity that is preserved on that basis is not worth the flimsy act they are forbidden to commit.

Marriage today is being questioned and evaded and flouted simply because men and women are beginning to realize that four mutual walls and several children are not enough to keep two intelligent people interested in one another forever.

Perhaps the man who would like the opportunity to prove to his own satisfac-tion that after all the little wife in blue gingham at home is a better scout than the enameled stenographer at the office who sibilates "Hot Daddy" through her gum and is merciless about men who don't say it with taxis. And there are wives, perhaps, who would like the thrill of finding out for themselves that all is not Romeo that plasters down its hair a la Valentino.

If there were more of this attitude about marriage and less sodden insistence on marital duties perforated with don't's. there would be brighter faces in the parks on Sunday mornings and fewer sordid domestic tragedies too drab and uninteresting to make the newspapers.

And I believe that one husband with a whole cityful of stenographers as possible dinner partners is less of a social evil

than that same man sneaking out of a questionable flat at four a. m. with a lie on his lips and his shoes metaphorically speaking, in his hand. Give a husband the keys of the town and more often than not he will hand them back with a courtly

This sort of thing happens at our house frequently:

We have just returned from a party. I have spent the evening in a dim corner with a "poet" and my husband has been discussing psychology with some attractive, brainy young thing from college,

"Oh," I observe, stretching my arms and yawning, "that Rex Raggles is a bore after

the first hour and a half."
"Why?" queries my husband, lighting a cigaret, "I should think you'd have a lot in common. He's up on all this modern

"He clicks his teeth over Apollinaire and intones his own works through his

"Well, when did you get so fussy: I teeter in my chair and quote Tennys in.

"But your hands aren't moist and your point of view is your own."

"Oh, give the poor nut a chance! He admires you.

"Oh, all right! Did you find Miss Howells interesting?"
"Oh, so so! She thinks psychology and

love are synonymous and she bites her

"She has pretty eyes. And when did nerisms? I tap my foot on the floor when I talk."

"But you talk, and think sometimes be-fore you do it."

Managing one another? Not at all. But even if we were, we do it so beautifully it would be a pity to stop us.

We both feel that our marriage is conducted with imagination and more than a pinch of psychological insight, which means two people meeting under one roof to compare notes as they adventure through life. In other words, we prefer periodical sips of champagne to having our lips eternally glued to a great tubful of pale, tepid tea.

Of course one must adopt an attitude early in the game. It isn't always wise for a wife suddenly to look up over the matutinal oatmeal and accost the man she has been living with for a decade in this fashion:

"John, put down that paper and listen."
"Well, what is it now?" wearily observes the poor man, his hand hovering protectively in the vicinity of his wallet.
"I'm bored." she announces, fussing

with the customary curl-papers.
"Who isn't?" he queries acidly, his mind

on the dilemma of some lucky devil whom the newspaper has caught sinning on a yacht.

"Let's be unconventional and free and exciting," she ripples.

"All right," he agrees resignedly, wondering if there is a forgotten anniversary in the air that must be expensively ob-

served.
"You take Maisic out to dinner. I've a date with George."

Of course nine times out of ten there would be a fearful, unpatchable sort of tow after he had regained consciousness, but even so-I wender.

O you know the madness of love? Has it ever led you to hate a friend? Do you realize that, driven by this fierce passion, there is nothing at which one will hes tate, no crime that seems too hideous? I know the real meaning of the madness of love and I have written the story of the frightful temptation that came to me because I loved too madly to warn you against this terrible insanity. Read my story in SMART SET for January.



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[Continued from page 75]

toward us, his eyes blazing. The door banged all the way open. Rain slashed into the cabin, and the wind shricked in, but, for all the storm's uproar, a stark silence seemed to crowd the room until the man spoke in the voice of one whom

fury has victimized.
"So, I come out in the storm to find you when you fail to reach home, and I find Rascal tied outside, and you in here. You—you damp cheater!" he grated, narrowing his eyes at Lan who had risen. "Now I know why you insist had risen. "Now I know why you insist on riding alone every afternoon," he fumed, taking in her clothes.

"Oh! Bob, you're so cruelly wrong," Lan's voice was piteous to hear. "The storm drove me in here. It's the first time I've taken this trail this fall. You know

I've taken this trail this fall. You know I always ride the Eagle Nest trail."

"Bah! I don't know a damn thing except what I see. You're here with a man—half-undressed." he shot back. Then he turned upon me. "Who the devil are you, and what do you mean by carrying on like this with my fiancée? I'll kill you both," he threatened advancing with clenched fists.

Suddenly I understood. His male pride had been outraged. He thought he had been grossly betrayed by her. He had. Lan had ignored him, and all the conventions with me. My broadmindedness swiftly vanished. Inwardly I actually sided with him, and in doing so put Lan

sided with him, and in doing so put Lan out of my mind as a girl I could marry.

This revolution occurred so swiftly within me that the man Bob only had a chance to cross the room to where I stood while it was going on. He now stood with it was going on. He now stood toe to toe with me, measuring the range of my shoulders. I measured him back. He was the rangey, hard-fibered type of southerner. He could stand punish-ment, and give it. I was more muscular, feeter perhaps from athletic training

ment, and give it. I was more muscular, faster perhaps from athletic training.

Lan must have read my mind for she suddenly thrust herself between us as we stood glaring impotently at each other over her lovely head. "For my sake don't," she cried, the wind whisking her with the region wight "Bob I voice out into the raging night, "Bob, I tell you the storm drove me in here wringing wet. I never saw this gentleman

"What this lady states is true," I said.

THE man wheeled and faced me, his jaw shooting out: "You lie, both of you," he stormed.

My right fist shot out. It landed flush on his jaw. The man rocked for a moment. I was partly off-balance when he swing back, smashing my right ear. I rushed him like a man gone mad. The impetus of my rush carried him back to the wall of the cabin, and there I had the big advantage. He could not get his return blows under way. He realized how he was trapped and desperately decided to risk uncovering himself and closing with me. But I saw his unguarded chin and swung for it with every ounce of steam I had. He went down like a

As I stood over him Lan crossed before me and knelt beside the man: "Bob—Bob—" she called. There was a strange kind of fear in her voice.

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid he's out. I'll get some whiskey and water," I said almost afraid to look at her. After all it was



The Unpardonable Sin

A man may kick his neighbor, poke him in the nose or throw him down stairs. If he has any kind of an excuse we pass it by. That's all right. But what a fool is the fellow who deliberately kicks himself in the shins. He's a nut. That's all there is to that. It's as in and offense to abuse others, but there are times when it will be overlooked. Never, however, can we overlook a man's abuse of himself. That is the unpardonable sin which brings destruction.

Are You an Offender?

Check up on yourself, fellow! Are you playing square with yourself? You've got a wonderful body there. Are you giving it all the breaks in life? Do you wake in the morning burning with pep and ambition? Do you still have the keen appetite of a kid? Do you have plenty of snap and zip as you go about your daily work? If not, you're just as bad as the chap who kicks himself in the shins. You're either a real, live, muscular, red-blooded, two-fisted he-man or your body is being given a raw deal, Who's at fault? If no one else is abusing you, it must be yourself.

Stop It!

Cut it out right now. Determine this minute that you're nobody's fool. If you only knew what a strong, robust, healthy body meant, you would have had one long ago. Take it from me, 'fellow, it's great to be healthy. I've been both ways and I know. Let's you and I work this thing out. What do you say? I'm a muscle builder. I'm a pep builder. I've taken the sickliest looking scare crows you'd ever want to look at, and I've built them up into real big powerful, verile men. Listen to this and I'll shoot you off a few things that are coming your way. In just 30 days, I'm going to add one full inch onto those arms of yours. Yes, and two inches to your chest in the same length of time But that's nothing. Get this, I'm going to broaden your back and deepen your che't so that every breath you take will drag a full I ad of oxygen into your lungs, shooting life-giving red corpuseles into every nook and corner of your body. I'll broaden your shoulders and strengthen your spine that will make you feel like turning flip-flops. Meanwhile I'll work on every muscle fuside your body pepping up your vital organs and putting fire into your whole system. Good? You're durn tootin' it's good. It's wonderful. And the best of it is—I don't just promise tnese things. I GUARANTEE THEM. You take no chances with me. It's a sure bet. Well, what do you say? Let's ride.

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her fiance whom I had fought and hurt. I knew that women atways sided in their hearts with their own men.

I brought the water and whiskey. The man made an incoherent sound when the cool water touched his face. "Give him a sip of whiskey," I said, handing her a drink. "The storm's let up. I'm going drink. "The storms let up. out. When he's able, and you're ready you two can go away.

As I trudged up trail everything of the past two hours rushed back through my mind; every word repeating itself; every move re-enacting itself in my memories. I knew I had fallen in love with a girl that I had been forced to condemn. When it came to a pinch I was narrow in my attitude toward the woman I would give my name to. It was not the actual business of changing clothes in my cabin, or her impulsive response to my love-making that caused me to judge her as I did. was the fact that she had done all these

RETURNED to the cabin within an I hour, knowing that my regret would always be poignant, for Lan was the girl I had dreamed of in my heart.

things while engaged to another man.

The cabin was empty.

I seemed to see and hear Lan every where the next day. For moments at a time I would stand dreaming before my open fireplace. Then, suddenly, I would snap my fingers as a man does who tries to be angry with himself, and go about doing something to forget her arms; her lasses; the softness of her voice; her an or pride and grandeur which reminded me of the Blue Ridge mountains.

But, at noon, when the Virginia sun larst through the clouds, and the Valley became a golden bowl, rimmed by misty blue bands. Lan was still with me. I remembered her saying that she usually rode the Eagle Nest trail, and something whispered inside of me to strike that trail

An hour's hard hiking brought me well along Eagle Nest trail that wound west-ward into the fastness of the mountains. The feeling that I would see Lan had become a certain belief when hoof-beats suddenly sounded down the trail. I moved under cover of the thick trees, and with sharpening breath. Lan was

However, it was not Lan who rushed st on a fine sorrel mount . . . The man, Bob!

Somehow, the sight of him dashing by on horseback again brought me to a sharp realization of the attitude I had taken toward Lan. She exercised a power over me that I did not want her to exert. See ing her would only make matters worse.

Angry with myself for having been weak enough to seek the sight, and sound her again, I turned, and hurried back over the winding trail to my cabin.

Lan was sitting on my doorstep. I saw her from the bend in the trail, and I would have about-faced and gone out of sight if she had not seen me, and started running my way. We met about halfway between the bend and the cabin. I waited for her to speak.

I-I came back so you could tell me what you started to tell me when Bob came in vesterday—and, to thank you for fighting for me," she said looking down at

the points of her riding boots.
"I didn't do anything to be thanked for." I answered stiffly, purposely ignoring the other reason for her presence.
That seemed the only way I could steel any other presence to be a seemed the only way. mi self against her.

There was a moment or two of strained silence. Then she came closer, evinencing a timidity that had not been apparent the will all to ver personner. So day before. "Don't you remember, you, FERRY & CO., 3222 N. Halsted, Dept. 9919, Chicago Then she came closer, evidencing



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were about to tell me something when he came in? Something about thinking that you knew what had happened to us that brought us together so swiftly, so surely?" she said, her voice growing a bit braver with each word.
"It was circumstances," I told her, looking off at the trees. "Put a man and

looking off at the trees. "Put a man and woman together alone, and away from the world as we were, give them a drink or so, and most of them would do just as we did. I've had things like that happen many times before." I tried to make my voice sound terribly cold and sophisti-I must have succeeded because my

words had a perceptible effect upon Lan.

"I—I see," she managed to say, and turned away from me. I felt like a brute as I watched her walk uncertainly to her horse. And, to this day I don't know how I ever refrained from rushing to her, and taking her in my arms. But, instead, I street like the weeden image of a manage. I stood like the wooden image of a man, while she climbed into the saddle somehow, and rode off with never another look at me. I remained in my tracks a long, long time, alive to that kind of pain we feel when we know that something very beautiful and desirable has been forever lost to us.

The following week I rode into the Eagle Nest trail district. I would not admit even to myself that I did so principally with the hope of coming across Lan. But, that was true, because the urge to see and hear her had become an obsession with me.

It was the sound of the man Bob's voice, raised in anger, that caused me to rein in my mount. I had never played cavesdropper in my life, but, something stronger than a sense of honor about such things held me there listening.

"We've got to have the truth between us here and now," the man was saying. "For two years we've been engaged, and you've made me almost force every kiss upon you as you did just now. I accepted your story about what happened last week in that fellow's cabin, and what does it get me? Here, you go—"
"Must we go all over that again, Bob?"

came from Lan. Her voice made by heart heat faster. "You promised never to heat faster.

"Well, then I won't," he cut in, "I'll just come right down to brass tacks. Why do you still refuse to let me kiss

SUDDENLY realizing that Lan's answer was going to mean a great deal to me one way or the other I strained forward, feeling as if something would burst inside of me if she didn't say what I wanted her to say. She began to speak:

"You know as well as I do why we're engaged . . . And it is no reason for me to-to-kiss you. Oh! I never, never wanted to be forced to tell you this, Bob. But, I must now. Things can't go on this way. I have never really kissed you because—because all my life I've felt that I could never give my lips to any except the one and only man. Such things seem to mean so very much to me."

The trees began to dance around drunkenly. Lan's words had gone to my head and heart like wine. They made it possible for me to change my mind about her; to exalt her in my heart as I wanted to do. I turned, not caring to hear any more, and rode away. At a safe distance I spurred my horse into a gallop for the

Life seemed to be beginning all over again as it had done the first time I looked upon Lan. I never bothered why she was engaged to him so long as she didn't really love him. It's funny how a man can change so easily once he is at





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rest over the vital question with which he concerns himself about women! The fact that she had kissed me because she felt she loved me, and the fact that she had ignored the conventions because of the same reason, magically made everything all right.

A thousand impulses came to me as I paced the cabin. Most of them had to do with finding some way to see Lan immediately. Nothing mattered except my yearning to see her and hear her I was just about to get into some presentable clothes to go in search of her when she came galloping up the trail. I stood as if nailed to the threshold while she dismounted and came toward me. was afraid that she was some gossamer vision that might fade at my approach.

Her eyes were very misty and wistful as they met mine: "I suppose you're terribly surprised to see me again? I came to tell you good-bye."
"Good-bye?" I questioned, my voice sud-

denly dull.

I'm going away tomorrow—"
Going away! Why, Lan?" I asked, "Going away! terrified by the thought of losing her.
"Because I love you," she said simply.
"Lan," I cried, impulsively taking her

in my arms, and straining her against me. "Lan, don't say you're going away. I don't want you to go. I want you to stay. I love you, Lan. Don't go," I

begged.

"I've got to marry Bob. I thought once this afternoon that I could refuse. Oh! It's so hard to explain everything. But, I've-I've got to-

"You've got to-what do you mean?" I insisted, remembering that there was some secret, mysterious reason for Lan's being engaged to Bob.

"His mother, and my father were sweethearts from childhood. Something happened to keep them apart. They have lived all these years loving each other. His mother's been an invalid a long time.

Father's almost at the end. They've set their hearts upon our marrying. say it's the closest they can ever come to realizing the desire of their own hearts and souls," she said, her enforced bravery fading from her voice as she reached the

I held Lan in my arms for a long time, until the sun dropped beyond the Blue Ridge. We said good-bye knowing it could never be good-bye in our hearts and souls. We would always hope to meet again somewhere, sometime.

Lan found me lying face down on the cabin floor two hours later. She had come back to me because she had gone to her father and confessed the truth in her heart.

"Father was so-so brave and sweet about it. He-he said he knew the ter-ture of loving and not having. He said he would make Bob's mother understand. I just couldn't have gone through with my promise after meeting you, again. Oh! it would have been such an awful sin to marry Bob, and—and love—"
"Lan—Lan, my darling," I whispered

"Lan-Lan, my into her blue-black hair.

bold me. Never, never let "Kiss me, hold me. Never, never let me go," she answered lifting her lips to

Later, I told her everything. It did not seem right that she should not know love I had judged her the night of the storm. Her answer made me feel that a hand had touched my heart.

"I don't blame you, dear. It's the way th men. They can't help being narrowwith men. minded about such things. Love itself makes them so. But, with us it's different. Love makes women just the opposite. It sweeps away all of the barriers, the thingthat we have not dared sweep away until the moment we love."
"Lan, Lan," I said over and over, and

that one word seemed enough to explain all that there was in my heart for the girl I had once condemned.

Why I Had My Face Lifted

[Continued from page 77]

face and I wept as I saw it. It sounds so foolish when one talks of it or writes it but at the time it was a poignant grief and the thought of Jack made it more so. could not bear it.

From that time on I began to plot and plan. I was determined to find the greatest facial surgeon and put myself in his hands. Over and over again I led the conversation to face-lifting when I was with women friends and I found much to encourage and more to discourage me.

There are three very great facial sur-geons I discovered. They are called Men of Mystery by many because one never hears of them except through some friend. They are never "written up." They never advertise. Indeed it is not easy to get to them without a letter of introduction from some patient or friend of theirs

One of these men is in New York, one Paris and one in London. The New in Paris and one in London. York surgeon I dismissed from my mind at once. Not for anything would I have my face lifted in New York, to be the subject of gossip and speculation on the part of my friends and acquaintances.

THE Paris surgeon I learned much about. He was very exclusive, very clever and very costly. He could make a

staying ten days in his sanitarium and that I could not manage for I had made up my mind that Jack was never to know what I had done.

Siz

So it was the great London facial sur-I decided to consult. Jack and I were going to England in June and though we should spend most of our time in London Jack would certainly go to stay several weeks with his old father in Devonshire. I could make some excuse to stop in London before I joined him at their lovely country place.

I believe Jack was very worried about

me those last few weeks in New York and on the voyage as well for I was nervous and irritable and absent minded. But he was as patient and attentive as could be, while I seldom thought of him or his affairs but only concentrated on what might happen to me.

Would the Mystery Man see me? Would the mere mention of the name of a woman who had been to him be enough to induce him to take me? And if he did consent to see me and operate on my face would I really have the courage to go through with it?
The Mystery Man lives in one of those

quiet old London squares which are at

their loveliest in the early summer.

An elderly, white haired man opened the door. He was distinctly un-English for woman of sixty appear about thirty.

But Paris was out of the question as this Mystery Man insisted upon patients

An elderly, white haired man opened the door. He was distinctly un-English for his skin was dark and he wore a sort of

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robe fastened with a bright sash. He bowed gravely as I asked to see the surgeon.

"Your ladyship has an appointment?" he inquired respectfully.

No, I merely wish to consult-" "I am sorry, your ladyship, but the doctor does not see anyone who has not an appointment. If you have an introduction I will take it to him."

I think now that the Mystery Man stages all his effects very cleverly. His inaccessibility is one of them, of course, but I was too far on the path of determination to turn back. Lacking an introduction I went home and wrote him a carefully worded letter, explaining who I was, mentioning the name of the woman I knew had been to him.

I waited several days for an answer but none came and I was more restless than

Then one day on my breakfast tray there was a large important envelope much more like a "command" to appear at Court and meet the King and Queen than a letter from a facial surgeon but that is what it was and to my joy it stated tersely that he would see me at eleven that same morning.

He seated me where the light fell full upon my face. Through the window I could see a charming garden, while with his long strong fingers he examined my tace, the texture of my skin, lifted the flesh up at the sides and seemed to make measurements which he repeated in a low voice to a white clad nurse who sat at a desk in an alcove.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-six."

He smiled. "You are truthful," he said and I realized that whatever I had answered he would have known my real

More examination, then, "I will take you," he said as if conferring a great favor. "I do not take anyone if I think I can not improve them. For you I can do much. Have you a photograph of yourself as you were, say ten years ago?"

I nodded.

"Go back to the hotel now," said the doctor. "Take life very quietly, eat very lightly and walk much. Come to me on Monday at eleven. I will lift the face on each side so-with two clean straight cuts and it will make a change for the better. It will cost you only one hundred pounds for with you it will not be a serious or complicated operation.

ONE hundred pounds, five hundred dollars! It seemed a great deal and I wondered just what Jack would say when I asked him for it suddenly. However, that was unimportant compared to the fact that the great man was going to give me back my youth, my good looks and my peace of mind.

Everything went so smoothly. Jack was quite indifferent as to why I wanted the money and was so pleased that I seemed happier and gayer, that he went off to Devonshire in the best of humor. For the first time in our married life, I

was glad to see him go. Monday came at last and again I drove out to the shadowy house in the quiet square. This time the butler asked no questions but led me into the drawing room. A pretty little English nurse came in to fetch me; a girl with eyes like harebells and a skin of cream and roses and a smile that cheered one at first along smile that cheered one at first glance. She must be worth her salary, whatever it is, for the effect she has upon nervous

As she talked my nerves were soothed and my courage and hope increased. I

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1012 Burton Avenue, Desk K-3, Cincinnati, Ohio. (Rings covered with gleaming 18-Carat White Gold, only \$7.95) accompanied her into the operating room with its white walls and furniture and the special chair where I was to sit while my face was made over. The doctor came forward and urged me not to be nervous and above all things not to twitch or move suddenly while he was working. He studied the photograph I had given him for a few moments, while the nurse placed me in the chair.

Finally he turned to me with a smile, arranged the chair at the right angle for his work and covered my shoulders with

a soft fleecy towel.

Then he lifted the skin up from my jaw on one side, smoothing it as he worked till there must have been a wad of flesh gathered above the ear and this he fastened with a sort of clip. Then the other side the same way and he stood back to study it, for all the world like a dressmaker trying on a frock. justed both sides of my face several times in fact, till the effect was what he wanted then he moved over to his table and I closed my eyes that I need not see the sharp little surgeon's knife gleaming in

was all over in so short a time I could hardly believe it had happened and that pieces of flesh had been taken from my face for there had been no pain, no ugly sight of blood or even the feel of blood flowing. But now there was a slight soreness in each wound, a sense of constriction which made me feel I could not speak or smile without my face crack-So great had been my nervous tension that when the plaster was adjusted each side and I was about to look in the mirror the little nurse handed me I fainted dead away instead.

Then the nurse drove back to my hotel with me, saw me safely in bed and telephoned some other nurse to come and look after me for a day or two on account I told her to of my nervous condition. tell any friends who called that I was suffering from a nervous breakdown and must rest.

Came the great surgeon himself one day. I was to have gone back to his office to have the stitches removed but I think he must have been anxious about me. He took my face gently in his hands again, called for a basin and some warm water, bathed the two wounds and smiled with satisfaction as he removed the stitches while I tried not to wince.

"I will look at my face now." I said tremblingly, for I had not been near a mirror during those anxious waiting days.

I took the mirror. My face was ghastly pale and over and rather back of the ears were red sears. But these I knew would be covered when my hair was arranged properly. Certainly the flabby, dragged down flesh about my jaw and the dis-figuring lines about the mouth had disappeared. My face was firm.

"WO days later Jack came back quite

Two days late, unexpectedly, "I could not stay away another day, "I could not stay away another day, as said as he took me in his darling," he said as he took me in his arms. "I have been so worried about you in spite of your letters and telegrams.

I looked at him. There was such a light in his eyes, such joy in his tender glance. He was my lover of twenty-five

years ago.
"What has come between us, Betty?"
"To relead drawing me closer. "I have he asked drawing me closer. "I have been thinking it all over. You have len so unhappy, so nervous. Has it been my fault in some way?

"It was nothing, Jack darling, but nerves and being run down. I have been resting most of the time and I feel like myself again. Don't I look better?"

He glanced at me. "My beautiful Betty"

he murmured with that wonderful light

still in his eyes

And then I knew, he had never some except as I was in the days of our youth. All my anguish was from my own misgivings, not his. He had never had any and his puzzled looks were acause of my seeming unhappiness, inpity was merely sympathy for what I appeared to be suffering. He is one of those men whose love never changes. him I had always been and always will be his beautiful Betty.

We had long sunlit weeks in Devon, a gay time in London and went back to New York as happy as two people can but as soon as I began to go about and see my friends self consciousness crept

I knew only too well that they discussed me before and after my appearance at a v

"She simply does not look natural," heard one of them say to Sylvia when I had gone into the hall and was waiting for the car. "Do you think she had an thing done to her face while she was away?

TIM

"Certainly not," declared Sylvia loyally. "she was fearfully run down and the change did her all the good in the world."

"No change does that kind of good, claimed another voice, "And I per exclaimed another voice. sonally don't think she looks better than she did. Younger, yes, but sort of unnaturally younger, if you know what I mean.

If I had been self conscious before, I assure you I was twice as much so then. Perhaps the wisest thing would have been to have confessed and let everyone talk as much as they liked but that I could not bring myself to do.

Two years have passed since that experience in London and a few days ago Levamined my face carefully. There is no doubt that lines are creeping round my mouth and eyes again, little lines but unmistakable especially when I get tired. And my cheeks are drooping somewhat, can see that too. I do not suffer such poignant grief about it now, however. I am well. I am happy. I love deeply and am deeply loved. I know it is silly to fight against the signs of age to the extent of running such a risk as I did and as many other women do. anything in the world would I have my face lifted again.

I shall keep my heart uplifted and trust that it will be mirrored in my expression however else my face may change with the years to come.

CTRANGE bits of life come to us newspaper women," says Elsie Robinson, I known to millions of readers through her department, "Listen, World." "Some times these fragments are bitter, sordid; sometimes they are rare and beautiful. Hilda's story, as it came to me, was a mixture of many things but because of Axel, her husband, it was so fine and true and tender that, in writing it out for you, I called it 'To Forgive Is Divine.' You will weep with me and Hilda and, yes, most of all with Axel, when you read this fragment of life in January SMART SET."



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Address

Love and Infatuation

[Continued from page 79]

we cannot afford to play our cards haphazardly if we hope to come out even. We need to understand the meaning and value of the cards we hold and how to play them to best advantage. Elsie's search for happiness and thrills, has crowded her years with failure.
"Dear Mrs. Madison," she writes. "I have been married twice, although I am

only twenty-six. I have a little girl of

four.
"I cannot see why it is that I cannot make a success of marriage. I am breaking away now from my second husband

and intend soon to go to a third man, whom I feel certain, I love. Yet I felt the same way about the other two. Why is it that I cannot find happiness and stay married for good? What is the matter

with me?"

The trouble with you Elsie, is that you are a thrill-hunter and mistake momen-tary infatuation for love. Until you realize that life and marriage are not a continual search for thrills and excitement, you are not likely to find peace of mind. You should have decided before marrying, whether you could endure the dull daily routine of married life after the glamor of the honeymoon wore off.

It is flattering to your vanity to have men admire you and offer you marriage. But what has it all brought you my dear?

Is it safe to trust your life to a man who claims to love you yet urges you to action that will mean loss of reputation, loss of self-respect? That is the problem

facing Clara.

"He didn't tell me he was married," states Clara's letter, "for almost a year—until he had assured me of his love many times and I had admitted he is the whole world to me. Now he wishes me to act as corespondent in his divorce suit. He says he will then marry me.

THERE are moments when I adore him and moments when I could kill him for deceiving me as he has. What is your advice please?"

Dear Clara, if you are to avoid wrecking your life, you will have to conquer this infatuation and face facts. This man has deceived you deliberately. Have you any reason to believe he will not deceive you again?

He asks you to go through with the disgrace of acting as corespondent in his divorce suit. What reason have you to believe that he will finally marry you? You have proved that his is not trustworthy. You have proved that he is thinking of his own welfare not yours.

Here's a letter that contains a suggestion almost startling in its modernism. "Dear Mrs. Madison:

"Why should a girl always sit back and wait for a man to propose to her? Why should she not be direct and

frank in love and friendship. "I am in love with a rather shy young man. I know he likes me for he has palled about with me for nearly a year. I know he has money and can support a wife. I am going to speed things up a little by pro-posing to him the very first chance

I get.
"Don't you think this is sensible? Why should I not be a go-getter?
Julia."

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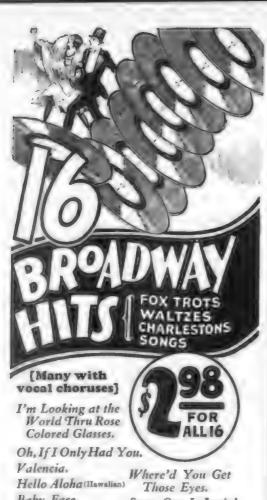
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The only question is, will it work? That's the test of all theories, isn't it? If you consider the idea worth while, go ahead, but if your proposal kills the young man's

Dear Julia, your theory is interesting.

growing interest, is it worth trying?

Psychology will tell you that men depend for their enjoyment of love on taking the initiative. So why should you deprive the man you love of the joy of pursuing you?

A man is never too bashful to ask the girl he loves to be his wife, when the right time comes. If he doesn't love you, right time comes. your proposing will not help your chances will mean needless humiliation for

RACE'S letter though short asks

searching questions.
"Does love ever last?" Grace asks. "And why do they say that true love never runs smooth? So many marriages end unsmooth? So many marriages the happily. Why are so few able to make a success of love?"

Of course love lasts, Grace—if it is real and true. Infatuation dies, but love en-So make sure that what you are experiencing is love-congenial and unselfish and sensible-not just a quick flame!

The mental side of love is what usually determines its lasting power. Love that is real includes a sort of glorified friend-This fills in the long intervals between thrills, which after all are but the rare moments of love and like a soprano's high C, can't be sustained long.

As for the ancient aphorism that true love never runs smooth, don't pay too much attention to it or other epigrams. True love sometimes runs smooth as a mill-pond.

How are you to find true love, which is neither all passion nor all spirituality but a beautiful human blending of both, How are you to marry wisedear girls? ly and happily?

'A man has just as good friends as he is," says psychology. And this is true of love. Bring wisdom, good sense, genuine practical charm and good will to your friendships and love affairs and you will be likely to find love as bright and true as that you give.

Learn the practical arts that charm others and make them comfortable. Learn to play some musical instrument. If you are sensible you will not be above practical expert cooking of the dishes that men like well. No man ever loved a girl less because she was mistress of the arts of cooking and housekeeping.

Having attracted and won by your charm, the interest and love of a man whom your head and heart alike approve, marry him by all means, but don't expect too much of your marriage.

You are human—so is he—so you will quarrel at times. Happiness won't drop down from the sky on you two without effort on your part. Make your husband comfortable in his home; adjust yourself to him, make a restful background for him.

If you chose a man capable of protecting unselfish love, and you do your share efficiently and charmingly, you will find that real romance begins with marriage. In time you will reach the happy stage where neither of you can conceive of life as endurable without the other.

Dear Betty Jane:

While you like the young man you are going about with, you are not as yet in love with him. Why do you not keep him for a friend? Go out about now and then, with other young men you like. I'ell him frankly that while you value his CHICAGO | friendship, you can't promise to sacrifice

all other friends since you and he are not engaged.

That's fair enough, isn't it? Of course, give him the privilege of enjoying the companionship of other girls he knows and

Dear Mrs. G. C.:

It is hard indeed to be ill and also have domestic problems to meet. You say that you have brooded over your troubles until your health is broken down. I suggest, my dear, that you cease worrying over your affairs and begin to think instead, about your many blessings.

You have two lovely children. You yourself are very lovely to look at, despite your illness. Your husband is patient with you in your sickness and "really seems to you. Perhaps his unfaithfulness is all your own imagination. Happiness and good health are the greatest magnet in the world, so build up your health, my dear, and keep cheery, hopeful and trustful. this way you will find that you can held your husband's affection and make your home the dearest place on earth.

Your husband has at least been honest with you. He has confessed the truth, asked your forgiveness and has tried to do right. Surely you will be big enough forgive him and give him another chance, if only for the sake of your children and the nineteen years of your married life.

Do all in your power to keep your home together and to be a comforting, helpful wife. If the other woman writes to you,

ignore her letters.

DEAR Heartbroken:

I'm sorry that you and your friend quarreled. It seems to me you have done all you could do to make matters right, by writing him a letter explaining the truth.

Since you and he are still on speaking terms, the next time you meet him, why do you not ask him, frankly, whether he received your letter. This may lead to a few words of conversation which may help to put your friendship back on the old basis. Since you wish to renew the friendship, be very sweet to him when you meet him, and in time he may resume his visits and attentions.

Dear Margaret:

By all means keep both Jim and Bill on your list of good friends. But do not take your friendships with boys too seriously, as you are very young.

Have an affectionate talk with your father and explain to him that you are lonely for friends of your own age. I believe he will permit you to entertain girls and boys you like in your own home. now and then, when he is able to be at

You are a brave girl to try to take the place of a mother to your younger sisters and brothers. Interest yourself in them and in your education for the next few years and don't worry about love affairs.

Dear Undecided:

The problem stated in your letter is delicate and difficult to solve. Whether two persons of different religions can marry each other and be happy depends on many circumstances.

Several of the great religions of the world forbid their followers to marry outside the faith. Under those circumstances. to break the rules of your religion by such a marriage, will not count for happiness or peace of conscience.

Besides, persons of different religion often have very different backgrounds and

Do not deceive your parents about this

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young man. They will only find out the truth eventually and your lying will complicate matters more than ever.

Dear Dorothy:

At sixteen it is indeed discouraging to be in love with a young man of twenty-

four who treats you with "amused con-tempt" as "only a kid."
You can't force him to love you, can you? All you can do is to continue to be your sweet, natural self, treating him with sisterly friendliness. Do not refuse his friendship, even though you may have to share it with other girls. Who knows, but that in years to come, that friendship may deepen into a more personal emotion, and his "amused contempt" give place to love. Here's wishing you the best of luck, dear.

Dear Lovelorn Bubbles:

The foregoing reply also answers your letter.

Dear Betty:

You were very foolish Betty, to try to make your friend jealous. Naturally this led to a misunderstanding. All you can do now is to be very sweet and charming, when he comes to see you and encourage

his friendship in every way you can.
Your friend is not in a position to
marry you just now, because he is helping
at home. So perhaps he feels it would not be fair to take up too much of your time. Keep all your friends, but try to encourage this young man, whom you love, to realize that you regard him as a very dear and valued friend.

Dear H. E.:

Why do you not destroy the old love-letters? It is foolish to keep letters unless they have very special significance. If he is worried about these letters, it would be only kind and friendly on your part to burn or otherwise destroy them in his presence, so he need never worry about them again.

As you are not engaged to him, I hardly understand what you mean by "giving him up". I would suggest that you take a hospital position, and continue to regard this young man as a friend, rather than

a sweetheart.

Dear Berniece: Since the man to whom you were engaged refused to marry you at the time when you most needed his protection, but wishes now to marry you and make a home for the baby, it seems to me that if you possibly can, my dear, it will be wise for you to forgive him and marry him if only for the baby's sake. Your child needs a father as well as a mother.

Dear Worried Betty:

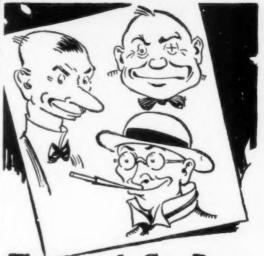
Your letter asks some puzzling questions, doesn't it? I'm afraid I haven't space here to answer them all. My earnest advice to you, Betty dear, is, do not marry a man you do not love. It isn't fair to yourself or to him, especially when your heart belongs to another man.

Wait awhile. Give yourself a chance to forget your former fiance, before thinking of marriage to this man whom you like, but distinctly do not love.

You ask how a girl can be sure a man ves her. She can't be sure, Betty, until loves her. he proves his love by asking her to be his

wife. You ask whether a man really loves a girl he wants to pet and kiss. Not necessarily. He may just like the petting and

kissing. I hope, dear Betty, that your problem may work out happily. You are still very young and you can afford to wait a year or two before thinking of marriage. Good luck to you!



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My Love Could See No Wrong

[Continued from page 69]

whisper. "I send her more money than she can throw away, but I haven't had time to visit her. I apologize. Because of your attitude, my mother shall thank you for a son, returned to her! for your mission in New York, why count me in as a big, protective brother, and, between us, we'll rescue this boy from himself! There's my hand, on it, will you

So did I make a friend of Gifford Nor-

On arriving at the huge depot in New York, Gifford, (for at his request I had stopped calling him "Mr. Norden,") put in a taxi.

"Don't forget," he said, "that if you need advice, money, influence, anything, you are to come to me, little sister. Night

or day, you can rely on me."
As I drove uptown to Gertrude Master's apartment on the upper West Side, I wondered if I should have any difficulty with Sanford, if I should ever have to call on Gifford Norden to help me.

Gertrude was at home when I arrived at her small apartment. I had telegraphed that she could expect me but had not given her the time of my arrival. She greeted me with open arms, and put me on a couch in the prettily furnished living room to rest, while she told me what she knew about Sanford.

He had, it seemed, quickly lost the job had secured down town. drunk nearly all the time. He was, she believed, gambling with erratic stocks,

sometimes winning, more often losing.
"And," I asked looking straight into Gertrude's brown eyes, "is he faithful to the girl he wants to marry?"

ERTRUDE answered just as directly. G"I saw him at a cabaret, 'The Romanoff Tavern', where they have a 'hostess' and several 'assistant hostesses'," she explained, "and he seemed to have a crush on some girl.'

I broke in to tell her of my new friend, Gifford Norden, and of how he had told me that his divorced wife was the hostess

at this very place.
"Well, if Mr. Norden goes there, you will see him soon," Gertrude answered, because as far as I know, Sanford is there every evening of his life. I'll get Bob Lawson, whom I'm half thinking of marrying when I get good and ready, to take us both to 'The Romanoff Tavern.' Then you can see for yourself."

I forced myself to be smiling and gay when, about half past eleven, Bob Lawson, who was devoted to Gertrude, drove us downtown into the whitelight section.

The cab turned from Broadway into a gloomy, rather dirty street. We went up some dirty brown steps into a still dirtier house. Bob rang. The door opened and house. Bob rang. The door opened and a tall man in a Russian costume glanced suspiciously at us. Recognizing Bob and Gertrude, his expression changed to one of welcome. We followed him down a flight of dirty stairs, and across a dirty stone paved passage. The whole atmosphere was one of dirt and squalor. Then we passed into a vast underground room, where draperies and mural decorations had changed what had once been a cellar into a scene of beauty and gaiety. Little tables lined the walls with soft, couchlike benches behind them. A polished dance floor gleamed like a pool of water in the center. An orchestra was playing the latest dance hit. The place,

at that comparatively early hour, was only half full, but everyone there was in evening dress, while the hostess, her assistants and the waiters were colorfully turned out in Russian costumes.

As we sat down at a table where I could watch the door, I particularly noticed the hostess. She was tall, dark, beautiful, and I guessed about thirty. She had taken back her own name and was known as "Zona White."

"It's a bit too early to expect a high-flier like Sanford," Gertrude whispered to me. "This place doesn't begin to cheer up much before one or half past."

T WAS precisely at two that Sanford T WAS precisely at two that Samora entered. I saw instantly three things, that he was drunk, that he was unhappy and that he was not alone.

A beautiful girl with Titian red hair and

blue eyes was his companion, "That," whispered Gertrude, "is one of

the most notorious chorus girls on Broadway, Gloria Carey. I wonder why she is playing about with Sanford. What he has left can be only chicken feed in her eyes.

At that moment my eyes met Sanford's! For a second or two he hesitated. Then he established Gloria Carey at a table, whispered something to her and came directly across the room to my table, "Agnes!" he said. "Of all people!"

"Agnes!" he said. "Of all people!"
My heart was beating so quickly that I could almost hear it. He spoke to Gertrude and was introduced to Bob Lawson.
"I can't join you tonight," he said avoiding my gaze. "I have a guest with me. Can I see you tomorrow, Agnes?"
"You can find me at Gertryde's" I appear

"You can find me at Gertrude's," I answered smilingly though I felt unhappier

than ever before in my life.

"Then tomorrow morning, I'll be up there," Sanford said, and he walked back to his own table.

Shortly after Sanford had entered, the door was opened to admit Gifford Norden, and I thought that in evening dress he seemed more distinguished looking than ever. He caught sight of me at once and came straight over to where I was sitting. I told him why I was there.

At that moment Zona came up to our her ex-husband greeted her and cheerily. He introduced me and said that he wanted her to do everything in her power to help me, should I need any-

Gertrude had to be up the next day and at work and so about three o'clock we left the cabaret. As I passed Sanford's table, he rose unsteadily on his legs. He said something drunkenly about the next day, and then we were out and driving home through the clean night air.
"Give him up!" Gertrude advised when

we were alone together in her apartment. "He's a weakling and will never be worth anything. Give him up!"
"He's weak, but that's all!" I defended.

"There's nothing basically wrong with

You never did see any wrong in anybody!" Gertrude complained. "You're the girl who can't see wrong!'

The next morning about half past eleven, when I was alone in the apartment, Sanford came to see me.

"You had better give me up," he said when I had greeted him. He sat down

on the couch, leaning his head in his hands and staring moodily at the carpet. failure, Agnes. I have gone too far now for me ever to pull up. I'm-I'm not the

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fellow you used to know. I left him be-

hind when I came East."
"It's never too late," I begged him. "Come home with me today! Sanford, it's never too late to say that you've made a mistake and call it a day!"

I pleaded with him for over an hour, but I could not shake him out of that mood. He was, he insisted, ruined and done for. Nothing I could say made any difference although he still stuck to it that he loved me "after his fashion."

I sat wondering what I could do after Sanford had left me. Then quite suddenly I had an idea. If it were true that he still cared for me, then surely he would abandon his way of living if by so doing he could save not only himself but me! No sooner had I thought of it than I put my idea into practice. A telephone call to Gifford Norden, a call back from him a little later on, and it was all arranged!

HAT very evening Sanford received a A shock, for on entering 'The Romanoff Tavern' about midnight, he was received by one of the assistant hostesses and I was that assistant. I showed him and the Titian haired girl to their table! I pretended that I hardly knew him, and the game was on! Gifford Norden arrived shortly after-

wards as arranged, and it was at his table that I sat for the rest of the evening in full sight of Sanford Hill! How I "flirted" with Gifford! How I drank high-ball after high-ball, which by previous arrangement with Zona White, were made of nothing more intoxicating than a little cold tea and White Rock! But I played it for all I was worth, and about four in the morning, just before Sanford was ready to go, I was supported out of the cabaret, leaning "drunkenly" on Gifford's arm!

As I expected, I received a visit from Sanford the next morning. I was carefully made up. My face was white and there were deep circles under my eyes! I looked terrible, but vanity had seen to it that I was not unattractive with my

strange pallor.

He pleaded with me for some time, but to no purpose. If he would give up his life and come West with me, then I was quite willing to go with him, but as long as he preferred that kind of an existence, then what was good enough for him was equally good for me! And I stuck to it.

I didn't see him that night, or the next, but the night after that, while as usual I was sitting at Gifford's table, Sanford came in. He was with a party of five other people, dissipated youths and fast looking girls.

Almost at once, I got up and moved towards the door on Gifford Norden's arm. While Gifford was getting his coat,

arm. While Gifford was getting his coat, Sanford came rushing up to me. "Still at it!" he whispered angrily. "You'll be sorry you didn't stop in time!" "I'm leaving here," I told him. I paused artistically before adding: "I want the toys of life, and Gifford's going to give them to me," and with a laugh I passed out of the place.

Outside, Gifford's chauffeur was waiting with his car. He handed me into the

with his car. He handed me into the luxurious interior and Gifford followed me. We drove to his apartment.

An elevator swept us up to the twelfth floor and a Japanese servant admitted us into a luxuriously furnished apartment. I stepped into a living room where, before an open fire, a table was set out with a cold supper and some champagne. at one end of the room led to another.

We were sitting at the table when the door-bell rang. I heard the Jap go to answer it, and a moment later Sanford, wild-eyed, dashed into the room.



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Gifford rose to face him and the moment was tense with silent drama.

"Agnes," Sanford said brokenly, "my darling! An I too late?"
"Too late tor what?" I asked coldly, though my heart was aching for him,

Too late to save you from yourself!"
iford answered. "Too late to save you Sanford answered.

from this fellow?"

"And," I went on quietly with a glance at Gifford, "if you are not too late, and I promise nothing, then what, Sanford?"

I GNORING Gifford's presence, Sanford I flung himself down beside me "I my darling listen," he said brokenly. all my fault—my weakness! I came here and somehow got into that night life and I sank—and—and—" He was talking in He was talking in broken sentences from sheer emotion,

'I-I began to drink and to sink lower and lower. Then-then you came and I thought-felt I could never reach your level again. But now, when I see that I have dragged you down so that you will sell yourself for this man's wealth, Agnes, I know what I have done. Dear one, come, come back with me now. I haven't much left of what I inherited, but I have enough to buy a share in Uncle's farm, Come back with me before it's too late for you to go!"

At that moment, Gifford, walking to the back of the room, threw open the door, Seated within was a quaint little old lady, en

"My mother!" He stooped and kissed the silver hair. "She is here—because through Agnes' sweetness, her influence, "She is here—because I realized how I had neglected her all these long years. So, I sent for her, and she arrived last night. Had my thoughts of Agnes been other than pure, do you think you would find my mother here? That is your answer to your question if it is too late for Agnes to return home!"

We gathered around the old lady's, chair, while I explained to Sanford how the whole thing had been staged to make him come to his senses. I had pretended to drink, to flirt with Gifford, just so that Sanford might learn where his example might drive me.

And, my boy!" the old lady said with

a smile, "you forgot someone else!" Then I perceived that Zona White had quietly entered the room.

"Because of this child," the old lady went on, patting my hand, "Zona and my boy have kissed and made up! They are be remarried tomorrow!"

"But we." Sanford said, as he caught me close to him, and kissed me before them all, "will wait to be married until we get back to the big out of doors! We'll ride to Church, darling," he added looking down into my eyes. "You on your looking down into my eyes. "You on your favorite mare! I promised you a twelve cylinder car, but I think you'll like the

out of door way best!" And that's just what we did do the day after Mother welcomed us home! have I ever regretted that I fought for and saved my man, or that Gertrude still laughingly refers to me as "The Girl who couldn't see wrong!"

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